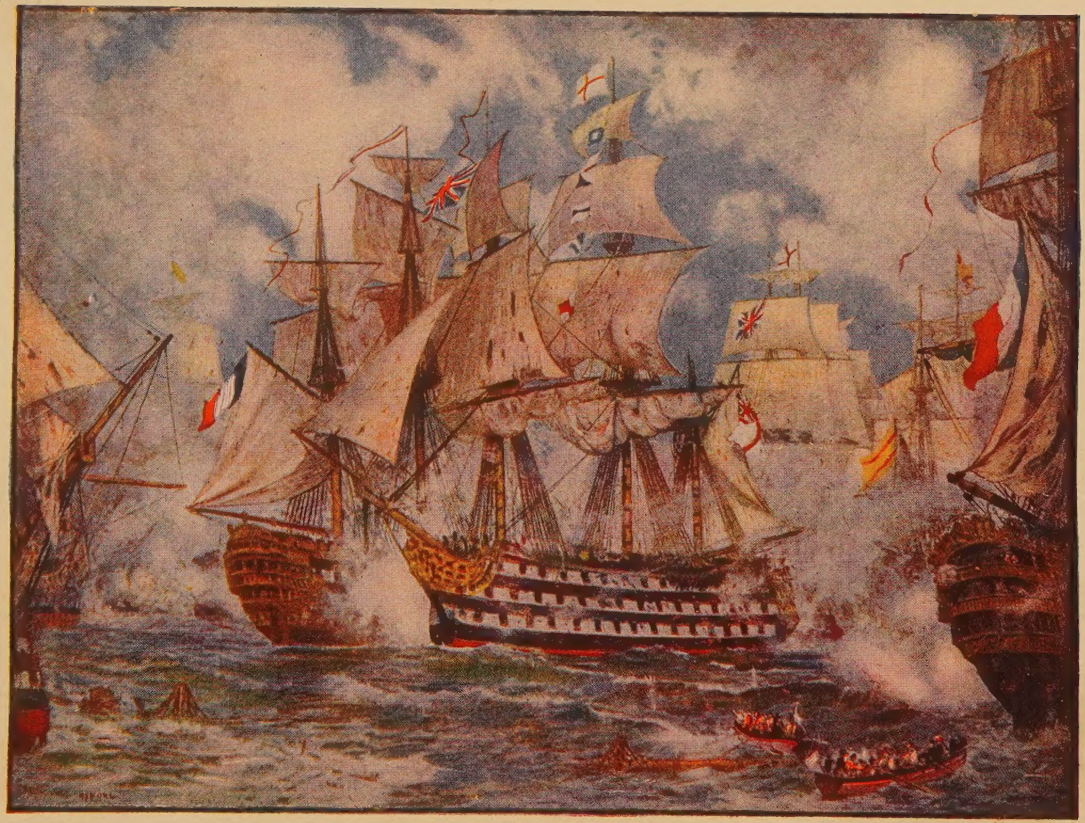
FIFTH READER

THE HORACE MANN READERS

Joanna Highlew.



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

THE HORACE MANN READERS

FIFTH READER

BY

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THE HORACE MANN READERS

FIFTH READER

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FOREWORD

The Fifth Reader stage is often found to be a critical period in the child's development, particularly as respects reading. Interest often seems duller then, and progress slower; so that it is particularly important that at this stage the proper reading matter be provided and the proper methods used.

The editors of the Horace Mann Readers have endeavored to provide in this book a set of selections that will appeal by their intrinsic merit to American boys and girls of to-day. And as these are of diverse kinds, and as their interests and activities are wider than at any previous stage, there have been provided for them a great variety of selections covering a wide range of subjects.

In the Horace Mann Fifth Reader, therefore, there will be found the true stories of Helen Keller, of Madeline the Heroine of Verchères, and of Women Pioneers in Old Kentucky, side by side with the true stories of Jimmy the Gang Leader (of Toledo, Ohio), Jack Sheets the wireless operator on a coastwise steamer, and George Washington, forest ranger, on his trip to the French forts; along with these, the fictitious though real adventures of the Young Forty-niners on the Overland Trail, of Ulysses on the Island of Enchantment, of Theseus in the Cretan

Labyrinth, and of Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest; together with many other pieces of various kinds.

No apology need be offered for such a varied table of contents. Variety is of the very essence of a school Reader, for the more varied the authors, the themes, and the style, the more many-sided will be the interest, the wider the vocabulary, and the broader the training. The unity in such a book is to be sought not in its themes, but in its adaptation to the manifold interests and needs of its readers.

While the dominant notes of the book are doubtless action, adventure, and achievement, there will be detected throughout, it is earnestly hoped, a strong undertone of practical wisdom, of loyalty to ideals, and of devotion to duty.

The central teaching principle of the Fifth Reader, as indeed of the entire series, is the dictum: "*Let thought lead.*" If thought leads, the teaching of *expression* will be easy, for expression is the natural result of getting the thought, and natural expression can be secured in no other way. If thought leads, the teaching of *word meanings* will have its only natural starting point, for the only natural and proper way to learn new words is first of all to meet them in a context that gives them reality and suggests their meaning. Moreover, if thought leads, if the children are trained to remember that what they read has a meaning and that they must look for that meaning, they will be less likely to fall into the common errors of reading word by word, of running together what should

be kept distinct, of failing to observe and bring out contrast and emphasis, and of *missing the point* generally.

The special aim in teaching this book should be to give guidance and practice in getting the thought of what is read — whether in the form of a picture or of a point. As an essential means to this end, and also as a distinctly worthy end in itself, there should be constantly kept in view the acquiring of power to deal with new and unfamiliar words, both as to their pronunciation, and especially as to their meanings. The selections have been chosen with special reference to both of these aims. On the one hand, they appeal to the imagination in the most varied ways, and they are full of "points" which the children should be brought to "see." And on the other hand the selections are peculiarly rich in words which the children should know how to pronounce, should learn the meanings of, and should analyze and study as to prefixes, suffixes, and roots.

Teachers using this book are urged to see to it that their children make effective use of the Vocabulary, to which definite references are continually made in the text; and they are urged to make systematic use of the Problems in Word Study found at the back of the book.

The editors and publishers desire to make grateful acknowledgments to the following authors and publishers for their kind permission to use copyrighted material: to Miss Helen A. Keller and to Doubleday, Page & Company for "The Awakening of a Soul," "Helen Keller to Miss Sarah Fuller," and "Letter of Dr. Oliver Wendell

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NOTE: *The mark* (°) *indicates that the word after which it appears is pronounced and defined in the Vocabulary at the back of the book.*

CONTENTS

		PAGE
GEORGE WASHINGTON, FOREST RANGER		
I. A MAN'S JOB		1
II. FRIENDLY INDIANS		4
III. THE INDIAN OF MURDERING TOWN		9
IV. THROUGH HARDSHIPS TO COMPLETE SUCCESS		15
THE THUNDERSTORM AND THE FIRE STICKS	*Ernest Thompson Seton*	17
MARCH	*William Cullen Bryant*	21
THE CADI'S DECISIONS		
I. THE THREE PUZZLING CASES		22
II. THE THREE WISE DECISIONS		26
VICTORIES FOR TRUTH AND JUSTICE		
I. THE PIRATES, THE SHARK, AND THE PAPERS	*Hezekiah Butterworth*	30
II. THE KNAVE AND THE STAFF	*Cervantes*	32
III. PAID IN HIS OWN COIN	*James Morier*	35
IV. ANECDOTE OF SIR MATTHEW HALE		39
THE BRAHMIN AND THE ROGUE	*Lord Macaulay*	43
THE DRAGON-FLY	*Alfred Tennyson*	45
HOW RED EAGLE REPAID A SERVICE	*George Cary Eggleston*	46
THE DOGS AT MONTE CRISTO	*Alexandre Dumas*	
I. DOG HOSPITALITY		50
II. DOG PARTNERS		54

PAGE

EXPERIENCES AND WISDOM OF FRANKLIN . . . . *Benjamin Franklin*

I. AN AX TO GRIND 57
II. NOTHING USEFUL WHICH IS NOT HONEST 58
III. FRANKLIN'S ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA 59
IV. EXCUSE-MAKING 61
V. EPIGRAMS 61

SOME TRUTHFUL TALES FROM MUNCHAUSEN . . . . *Munchausen*

I. THE TALE OF THE SNOW AND THE STEEPLE . . . 62
II. THE TALE OF THE STAG AND THE CHERRY TREE . . 64
III. THE TALE OF THE TURKEY-BEAN AND THE MOON . . 65
IV. THE TALE OF THE FROZEN MUSIC 67

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER . . *Nathaniel Hawthorne*

I. AN INHOSPITABLE TOWN 69
II. REMARKABLE VISITORS 73
III. A WONDERFUL SUPPER 80
IV. THE VANISHED VILLAGE 89
V. THE WISH 93

ABOU BEN ADHEM . . . . *Leigh Hunt* 96

FOUR GOOD LESSONS

I. THE NEW TEACHER AND THE BAD BOY . . . . *Edward Eggleston* . . 97
II. THE RUDE BOY AND THE GRUFF DEAN 101
III. JEFFERSON'S GRANDSON AND THE SLAVE 102
IV. THE NABOB AND THE SECRETARY 102

THE CHARCOAL BURNER AND THE KING . . . . *Alfred J. Church*

I. THE KING AT THE COTTAGE 104
II. RALPH AT THE PALACE 110

JIMMY THE GANG LEADER . . . *John E. Gunckel* .

I. SOWING HICKORY NUTS 117
II. HOW BOYVILLE BEGAN 122
III. HOW THE BOYVILLE PLAN WORKED 124

		PAGE
The Importance of Little Things	*Samuel Smiles*	127
Marion, the Swamp Fox	*Mason L. Weems*	131
Song of Marion's Men	*William Cullen Bryant*	135
The Boyhood of General Grant	*Ulysses S. Grant*	138
Art Thou Poor?	*T. Dekker*	142
The New Eldorado		143
The Young Forty-Niners	*Joseph A. Altsheler*	
I. The Tornado		150
II. The Buffalo Stampede		152
III. The Fight with the Indians		156
IV. The Siege of Buffalo Fort		162
V. The Flight in the Dark		168
VI. The March through the Desert		172
VII. The Deliverance		174
Our Names	*The Albion Readers*	178
Nut Gathering	*Charles Dudley Warner*	187
At Duty's Call		
I. A Heroic High School Boy		188
II. Two Minutes	*George Cary Eggleston*	190
III. Heroism of an Indian	*James Bryce*	192
IV. "It Was my Job to Stick There"		192
V. Tom's First Adventure		194
The Sea	*Bryan Waller Procter*	200
Sindbad the Sailor		
I. The Valley of Diamonds		202
II. The Old Man of the Sea		207
III. The Underground River		214
The Sparrow	*Ivan Turgenief*	222
A Wise and Witty Company	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	224
A "Rhino" Concert	*Lieut. Patterson*	225
An Eye for Business	*The Youth's Companion*	226
The Bread that Was Cast upon the Waters		229

PAGE

Poor Richard's Sayings . . . *Benjamin Franklin* . . 230
Wild Geese . . . . . *Celia Thaxter* . . . 236
The War Horse of Alexander 237
Porus and Alexander 239
The Loyal Knight . . . . *Charles E. A. Gayarre* . 243
Good Name . . . . . *Shakespeare* 246
Cowards Die . . . . . *Shakespeare* 246
Circumstances . . . . . *Thomas Carlyle* . . . 246
True Excellence cannot be Hidden 247
Understanding and Practicing 247
Winter and Spring . . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 248
The Adventures of Ulysses . . *Andrew Lang*
I. How the Ancient Greeks Lived 252
II. What the Ancient Greeks Believed 254
III. The First Poet and His Poems 256
IV. The Trojan War — The Iliad 259
V. The Wanderings of Ulysses — The Odyssey . . . 262
The Island of Enchantment . . *Homer*
I. The Exploring Party Ensnared 265
II. Ulysses and the Speedy-Comer 270
III. The Enchantress 272
IV. The Counter-Charm 273
V. The Reunion 276
VI. Homeward Bound 278
Work Done Squarely . . . *James Russell Lowell* . . 280
Newton . . . . . *Nathaniel Hawthorne* . . 280
Out of the Dark
I. Helen Keller 283
II. The Awakening of a Soul . *Helen Keller* . . . 287
III. Of One who neither Sees nor Hears . . . *R. W. Gilder* . . . 291
IV. Helen Keller to Miss Sarah Fuller 293
V. Letter of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes . . . 295

PAGE

THE BEST DAY IN THE YEAR . . *Ralph Waldo Emerson* . 296
TO AN ORIOLE . . . . . *Edgar Fawcett* . . . 297
THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR . . *John G. Edgar* . . . 297
LETTER FROM A WIT . . . . *Sydney Smith* . . . 306
FUN AFLOAT . . . . . *Herman Melville* . . . 306
ALL OUT 309
THE BOY AND THE TRAMP 309
THE MINOTAUR . . . . . *Nathaniel Hawthorne*
I. THE SHIP WITH BLACK SAILS 310
II. THE CLOCKWORK GIANT 315
III. THE GENTLE ARIADNE 318
IV. THREADING THE LABYRINTH 324
V. THE END OF THE MINOTAUR 327
DAYBREAK . . . . . *Percy Bysshe Shelley* . . 334
GARETH AND LYNETTE . . . *G. C. Allen*
I. THE KITCHEN KNAVE 334
II. THE LADY OF CASTLE PERILOUS 339
III. THE THREE CHAMPIONS OF THE WINDING RIVER . . 343
IV. THE SHIELD OF THE AZURE LIONS 346
V. THE NIGHT-BLACK MONSTER 348
ROBIN HOOD AND THE POOR KNIGHT:
I. IN THE GREENWOOD 351
II. AT THE ABBEY 356
SHERWOOD . . . . . *Alfred Noyes* . . . 361
THE OWL-CRITIC . . . . . *James T. Fields* . . . 364
WORDS AND DEEDS OF LINCOLN:
I. CHASTISING A BULLY 367
II. A JUDICIAL OPINION 368
III. THE ALMANAC AS A WITNESS 369
IV. THE BOY AND THE ORANGE 372
V. THE SLEEPING SENTINEL 373
VI. LINCOLN'S LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY 375
VII. WISE SAYINGS OF LINCOLN 376

		PAGE
Union and Liberty	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	377
The Meaning of the Flag	*Charles F. Dole*	378
The Star Spangled Banner	*Francis Scott Key*	381
Washington	*Henry Cabot Lodge*	382
The Rhodora	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	386
Our Little Brothers of the Fields	*C. M. Skinner*	387
An Orphaned Blackbird	*William Henry Hudson*	388
Concord Hymn	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	393
A Letter by Christopher Columbus		394
Columbus	*Joaquin Miller*	398
Women Pioneers in Old Kentucky	*H. Addington Bruce*	400
The Girl Commander	*Francis Parkman*	408
Manners	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	414
A Curious Decision		415
The Two Packs		416
Maxims and Quotations		417
A Platform		418

Prefixes		419
Suffixes		419
Roots and Stems		420
Problems in Word Study		421
Vocabulary		429

CLASSIFIED CONTENTS

Heroism and Adventure.

The Thunderstorm and the Fire Sticks.
How Red Eagle Repaid a Service.
The New Eldorado.
The Young Forty-Niners.
At Duty's Call.
The War Horse of Alexander.
Porus and Alexander.
The Loyal Knight.
The Battle of Trafalgar.
A Letter by Christopher Columbus.
Columbus.
Women Pioneers in Old Kentucky.
The Girl Commander.

Famous Americans.

George Washington, Forest Ranger.
Experiences and Wisdom of Franklin.
Marion, the Swamp Fox.
Song of Marion's Men.
The Boyhood of General Grant.
Out of the Dark (Helen Keller).
Words and Deeds of Lincoln.
Washington.

Folk Tales and Classic Stories.

The Miraculous Pitcher.
The Charcoal Burner and the King.
Sindbad the Sailor.
The Adventures of Ulysses.
The Island of Enchantment.
The Minotaur.
Gareth and Lynette.
Robin Hood and the Poor Knight.
Sherwood.

Wit, Wisdom and Ideals.

The Cadi's Decisions.
Victories for Truth and Justice.
The Brahmin and the Rogue.
Some Truthful Tales from Munchausen.
Abou Ben Adhem.
Four Good Lessons.
Jimmy, the Gang Leader.
The Importance of Little Things.
Art Thou Poor?
A Wise and Witty Company.
An Eye for Business.
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Poor Richard's Sayings.
Good Name.
Circumstances.
True Excellence cannot be Hidden.
Understanding and Practicing.
The Best Day in the Year.
Newton.
Letter from a Wit.
Fun Afloat.
All Out.
The Boy and the Tramp.
Work done Squarely.
The Owl-Critic.
Union and Liberty.
The Meaning of the Flag.
Star Spangled Banner.
Our Little Brothers of the Fields.
The Concord Hymn.
Manners.
A Curious Decision.
The Two Packs.
Maxims and Quotations.

Nature and Life.

March.
The Dragon-Fly.
The Dogs at Monte Cristo.
Our Names.
Nut Gathering.
The Sea.
The Sparrow.
A "Rhino" Concert.
Wild Geese.
Winter and Spring.
To an Oriole.
Daybreak.
The Rhodora.
An Orphaned Blackbird.

FIFTH READER

GEORGE WASHINGTON, FOREST RANGER *

I. A Man's Job

"This is a man's job, major. Are you willing to undertake it?"

"I am, your Excellency."

"It is a dangerous trip, — five hundred miles, through the wilderness, across the mountains, in the winter season."

"I am ready."

"Very good. From what Lord Fairfax and others have told me, I believe you are the man I am looking for.

"These are your instructions: —

"Take this letter to the commander of the fort on French Creek and bring back his reply. On the way, make friends with as many Indian chiefs as you can, and bind them to the side of the English. Find out the best route through the mountains. Keep your eyes open and bring me word about those Frenchmen, how many there are of them and what they are up to."

This conversation, or something like it, occurred in the Governor's room in Williamsburg, the capital of the Old Dominion, in the late autumn of 1753.

* See George Washington, Horace Mann Fourth Reader, page 59.

The chief speaker was an old Scotchman, named Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia. The other was a young forest ranger, named George Washington, then a major of militia on a salary of ten shillings a day.

It was the Governor's second attempt to get his letter, which demanded that the French leave off building forts in the Ohio Valley, through to the French fort. He had sent one man, a captain in the army, who had turned back when within a hundred and fifty miles of his destination. "Too dangerous," he had reported.

Why was young Washington set to do something that a much older and more experienced man had given up as too dangerous?

In the first place, Washington was by nature daring and adventurous; yet at the same time he was steady and sober-minded. By the death of his father and his elder brother, he had become the head of the family and had had some experience in business affairs. For three years he had been a surveyor in the heart of the very wilderness he was now to traverse. He knew the woods, knew how to keep the trail, when there was a trail, and how to travel by compass when there was none. He also knew something of the Indians and their ways, and at the same time he was a gentleman, a friend of Lord Fairfax, accustomed to associate with officers and gentlemen on equal terms.

Now in order to understand the story of this adventurous journey, we must know something of the trouble that was

brewing in those days between the English and the French. The English wanted the rich country beyond the mountains, which they called the Ohio country. The French wanted it, too, and they meant to have it.

There were certain advantages on the side of the French. They could easily reach the Ohio country from Canada by crossing the Great Lakes. From the shore of Lake Erie it was only fifteen miles to French Creek, and from French Creek it was plain sailing to the Ohio River, and thence to the French possessions on the lower Mississippi.

The French proposed to build a line of forts along these great waterways. By this means they hoped to confine the English to their colonies along the Alantic coast, and to keep the great western country as a French possession forever.

The English knew well enough what the French wanted, and they were determined to stop them, but they had no long-headed plan, and as they were so scattered they did not work well together. Besides, in order to reach the new country, they had to traverse hundreds of miles of wilderness, crossing streams and rivers, and climbing mountains, all the while on the alert against hostile Indians.

But while the French thus had the inside track, the English had one great advantage. On their side were men who could be depended upon to win out, even against heavy odds. One of these men was the youthful Washington.

II. Friendly Indians

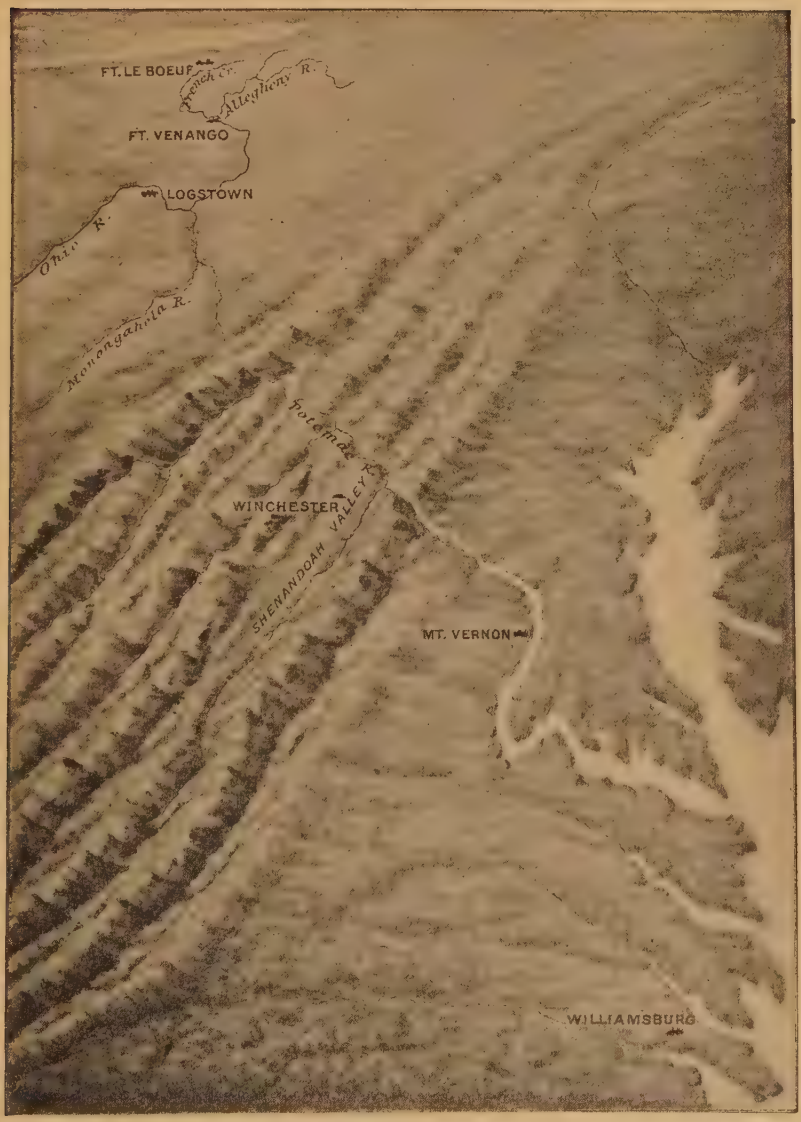
It was on the thirty-first of October, 1753, that Washington set out, taking his fencing master,° Van Braam, as interpreter,° and a hardy, self-reliant frontier trader, named Christopher Gist, as guide and companion. There were also several other men to make up the party and drive the pack horses which carried the necessary baggage and provisions.

The season proved very unfavorable. There was an almost ceaseless fall of rain or snow, the mountain passes were covered with ice, the rivers were swollen, the cold was severe. Nevertheless, the party made good progress, and by the twenty-fourth of November they were at Logstown, an Indian village on the Ohio.

Here, in accordance with instructions, Washington halted, in order to gain the influence and allegiance° of the Indians. The principal chief of the district, a Seneca named Half King, was absent on a hunting expedition. But Monacatoocha, an Oneida chief living in the village, being persuaded by a string of wampum and a twist of tobacco, sent for him and several other chiefs to come to a council with their white brother from beyond the mountains.

When Half King came from his hunting, Washington visited him in his cabin, and having won his confidence, began to question him about the French.

Half King, it appeared, was no friend to the French.



MAP OF WASHINGTON'S JOURNEY

He had said to the commander of the fort, "Let your people stay in Montreal where they belong. If they come into this country, the Indians will have to use a stick on them."

"What did he say to that?" asked Washington.

"He said, 'I tell you down the river I will go,'" replied the Indian.

After his interview with Half King, Washington held a council at the "long house" of the Indians. His purpose was to persuade them to send some of their chief men with him to return a certain "speech belt," thus breaking friendship with the French. After much Indian ceremony and days of tedious waiting, during which time Washington had hard work to control his impatience, it was decided that Half King himself, with three other Indians, should accompany Washington to the French fort and there return the "speech belt."

From Logstown to Venango, the first French outpost, was a distance of "five sleeps," as Half King told Washington in sign language, by drawing up his hands five times, in imitation of a man pulling up his blankets before going to sleep.

The party reached Venango on the fourth of December; but instead of entering the place at once with his Indians, Washington prudently camped in the woods, and went to see the French officers alone. It was well that he did so, for the French officers had stores of wine and brandy, and

they knew too well the weakness of the Indians for these commodities.°

That night, having invited the Virginia major to supper, the Frenchmen drank so freely that their tongues were loosened, and they made no secret of their determination to seize and to hold the valley of the Ohio. "We know the English can raise two men to our one," they said, "but we can move so swiftly that you cannot prevent us. You English have thirteen governors, while we have but one. While your thirteen governors are talking, our one governor will stretch a line of forts from Quebec to New Orleans." The temperate and hard-headed major meanwhile kept his ears open and his mouth closed.

The next morning, the whereabouts of the Indians having been discovered, the French officers began to ply them with liquor; and it was only after a deal of trouble that Washington was able to get them away.

The remaining seventy miles they made in four days, subsisting° on bear meat, and crossing the swollen streams on fallen tree trunks with their baggage strapped on their backs, while they swam their horses over.

The party arrived at the fort on French Creek on the eleventh of December. There the young major was courteously received by the French commandant,° to whom he delivered Governor Dinwiddie's letter.

While the Frenchman was preparing his answer, Washington made a careful observation of the fort and charged

his interpreter to find out how many canoes there were on the creek, that he might get some idea of the size of the French forces that would be sent down the river to the Ohio in the spring. There proved to be fifty birch-bark canoes, and one hundred seventy pine dugouts, while many more were being built.

As soon as the French officer's answer was ready, Washington prepared to return. It was now the middle of December. Snows were increasing, and the pack horses were getting very weak, as the grass in the natural meadows along the streams was covered, and they had nothing to eat but a little corn. For this reason Washington sent the animals ahead without loads, intending to go back to Fort Venango by water.

The commandant of the French fort furnished Washington with a canoe, which he loaded with provisions and liquor. But while he seemed to be very polite to the young Virginia major, he was secretly trying to keep the Indians from going back with him, that he might gain them over to the French side.

When they were about to start, he offered the Indians each a present of a gun if they would stay until the next day. When Washington heard from Half King of this tempting offer, he resolved to stay also, for there was no such thing as getting the Indians to forego° the guns. The next day they got their guns, but the French now began to ply them with liquor.

It was a game — the young Virginian playing against the wily old French officer — for the prize of an Indian chief with a weakness for fire water. Washington won; and on the sixteenth of December he started with his Indians on the homeward journey.

The white men were in one canoe and the Indians in another. They made sixteen miles the first day, and camped for the night, the Indians having run ahead of them.

III. The Indian of Murdering Town

The next day brought them up with their Indians who had camped and were hunting. The party spent the day at this spot, the Indians having killed three bears. One of the hunters had not returned by the following morning, so the white men pushed on and left the Indians waiting for him.

The waters of the creek were falling very fast, and after traveling for two more days, Washington's party was stopped by ice. The men worked for some time trying to break a way through the ice, and then gave it up and hauled their canoe a quarter of a mile across a neck of land to where the water was clear again.

Here they were overtaken by the Indians, and also by three French canoes, and the crew of another French boat, which had been lost with her lading of lead and powder. They all camped for the night, about twenty miles above Venango.

By the next day the creek had become so low that all hands were obliged to get out of the canoes to keep them from upsetting, and haul them over shoals, the icy water freezing to their clothes as they stood in it. The Virginians could not help being pleased, however, to see one of the French canoes upset and her lading of brandy and wine floating in the water, while they ran by "and let them shift for themselves."

When they arrived at Venango they were "cased in ice" as in suits of armor.

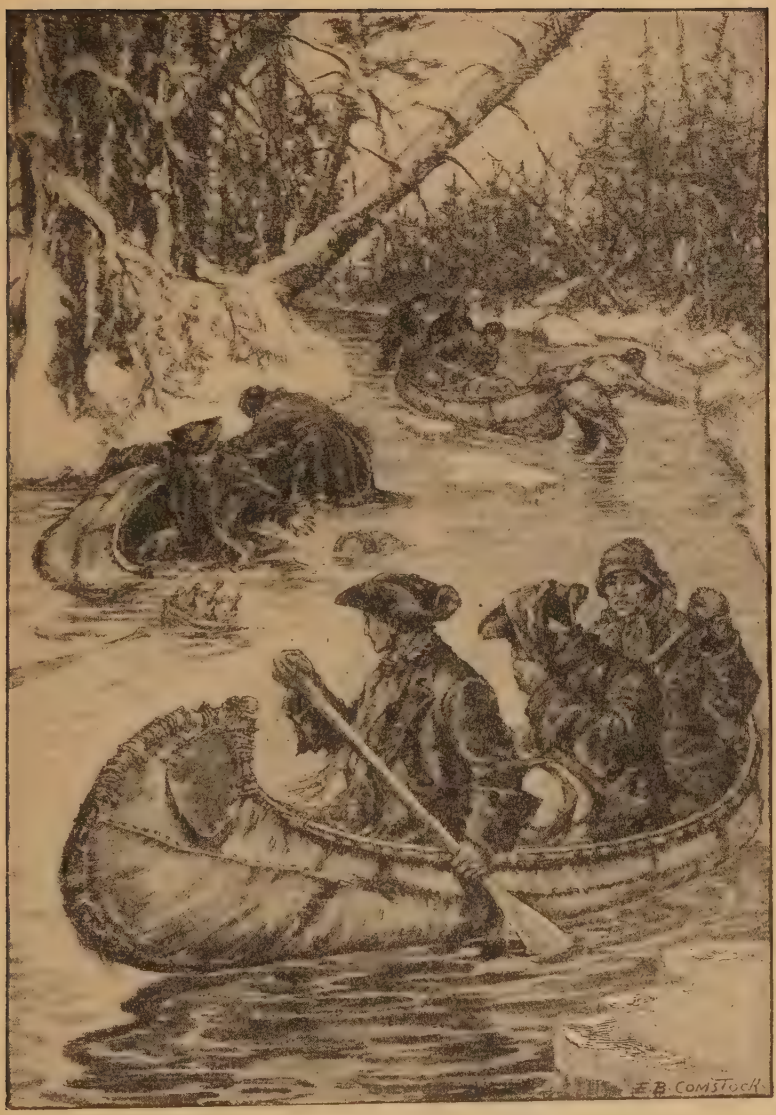
Here Washington was obliged to leave the Indians, for White Thunder pretended to be ill, and the young man dared not wait any longer, for winter was setting in in earnest. The horses were very weak by this time, and their packs were heavy, it being necessary to carry provisions for man and beast. To relieve them, the men of the party gave up their horses to be used as pack animals. Washington put on an Indian walking dress and tramped on with his party through the snow for three days. This was very slow work, because of the weakness of the horses. Finally Washington said to Gist:

"We must leave the horses and push on afoot."

"But you are not used to such tramping," said Gist.

"It must be done," was the reply.

So Van Braam was left to bring on the horses as well as he could. Washington wrapped his papers in a piece of tanned skin and tied himself up in a matchcoat, or Indian



WASHINGTON ON FRENCH CREEK

blanket. He and Gist then shouldered their packs, and taking their guns in their hands set off on their lonely and dangerous journey.

They walked eighteen miles the first day, traveling by compass, and passed the night in a deserted Indian cabin, Washington being very much exhausted. It was now very cold, and the smaller streams were so frozen that it was hard to find water to drink.

Washington and Gist made the distance the next day to the Indian village which bore the ominous° name of Murdering Town. Here they met an Indian whom Gist had seen, he thought, at Venango, on the way up. The fellow called Gist by his Indian name and asked a number of questions:

"Why white men traveling alone?

"Where white men's horses?"

Wishing to cut across the country instead of following the longer Indian path, Washington asked the fellow if he would guide them. This the Indian was only too willing to do. They set out once more, the Indian guide carrying Washington's pack.

They had walked only eight or ten miles when Washington's feet became so sore that he wished to encamp for the night. He and Gist were beginning to suspect that their guide was taking them too much toward the northwest. The Indian offered to carry the major's gun for him, but Washington refused. The fellow then became surly,

declaring that there were Ottawa Indians in these woods, who would kill and scalp them if they lay out, and that it would be best to go to his cabin, where they would be safe.

Gist began to be very suspicious of their guide, though he did not like to let the major see it. Washington, however, was uneasy himself. The Indian insisted that he could hear the report of a gun at his cabin, and steered northwest.

When the white men became suspicious at being led in this direction, he declared that he could hear two whoops at his cabin. Night was falling. When the party had traveled two miles farther, Washington insisted that they should camp at the next water. Before finding water, however, they entered a natural meadow where there were no trees, and it was very light from the reflection on the snow. Instantly the Indian stopped, wheeled about, and fired upon the two white men.

"Are you shot?" asked Washington of Gist.

"No," answered the trader.

Immediately the Indian ran behind a great white oak tree and began loading his gun. The two white men were upon him in a moment. Gist would have killed him, but Washington would not permit this. They disarmed him, and ordered him to build a fire for them beside a little stream, as though they meant to encamp there for the night. Meantime Washington and Gist guarded the three guns of the party carefully, while they held a little consultation.

"As you will not have him killed," said Gist, "we must get him away, and then we must travel all night."

Washington agreed to this plan, and Gist then went to the Indian and said, in order that he should not guess how suspicious they were of him:

"I suppose you were lost, and fired your gun."

The fellow assented, and insisted that he knew the way to his cabin and that it was not far.

"Well," said Gist, "do you go home, and as we are very tired we will follow your tracks in the morning."

The Indian was glad to get off. Gist followed him and listened until he was sure that he was fairly gone. He and Washington then hurried away in an opposite direction for half a mile, when they made a fire, looked at their compass, set their course, and walked all night as fast as they could. This was a pretty hard experience for a young man with sore feet. They found themselves at the head of Piney creek the next morning, but they dared not stop, as they feared they might be tracked by their treacherous guide. They traveled all the next day down the creek. At night they found some tracks where a party of Indians had been hunting. They confused their own tracks with these, and then separated for a distance, so that their two trails could not be seen leaving this place together. Only after they had done this, did they dare to stop and take some sleep.

IV. Through Hardships to Complete Success

Another day brought the two travelers to the Allegheny River. They had expected to find the river frozen, but the solid ice extended out only about fifty yards from each shore, while the channel was full of floating ice. The two men worked all one day building a raft with one small hatchet, which was the only tool they had with them.

Just before sunset Washington and Gist got upon their raft. Before they were halfway over the river the raft got jammed in the ice and was in danger of upsetting. Washington put out his setting pole to try to stop their rude craft, in order that the ice might get by. The force of the stream, and the jamming of the ice against the pole, however, jerked Washington off the raft and into ten feet of water. He succeeded in catching hold of one of the logs of the raft and so got on again. But with their utmost efforts they were unable to reach the other shore.

They floated near an island, and here they left their raft and camped for the night. The sun was down, and it was very cold. Washington was wet to the skin, while Gist had all of his fingers and some of his toes frozen.

They made a fire and slept on the island all night. In the morning they were delighted to find that the river was frozen over, so that they could easily cross it.

One more day's tramp brought Washington and Gist to the house of an Indian trader named Fraser. Here they

expected to get horses. As it would take some time to find the animals, Washington walked about three miles to visit a certain Queen Aliquippa, who had shown some jealousy because the major had not called upon her when he had passed before. To placate° this Indian queen, Washington made her a present of a matchcoat — the one he had worn on his tramp, no doubt — and a bottle of rum; the latter present being the more acceptable of the two, he said.

On the sixteenth of January they reached their destination, two months and a half after starting, having made the return journey of over two hundred and fifty miles in thirty-one days.

Having delivered the letter of the French officer to the Governor, Washington spent two days in writing an account of the expedition from the notes he had made on his way.

This account was widely and eagerly read both in Virginia and in England, for Englishmen on both sides of the sea were intensely interested in the question whether France or England was to have the Ohio country.

From this time forth, Washington was a marked man. He had performed his delicate and difficult mission with complete success. He had shown in a high degree the qualities of pluck, fortitude,° resourcefulness, sagacity, and leadership. He had definitely started on that wonderful career that was to win for him the well-deserved title of THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

THE THUNDERSTORM AND THE FIRE STICKS

When first Rolf noticed the wigwam's place, he wondered that Quonab had not set it somewhere facing the lake, but he soon learned that it is best to have the morning sun, the afternoon shade, and shelter from the north and west winds.

The first two points were illustrated nearly every day, but it was two weeks before the last was made clear.

That day the sun came up in a red sky, but soon was lost to view in a heavy cloud bank. There was no wind, and as the morning passed, the day grew hotter and closer.

Quonab prepared for a storm, but it came with unexpected force and a gale of wind from the northwest that would have indeed wrecked the lodge, but for the great sheltering rock.

Under its lee° there was hardly a breeze; but not fifty yards away were two trees that rubbed together, and in the storm they rasped so violently that fine shreds of smoking wood were dropped and, but for the rain, would surely have made a blaze.

The thunder was loud and lasted long, and the water poured down in torrents. They were ready for rain, but not for the flood that rushed over the face of the cliff, soaking everything in the lodge except the beds, which, being four inches off the ground, were safe; and lying on

them, the two campers waited patiently, or impatiently, while the weather raged for two drenching hours.

Then the pouring became a pattering; the roaring a swishing; the storm a shower which died away, leaving changing patches of blue in the lumpy sky, and all nature calm and pleased, but oh, so wet!

Of course the fire in the lodge was out and nearly all the wood was wet. Now Quonab drew from a small cave some cedar and got down his tinder box with flint and steel to light up; but a serious difficulty appeared at once, — the tinder was wet and useless.

These were the days before matches were invented. Every one counted on flint and steel for their fire, but the tinder was as essential, and now a fire seemed hopeless; at least Rolf thought so.

"Nana Bojou was dancing at that time," said the Indian. "Did you see him make fire with those rubbing trees? So he taught our fathers, and so make we fire when the tricks of the white man fail us."

Quonab now cut two pieces of dry cedar, one three-fourths of an inch thick, and eighteen inches long, round and pointed at both ends; the other five-eighths of an inch thick, and flat. In the flat one he cut a notch, and at the end of the notch a little pit.

Next he made a bow of a stiff, curved stick and a buck-skin thong: a small pine knot was selected and a little pit made in it with the point of a knife. These were the

THE FIRE STICKS

fire-making sticks, but it was necessary to prepare the firewood, lay the fire, and make some fiber for tinder. A lot of fine cedar shavings, pounded up with cedar bark and rolled into a two-inch ball, made good tinder, and all was ready.

Quonab put the bow thong once around the long stick, then held its point in the pit of the flat stick, and the pine knot on the top to steady it. Now he drew the bow back and forth, slowly, steadily, till the long stick or drill, revolving, ground smoking black dust out of the notch. Then faster, till the smoke was very strong and the powder filled the notch. Then he lifted the flat stick, fanning the powder with his hands till a glowing coal appeared. Over this he put the cedar tinder and blew gently till it flamed, and soon the wigwam was aglow.

The whole time taken, from lifting the sticks to the blazing fire, was less than a minute.

This is the ancient way of the Indian; Rolf had often heard of it as a semi-myth; never before had he seen it, and so far as he could learn from the books, it took an hour or two of hard work, not a few deft touches and a few seconds of time.

He soon learned to do it himself, and in the years which followed, he had the curious experience of showing it to many Indians who had forgotten how, thanks to the greater portability of the white man's flint and steel.

As they walked in the woods that day, they saw three

trees that had been struck by lightning during the recent storm; all three were oaks. Then it occurred to Rolf that he had never seen any but an oak struck by lightning.

"Is it so, Quonab?"

"No, there are many others; the lightning strikes the oaks most of all, but it will strike the pine, the ash, the hemlock, the basswood, and many more. Only two trees have I never seen struck, the balsam and the birch."

"Why do they escape?"

"My father told me when I was a little boy it was because they sheltered and warmed the Star-girl, who was the sister of the Thunder-bird."

"I never heard that; tell me about it."

"Sometime, maybe, not now."

— Ernest Thompson Seton.

MARCH

The stormy March has come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

— William Cullen Bryant.

THE CADI'S DECISIONS

I. The Three Puzzling Cases

Bou-Akas, an Arab sheik,° had heard that the cadi° of one of his twelve tribes administered justice in a manner worthy of King Solomon himself, and so determined to test the truth of the report.

Accordingly, dressed like a private person, and mounted on a docile Arabian steed, he set out for the cadi's town. He was just entering the gate when a cripple seized the border of his garment and asked him for alms. Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still held the garment fast.

"What do you want?" asked the sheik. "I have already given you alms."

"Yes," replied the beggar, "the law says not only,

'Thou shalt give alms to thy brother,' but also, 'Thou shalt do for thy brother whatsoever thou canst.'"

"Well, and what can I do for you?"

"You can save me from being trodden under the feet of men, horses, mules, and camels, a fate that would certainly befall me in passing through the crowded square where the fair is now going on."

"And how can I save you?"

"By letting me ride behind you, and putting me down safely in the market place, where I have business."

"Be it so," replied Bou-Akas; and stooping down, he helped the cripple to get up behind him.

The strangely assorted riders attracted many eyes as they passed through the crowded streets, and at length they reached the market place.

"Is this where you wish to stop?" asked Bou-Akas.

"Yes."

"Then get down."

"Get down yourself."

"What for?"

"To leave me the horse."

"To leave you my horse! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that he belongs to me. Know you not that we are in the town of the just cadi, and that if we bring the case before him, he will certainly decide in my favor?"

"Why should he do so when the animal belongs to me?"

"Don't you think that when he sees us two, — you with your strong, straight limbs, which Allah has given you for the purpose of walking, and I with my weak legs and distorted feet, — he will decree that the horse shall belong to him who has most need of him?"

"Should he do so, he would not be the just cadi," said Bou-Akas.

"Oh, as to that," replied the cripple, "this will be a capital opportunity of judging the judge."

Then said the sheik aloud, "I am content; we will go before the cadi."

When they reached the tribunal, they found that they must wait, as two trials were ahead of them. The first of these trials was between a learned man and a peasant. The disputed° point was one in reference to the philosopher's wife, who, the peasant asserted, was his own. The woman remained perfectly silent, not declaring the slightest word in favor of either. The judge heard both sides attentively, reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the woman here, and return to-morrow."

The learned man and the laborer each bowed and retired, and the next case was called. This was a difference between a butcher and an oil seller. The latter appeared covered with oil. The butcher spoke first:

"I went to buy some oil from this man, and in order to pay him for it, I drew a handful of money from my purse. The sight of the money tempted him. He seized me by

the wrist. I cried out, but he would not let me go. Here we are, having come before your worship, I holding my money in my hand, and he still grasping my wrist. Now I assert that this money is truly my own."

Then the oil merchant spoke:

"This man came to purchase oil from me. When his bottle was filled, he said, 'Have you change for a piece of gold?' I searched my pocket and drew out a handful of money, which I laid on a bench in my shop. He seized it, and was walking off with my money and my oil, when I caught him by the wrist and cried out 'Robber!' In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money. So I brought him here that your worship might decide the case. Now I assert that this money is truly my own."

The cadi caused each plaintiff° to repeat his story, but neither varied one jot from his original statement. He reflected a moment, and then said, "Leave the money with me, and return to-morrow."

The butcher placed the coins on the edge of the cadi's mantle, after which he and his opponent bowed to the tribunal° and departed.

It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple.

"My lord cadi," said the former, "I came hither from a distant country with the intention of visiting this city. At the city gate I met this cripple, who first asked for alms, and then prayed me to let him ride behind me through

the streets, lest he should be trodden down in the crowd. I consented; but when we reached the market place he refused to get down, asserting that my horse belonged to him, and that your worship would surely adjudge it to him who needed it most. That, my lord cadi, is precisely the state of this case."

"My lord," said the cripple, "as I was coming on business to the market, and riding this horse, which belongs to me, I saw this man seated by the roadside, apparently half dead with fatigue. I good-naturedly offered to take him on the crupper,° and let him ride as far as the market place, for which he eagerly thanked me. But what was my astonishment when, on our arrival, he refused to get down, and said that my horse was his! I immediately required him to appear before your worship, in order that you might decide between us. That is the true state of this case."

Having made each repeat his deposition,° and having reflected for a moment, the cadi said, "Leave the horse here, and return to-morrow."

It was done, and the cripple and Bou-Akas withdrew in different directions.

II. The Three Wise Decisions

On the morrow a number of persons besides those immediately interested in the trials assembled to hear the

judge's decisions. The learned man and the peasant were called first.

"Take away thy wife," said the cadi to the former, "and keep her."

Then turning toward an officer, he added, pointing to the peasant, "Give this man fifty blows." He was instantly obeyed, and the philosopher took away his wife.

Then came forward the oil merchant and the butcher.

"Here," said the cadi to the butcher, "is thy money. It is truly thine, and not his." Then turning to the oil merchant, he said to his officer, "Give this man fifty blows." It was done, and the butcher went away in triumph with his money.

The third case was called, and Bou-Akas and the cripple came forward.

"Wouldst thou recognize thy horse among twenty others?" asked the judge of Bou-Akas.

"Yes, my lord."

"And thou?"

"Certainly, my lord," replied the cripple.

"Follow me," said the cadi to Bou-Akas.

They entered a large stable, and Bou-Akas pointed out his horse amongst the twenty which were standing side by side.

"'Tis well," said the judge. "Return now to the tribunal, and send me thine adversary° hither."

The disguised sheik obeyed, delivered the message, and

the cripple hastened to the stable as quickly as his distorted limbs would allow. He possessed quick perceptions, and having observed accurately, was able, without the slightest hesitation, to place his hand on the right animal.

"'Tis well," said the cadi; "return to the tribunal."

His worship resumed his place, and when the cripple arrived, justice was pronounced.

"The horse is thine," said the cadi to Bou-Akas; "go to the stable and take him." Then to the officer, "Give this cripple fifty blows."

When the cadi had finished the business of the day, and was retiring to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting him. "Art thou discontented with my award?" asked the judge.

"No, quite the contrary," replied the sheik; "but I want to know by what inspiration thou hast rendered justice; for I doubt not the other two cases were rendered as justly as mine. I am Bou-Akas, Sheik of Algeria, and I wanted to judge for myself of thy reputed wisdom."

The cadi bowed to the ground, and kissed his master's hand.

"I am anxious," said Bou-Akas, "to learn the reasons that determined thy three decisions."

"Nothing, my lord, could be more simple. Your highness saw that I detained for the night the three things in dispute?"

"I did."

"Well, early in the morning, I caused the woman to be

called, and I said to her suddenly, 'Put fresh ink in my inkstand.' Like a person that had done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the bottle, removed the cotton, washed them both, put the cotton in again, and poured in fresh ink, doing it all with the utmost neatness and dispatch. So I said to myself, 'A peasant's wife would know nothing about inkstands. She must belong to the philosopher.'"

"Good!" said Bou-Akas, nodding his head, "and the money?"

"Did your highness remark that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?"

"Certainly I did."

"I took the money and placed it in a vessel filled with water. This morning I looked at it, and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water. So I said to myself, 'If this money belonged to the oil merchant, it would be greasy from the touch of his hands; as it is not so, the butcher's story must be correct.'"

Bou-Akas again nodded approval. "Good!" he said, "and my horse?"

"Ah! that was a different business; and until this morning I was greatly puzzled."

"The cripple, I suppose, did not recognize the animal?"

"On the contrary, he pointed him out immediately."

"How, then, did you discover that he was not the owner?"

"My object in bringing you separately to the stable was, not to see whether you would know the horse, but whether the horse would acknowledge you. Now, when you approached him, the creature turned toward you, laid back his ears, and neighed with delight; but when the cripple touched him he kicked. Then I knew that you truly were his master."

Bou-Akas thought for a moment, and then said:

"Allah hath given thee great wisdom. Thou shouldst be in my place, and I in thine. But I fear that I could not fill thy place as cadi."

—Arabian Tale.

VICTORIES FOR TRUTH AND JUSTICE

I. The Pirates, the Shark, and the Papers

In the days of the buccaneers,° when the black flag of the pirate glided like a snake over the Spanish Main, seeking its prey among the treasure ships of the purple seas, an English man-of-war captured a vessel that was supposed to be a pirate craft.

The English vessel took the supposed piratical craft into Port Royal, and the crew was put upon trial in the High Court° of the Admiralty. But the strictest examination of the men failed to produce any evidence against them.

Accordingly they were discharged for want of evidence, but a suspicion remained.

The sailors, finding themselves thus set free, were in high glee, and began to have a lively time in port. Liquor flowed, and the men swaggered about the town with such bloody oaths and such dark hints that their fortune was better than might have been expected, that the townspeople felt sure that their acquittal had not been due to their innocence. But the pirates felt entirely secure.

"Marry, Jack," said one tar to another, "we are as safe as babes in arms; no power on earth can ever touch a hair of our heads."

"I looked for naught but the yardarm,°" replied the other. "But no power on earth can reverse a decision of the Admiralty. The court says that no evidence can be found against us; so as sure as the stars none can. We're safe for life."

But in the midst of their hilarity° there came a ship to Port Royal, bringing a very remarkable object. It was a shark that, on being captured and disemboweled, was found to have in its stomach a small bundle of papers.

The papers were handed over to the High Court of the Admiralty. The judge examined them and found that they were the papers of the ship whose crew had just been discharged. When examined these papers gave unmistakable evidences that the discharged sailors were, in fact, pirates, as had all along been suspected.

They were immediately rearrested and brought to trial.

"A new witness has appeared in your case," said the judge to the pirate chief. "The ship that has just entered port has brought fresh evidence against you."

"That is impossible," answered the pirate; "we never saw that ship before."

"That may be very true," returned the judge; "but there is a Providence that reveals all wicked deeds. A fish of the sea has come to bear witness against you."

Most sailors are superstitious,° and the pirate chief began to tremble.

"You threw your papers into the sea," the judge went on. "A fish received them and kept them. Did you ever see these papers before?"

The pirates looked at the well-known papers and stood dumb as though the heavens had opened.

"In these papers read your death warrants," thundered the judge. "Guilt carries the means of its own revelation."

The pirate crew were forthwith executed, and the story, which in the main incident is true, was long the terror of the freebooters° of the Spanish Main.

— Hezekiah Butterworth.

II. The Knave and the Staff

Two old men appeared before the governor, one of them with a large cane in his hand, which he used as a staff.

"My lord," said the other — who had no staff — "some time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again in a good while, lest it should prove a greater inconvenience to repay me than he labored under when he borrowed it.

"However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due; nay, I have been forced to sue him for it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but denied that he owed me anything, and said that if I lent him so much money, he certainly returned it.

"Now, because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the pretended payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath, and if he will swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him before God and the world."

"What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" asked Sancho.

"Sir," answered the old man, "I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice, that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and truly returned him his money."

Thereupon the governor held down his rod, and in the meantime the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold — as if it hindered him — while he was to make a cross and swear over the judge's rod; this done, he declared that it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had really returned him the same sum into

his own hands; and that, because he supposed the plaintiff had forgotten it, he was continually asking him for it.

The great governor, hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply. He made answer that since his adversary had sworn it, he was satisfied; for he believed him to be a better Christian than to offer to forswear himself, and that perhaps he had forgotten that he had been repaid.

Then the defendant took his cane again, and, having made a low obeisance° to the judge, was about leaving the court; which, when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had studied a while with his head leaning over his stomach, and his forefinger on his nose, on a sudden ordered the old man with the staff to be called back.

When he was returned, "Honest man," said Sancho, "let me see that cane a little; I have a use for it."

"With all my heart," answered the other; "sir, here it is," and with that he gave it to him.

Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, "There," said he, "go your way, and Heaven be with you, for now you are paid."

"How so, my lord?" cried the old man; "do you judge this cane to be worth ten gold crowns?"

"Certainly," said the governor, "or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall see whether I have not a headpiece fit to govern a whole kingdom."

This said, he ordered the cane to be broken in open court, which was no sooner done, than out dropped the ten crowns.

All the spectators were amazed, and began to look upon their governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture° that the ten crowns were in the cane. He told them that having observed how the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold while he took his oath, and then swore he had truly returned the money into his own hands, after which he took the cane again from the plaintiff — this considered, it came into his head that the money was lodged within the staff.

— Cervantes.

III. Paid in His Own Coin

In the reign of the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid, of happy memory, there lived in the city of Bagdad a celebrated barber, of the name of Ali Sakal. He was so famous for a steady hand, and dexterity in his profession, that he could shave a head, and trim a beard and whiskers, with his eyes blindfolded, without once drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion at Bagdad who did not employ him; and such a run of business had he, that at last he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head whose master was not at least a bey.°

Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear at Bagdad,

and, as his shop consumed a great deal, the woodcutters brought their loads to him in preference, almost sure of meeting with a ready sale.

It happened one day that a poor woodcutter, new in his profession, and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop and offered him for sale a load of wood, which he had just brought from a considerable distance in the country, on his donkey. Ali immediately offered him a price, making use of these words, "For all the wood that is upon the donkey."

The woodcutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money. "You have not given me all the wood yet," said the barber; "I must have the pack saddle (which is chiefly made of wood) into the bargain — that was our agreement."

"How!" said the other, in great amazement; "who ever heard of such a bargain? It is impossible."

In short, after many words and much altercation,° the overbearing barber seized the pack saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress. He immediately ran to the cadi, and stated his griefs; the cadi was one of the barber's customers, and refused to hear the case. The woodcutter went to a higher judge; he also patronized Ali Sakal, and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the mufti° himself, who, having pondered over the question, at length settled that it was too difficult a case for him to decide,

no provision being made for it in the Koran°; and therefore the peasant must put up with his loss.

The woodcutter was not disheartened, but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the caliph himself, which was duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque.° The caliph's punctuality in reading petitions is well known, and it was not long before the woodcutter was called to his presence. When he had approached the caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground; and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak and his feet close together, he awaited the decision of his case.

"Friend," said the caliph, "the barber has words on his side — you have equity° on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made in words: the former must have its course, or it is nothing, and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man; therefore the barber must keep all his wood." Then calling the woodcutter close to him, the caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied.

The woodcutter, having made his obeisances, returned to his donkey, which was tied without, and proceeded to his home. A few days after he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he and a companion of his from the country might enjoy

the dexterity of his hand; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled.

When the woodcutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was.

"He is standing just without here," said the other, "and he shall come in presently."

Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his donkey after him by the halter.

"This is my companion," said he, "and you must shave him."

"Shave him!" exclaimed the barber, in the greatest surprise. "It is enough that I have consented to lower myself by touching you; and do you insult me by asking me to do as much to your donkey? Away with you, or I'll send you both to Jericho." And forthwith he drove them out of his shop.

The woodcutter immediately went to the caliph, was admitted to his presence, and related his case.

"'Tis well," said the commander of the faithful; "bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant," he exclaimed to one of his officers; and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him.

"Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?" said the caliph to the barber. "Was not that your agreement?"

Ali, kissing the ground, answered, "'Tis true, O caliph, that such was our agreement; but who ever made a com-

panion of a donkey before? or who ever before thought of treating it as a true believer?"

"You may say right," said the caliph; "but, at the same time, who ever thought of insisting that a pack saddle be included in a load of wood? No, no; it is the woodcutter's turn now. To the donkey immediately, or you know the consequences."

The barber was then obliged to prepare a large quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave him in the presence of the caliph, and of the whole court, whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughter of all the bystanders. The poor woodcutter was then dismissed with an appropriate present of money, and all Bagdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the commander of the faithful.

—James Morier.

IV. Anecdote of Sir Matthew Hale

A gentleman, who possessed an estate of about five hundred pounds a year in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The elder, being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years his father died; when the younger son, destroying the will that had been made in the elder brother's favor, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of this report.

In the course of time, the elder brother returned; but being in destitute circumstances, found it difficult to establish his claims. At length he met with a lawyer who interested himself in his cause so far as to consult the first judge of the age, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice, in regard to it. The judge satisfied himself as to the justice of the claims of the elder brother, and then promised his assistance.

The cause came to trial at Chelmsford, in Essex. On the appointed day, Sir Matthew Hale disguised himself in the clothes of an honest miller whom he had met on his way, and, thus equipped, entered the county hall where the cause was to be tried. Here he found out the plaintiff and, entering into conversation with him, inquired what were his prospects; to which the plaintiff replied, "My cause is in a very precarious° situation, and if I lose it I am ruined for life."

"Well, honest friend," replied the pretended miller, "will you take my advice? Every Englishman has the right and privilege to take exception to any one juryman through the whole twelve; now, do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get me chosen in place of some one whom you shall challenge, and I will do you all the service in my power."

The plaintiff shook the pretended miller by the hand, and promised to follow his advice; and so, when the clerk called over the names of the jurymen, he objected to one

of them. The judge on the bench was much offended at this liberty. "What do you mean," he asked, "by taking exception to that gentleman?" "I mean, my lord," said the plaintiff, "to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

The judge had been highly bribed; and, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having confidence in the superiority of his party, he said, "Well, sir, whom would you wish to have in place of him you have challenged?" After a short time spent in looking round upon the audience, "My lord," said the plaintiff, "I will choose yonder miller, if you please." Accordingly the supposed miller was directed to take his place on the jury.

As soon as the clerk of the court had administered the usual oath to all, a little, dexterous fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten golden guineas into the hand of every one of the jurymen except the miller, to whom he gave but five. "How much have you got?" whispered the miller to his next neighbor.

"Ten pieces," said the latter. The miller said nothing; the cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel, and all the scraps of evidence in his favor were brought forward.

The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses and pleaders, all plentifully bribed, like the judge. The witnesses testified that they were in the same country where the brother died, and had seen the burial of his mortal remains. The counselors pleaded upon this

accumulated° evidence, and everything went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation. "And now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem° just."

They waited but a few minutes; and then supposing that all were determined in favor of the younger brother, the judge said: "Gentlemen, are you all agreed? and who shall speak for you?"

"We are, I believe, all agreed," replied one; "our foreman shall speak for us."

"Hold, my lord," replied the miller; "we are not all agreed."

"Why?" said the judge, in a very surly tone, "what's the matter with you? What reasons have you for disagreeing?"

"I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller; "the first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses." Upon this, the miller began a discourse, which showed such penetration° of judgment, such a knowledge of law, and was expressed with such manly and energetic eloquence, that it astonished the judge and the whole court.

As the speaker was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in great surprise, stopped him. "Where did you come from, and who are you?"

"I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller; "my name is Matthew Hale; I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore, come down from a seat which you are nowise worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this nefarious° business. I will come up this moment, and try the cause over again."

Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial anew, and subjected the testimony to the most searching scrutiny.° He made the elder brother's title to the estate clear and manifest. The contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders was clearly shown. He unraveled all the sophistry° of the latter to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

THE BRAHMIN AND THE ROGUE

A pious Brahmin, it is written, made a vow, that on a certain day he would sacrifice a sheep, and, on the appointed morning, he went forth to buy one.

There lived in his neighborhood three rogues, who knew of his vow, and laid a scheme for profiting by it. The

first met him, and said: "O Brahmin, wilt thou buy a sheep? I have one fit for sacrifice."

"It is for that very purpose," said the holy man, "that I came forth this day."

Then the impostor° opened a bag, and brought out of it an unclean beast, an ugly dog, lame and blind. Thereon the Brahmin cried out: "Wretch, who touchest things impure, and utterest things untrue; callest thou that cur a sheep?"

"Truly," answered the other, "it is a sheep of the finest fleece, and of the sweetest flesh. O Brahmin, it will be an offering most acceptable to the gods."

"Friend," said the Brahmin, "either thou or I must be blind."

Just then one of the accomplices° came up. "Praised be the gods," said the second rogue, "that I have been saved the trouble of going to the market for a sheep! This is such a sheep as I wanted. For how much wilt thou sell it?"

When the Brahmin heard this, his mind wavered to and fro like one swinging in the air at a holy festival.

"Sir," said he to the newcomer, "take heed what thou dost; this is no sheep, but an unclean cur."

"O Brahmin," said the newcomer, "thou art drunk or mad."

At this time the third confederate drew near. "Let us ask this man," said the Brahmin, "what the creature is, and I will stand by what he shall say."

To this the others agreed; and the Brahmin called out, "O stranger, what dost thou call this beast?"

"Surely, O Brahmin," said the knave, "it is a fine sheep."

Then said the Brahmin, "Surely the gods have taken away my senses," — and he asked pardon of him who carried the dog, and bought it for a measure of rice and a pot of ghee,° and offered it up to the gods, who, being wroth at this unclean sacrifice, smote him with a sore disease in all his joints.

Thus runs the story of the Æsop of India. The moral, like the moral of every fable that is worth telling, lies on the surface. The writer evidently means to caution us against the practices of puffers, — a class of people who have more than once talked the public into the most absurd errors.

— Lord Macaulay.

THE DRAGON-FLY

To-day I saw the dragon-fly,
Come from the wells where he did lie.
An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk: from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
He dried his wings: like gauze they grew;
Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew.

— Alfred Tennyson.

HOW RED EAGLE REPAID A SERVICE

In the southern part of the state of Alabama, near the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers, on the east side of the stream, you will find the little town of Tensaw. Near this Fort Mims once stood.

On the 30th day of August, 1813, the Indians attacked Fort Mims, and after a desperate battle destroyed it, killing all but seventeen of the five hundred and fifty people who were living in it.

The news of the terrible slaughter quickly spread over the country, and everybody knew that a general war had begun, in which the Indians meant to destroy the whites utterly, not sparing even the youngest children. The fiercest and most conspicuous° leader of the Indians in this war was The Red Eagle. He had planned and led the assault upon Fort Mims, and was everywhere foremost in all the fighting.

As rapidly as possible, people gathered into the forts for safety, but by one accident and another many were cut off. Among the latter was Sam Hardwicke, a boy of sixteen.

It was late in the evening when the news of the massacre reached him, and he knew that it would be impossible for him to follow the trail to the fort in the darkness. He therefore resolved to wait till morning. So when the first faint dawn appeared in the east, he mounted his horse and set out for the nearest blockhouse.

During the first part of his journey, the trail ran through a thick forest, but nearer the fort, the country was more open. Just as Sam was about to emerge from the woods, he came upon a party of Indians who were encamped right in his path.

The first intimation° that he had of their presence was a grunt from a big savage lying almost under his horse's feet. Sam took in the whole situation at a glance. He saw before him the savages, rising from the ground at sight of him. He saw their horses browsing at some little distance from him. He saw a rifle, on which hung a powderhorn and a bullet pouch, standing against a bush. He saw that he had already aroused the foe, and that he must stand a chase.

His first impulse was to turn around and ride back. But in that direction lay the thicket through which he could not ride rapidly. Just beyond the group of Indians he saw the open fields. He made up his mind at once that he would push his horse into a run, dash right through the camp of the savages, pick up a convenient rifle, if possible, and, reaching the open country, make all the speed he could.

Without pausing or turning, he pushed his horse at a full run through the group of savages, receiving a glancing blow from a war club and dodging several of the warriors' rifles, and reached the field before a gun could be aimed at him. Infuriated by his boldness, the Indians immediately mounted their horses and gave chase.

The question had now resolved itself, Sam thought, into one of endurance. How long the Indians would continue a pursuit in which he had the advantage of half a mile the start, he had no way of determining, but he had every reason to hope that they would soon turn back.

Just as he had comforted himself with this thought, a new danger assailed him. One of the Indians, with a minute knowledge of the country, had saved a considerable distance by riding through a strip of woods and cutting off an angle. When Sam first caught sight of him, coming out of the woods, the savage was within a dozen yards of him, and evidently gaining on him at every step.

Sam's horse was a fleet one, but that of the Indian was apparently a thoroughbred, whose speed remained nearly as great after a mile's run as at the start. Finding at last that he must shortly be overtaken, Sam resolved upon a bold maneuver,° by which to kill his foremost pursuer. Seizing his hatchet, he suddenly stopped his horse, and, as the Indian came alongside, Sam aimed a savage blow at his head.

"Don't you know me, Sam?" said the Indian in good English, dodging the blow. "I'm Red Eagle. If I had wanted to kill you, I might have done so a dozen times in the last five minutes. You know that I don't want to kill you, though you are the only white man on earth I'd let go. But the others will make an end of you if they catch you.

"Ride on, and I'll chase you. Turn to the left there, and ride to the bluff. I'll follow you. There's a gully

through the top. Ride down it as far as you can and jump your horse over the cliff. It is nearly fifty feet high, and may kill you. But it is the only way. The other warriors are coming up, and they will kill you if you don't jump. Jump, and I'll tell them I chased you."

Sam knew Red Eagle well, and he knew why the chief wished to spare him if he could. Sam had rescued him once from an imminent° peril at great risk to himself. So the two rode on, Sam going down the gully furiously, that his horse might not be able to refuse the frightful leap.

Coming to the edge of the precipice with headlong speed, the animal could not draw back, but plunged over with Sam sitting bolt upright on his back. He had no saddle or stirrups in which to become entangled, and as the horse struck the water fairly, the blow was not so severe a shock to the boy as he had expected.

Both went under the water, but rising again in a moment Sam slid off the animal's back, to give the poor horse a better chance to escape by swimming. Striking out boldly, the boy reached the bank, and, crawling up, looked for his horse. For a time he drifted, while Sam ran along the shore, calling and encouraging him. He struck the shore at last, and Sam, examining him, found that while he was stunned and bruised, no serious damage had been done. After a brief rest, Sam again mounted his horse, and, after a long ride, reached the fort in safety.

— George Cary Eggleston.

THE DOGS AT MONTE CRISTO

I. Dog Hospitality

Pritchard was naturally generous, and kept open house with a truly Scottish hospitality. It was his custom to sit in the middle of the road and salute every dog that passed with a little not unfriendly growl; smelling him, and permitting himself to be smelt in a ceremonious manner. When a mutual sympathy had been produced by this means, a conversation something like this would begin:

"Have you a good master?" asked the strange dog.

"Not bad," Pritchard would reply.

"Does your master feed you well?"

"Well, one has porridge twice a day, bones at breakfast and dinner, and anything one can pick up in the kitchen besides."

The stranger licked his lips.

"You are not badly off," said he.

"I do not complain," replied Pritchard. Then, seeing the strange dog look pensive, he added, "Would you like to dine with us?"

The invitation was accepted at once, for dogs do not wait to be pressed, like some foolish human beings.

At dinner time Pritchard came in, followed by an unknown dog, who, like Pritchard, placed himself beside my

chair, and scratched my knee with his paw in such a confiding way that I felt sure that Pritchard must have been commending my benevolence. The dog, after spending a pleasant evening, found that it was rather too late to return home, so slept comfortably on the grass after his good supper. Next morning he took two or three steps as if to go away, then changing his mind, he inquired of Pritchard, "Should I be much in the way if I stayed on here?"

Pritchard replied, "You could quite well, with management, make them believe you are the neighbor's dog, and after two or three days nobody would know you did not belong to the house. You might live here just as well as those idle useless monkeys, who do nothing but amuse themselves, or that greedy vulture, who eats tripe all day long, or that idiot of a macaw, who is always screaming about nothing."

The dog stayed, keeping in the background at first, but in a day or two he jumped up upon me and followed me everywhere, and there was another guest to feed, that was all. Michel asked me one day if I knew how many dogs there were about the place. I answered that I did not.

"Sir," said Michel, "there are thirteen."

"That is an unlucky number, Michel; you must see that they do not all dine together, else one of them is sure to die first."

"It is not that, though," said Michel; "it is the ex-

pense I am thinking of. Why, they would eat an ox a day, all those dogs; and if you will allow me, sir, I will just take a whip and put the whole pack to the door, to-morrow morning."

"But, Michel, let us do it handsomely. These dogs, after all, do honor to the house by staying here. So give them a grand dinner to-morrow; tell them that it is the farewell banquet, and then, at dessert, put them all to the door."

"But after all, sir, I cannot put them to the door, because there isn't a door."

"Michel," said I, "there are certain things in this world that one must just put up with, to keep up one's character and position. Since all these dogs have come to me, let them stay with me. I don't think they will ruin me, Michel. Only, on their own account, you should be careful that there are not thirteen."

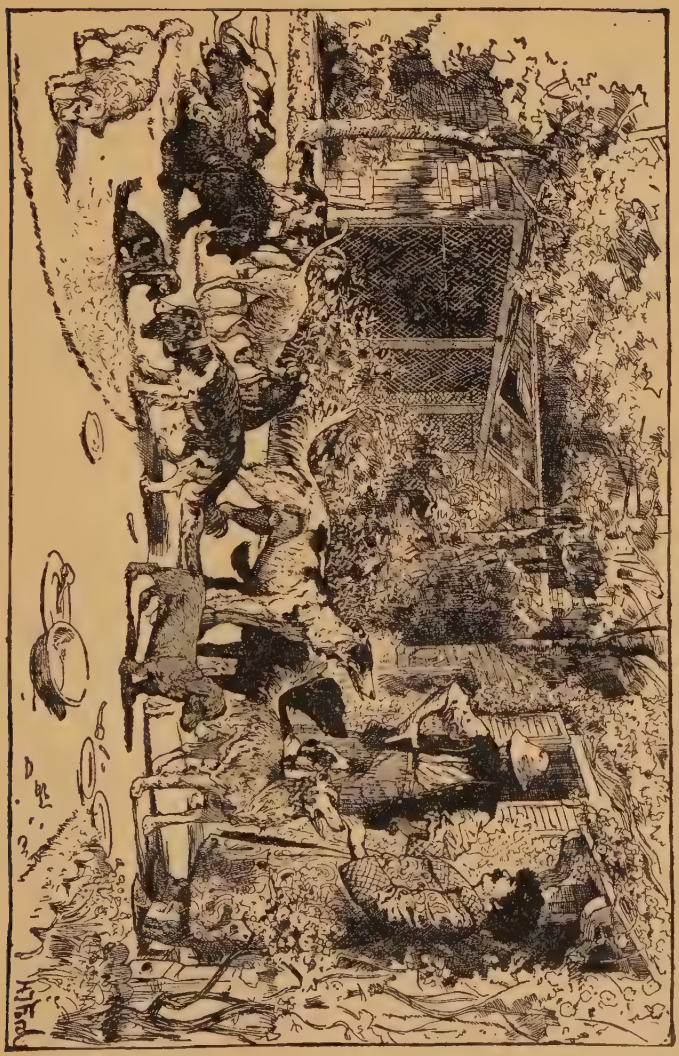
"I will drive away one," suggested Michel, "and then there will only be twelve."

"On the contrary, let another come, and then there will be fourteen."

Michel sighed.

"It's a regular kennel," he murmured.

It was, in fact, a pack of hounds, though rather a mixed one. There was a Russian wolfhound, there was a poodle, a water-spaniel, a spitz, a dachshund with crooked legs, a mongrel terrier, a mongrel King Charles, and a



"IT'S A REGULAR KENNEL"

Turkish dog which had no hair on its body, only a tuft upon its head and a tassel at the end of its tail. Our next recruit° was a little Maltese terrier, named Lisette, which raised the number to fourteen. After all, the expense of these fourteen amounted to rather over two pounds a month. A single dinner given to five or six of my own species would have cost me three times as much, and they would have gone away dissatisfied; for, even if they had liked my wine, they would certainly have found fault with my books.

II. Dog Partners

Out of this pack of hounds, one became Pritchard's particular friend and Michel's favorite. This was a dachshund with short crooked legs, a long body, and, as Michel said, the finest voice in the district. Portugo — that was his name — had in truth a most magnificent bass voice. I used to hear it sometimes in the night when I was writing, and think how that deep-toned majestic bark would please St. Hubert° if he heard it in his grave.

But what was Portugo doing at that hour, and why was he awake while the other dogs slumbered? This mystery was revealed one day, when a stewed rabbit was brought me for dinner. I inquired where the rabbit came from.

"You thought it good, sir?" Michel asked me with a pleased face.

"Excellent."

"Well, then, you can have one just the same every day, sir, if you like."

"Every day, Michel? Surely that is almost too much to promise. Besides, I should like, before consuming so many rabbits, to know where they come from."

"You shall know that this very night, if you don't mind coming out with me."

"Ah! Michel, I have told you before that you are a poacher°!"

"Oh, sir, as to that, I am as innocent as a baby — and, as I was saying, if you will only come out with me to-night —"

"Must I go far, Michel?"

"Not a hundred yards, sir."

"At what o'clock?"

"Just at the moment when you hear Portugo's first bark."

"Very well, Michel, I will be with you."

I had nearly forgotten this promise, and was writing as usual, when Michel came into my study. It was about eleven o'clock, and a fine moonlight night.

"Hallo!" said I, "Portugo hasn't barked yet, has he?"

"No, but I was just thinking that if you waited for that, you would miss seeing something curious."

"What should I miss, Michel?"

"The council of war which is held between Pritchard and Portugo."

I followed Michel, and, sure enough, among the fourteen dogs, which were mostly sleeping in different attitudes, Portugo and Pritchard were standing up, and seemed to be gravely debating some important question.

When the debate was ended, they separated; Portugo went out at the gate to the highroad, turned the corner, and disappeared, while Pritchard began deliberately, as if he had plenty of time before him, to follow the little path which led up to a stone quarry. We followed Pritchard, who took no notice of us, though he evidently knew we were there. He went up to the top of the quarry, examined and smelt about over the ground with great care, and when he had found a scent and assured himself that it was fresh, he lay down flat and waited. Almost at the same moment, Portugo's first bark was heard some two hundred yards off.

Now the plan the two dogs had laid was clear to us. The rabbits came out of their holes in the quarry every evening to go to their feeding ground; Pritchard found the scent of one; Portugo then made a wide circuit, found and chased the rabbit, and, as a rabbit or a hare always comes back upon its former track, Pritchard, lying in ambush, awaited its return. Accordingly, as the sound of Portugo's barking came closer, we saw Pritchard's yellow eyes light up and flame like a topaz; then all of a sudden he made a spring, and we heard a cry of fright and distress.

"They've done it!" said Michel, and he went to

Pritchard, took out of his mouth a nice plump rabbit, gave it a blow behind the ears to finish it, and, opening it on the spot, gave the inside to the two dogs, who shared their portion contentedly, although they probably regretted Michel's interference. As Michel told me, I could have eaten a stewed rabbit every day for dinner, if such had been my desire.

— Alexandre Dumas.

EXPERIENCES AND WISDOM OF FRANKLIN

I. An Ax To Grind

When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my ax on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered; "it is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful. "I am sure," continued he, "you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Pleased with the flattery, I went to work; and I toiled

and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; be off to school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it is hard enough to turn a grindstone, but now to be called a little rascal, is too much." It sank deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant overpolite to his customers, methinks, "That man has an ax to grind."

When I see a man, who is in private life a tyrant, flattering the people, and making great professions of attachment to liberty, methinks, "Look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones."

II. Nothing Useful Which Is Not Honest

There was a salt marsh that bounded part of the mill-pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there fit for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose.

Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were

gone, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and working with them diligently like so many ants, sometimes two or three to a stone, we brought them all away, and built our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which were found in our wharf. Inquiry was made after the removers. We were discovered and complained of. Several of us were corrected by our fathers, and although I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing is useful which is not honest.

III. Franklin's Arrival in Philadelphia

I was in my working dress, my best clothes having to come by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper.

The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it, a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty; perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till, near

the market-house, I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston, but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia.

I then asked for a threepenny loaf. They made no loaves at that price. Finding myself ignorant of the prices, as well as of the different kinds of bread, I desired him to let me have threepenny worth of bread of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls.

I was surprised at receiving so much; I took them, however, and having no room in my pockets, I walked on with a roll under each arm, eating a third. In this manner I went through Market Street to Fourth Street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought, with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance.

I then turned the corner, and went through Chestnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and having made this round, I found myself again on Market Street wharf, near the boat in which I arrived. I stepped into it to take a draft of the river water; and finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down with us in the boat, and were waiting to continue their journey.

Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people, all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a large Quakers' meetinghouse near the marketplace. I sat down with the rest, and, after looking around me for some time, hearing nothing said, and being drowsy from my last night's labor and want of rest, I fell into a sound sleep.

In this state I continued till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to wake me. This was consequently the first house I entered, or in which I slept, at Philadelphia.

— Benjamin Franklin.

IV. Excuse-making

A young American who had broken an appointment with Dr. Franklin, came to him the following day prepared to make his peace with an apology. He was making a tiresome excuse when Dr. Franklin stopped him, saying, "My dear boy, say no more. You have, indeed, said too much already. For he who is good at making an excuse, is seldom good at anything else."

V. Epigrams

The discontented man finds no easy chair.

Sloth makes all things difficult; industry all easy.

It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

When prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

A little neglect may breed a great mischief.

— Benjamin Franklin.

SOME TRUTHFUL TALES FROM MUNCHAUSEN

I. The Tale of the Snow and the Steeple

I set off from Rome on a journey to Russia, in the midst of winter, from just a notion that frost and snow must of course mend the roads, which every traveler had described as uncommonly bad through the northern parts of Germany, Poland, and Livonia. I went on horseback as the most convenient manner of traveling.

I was but lightly clothed, and of this I felt the inconvenience the more I advanced northeast. What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I saw on a bleak common in Poland lying on the road helpless, shivering, and hardly having the wherewithal to cover his nakedness? I pitied the poor soul: though I felt the severity of the air myself, I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens blessing me for that piece of charity, saying, "You will be rewarded, my son, for this, in time."

I went on: night and darkness overtook me. No village

Baron Munchausen's Adventure in the Snow

was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I was unacquainted with the road.

Tired, I alighted, and fastened my horse to something like the pointed stump of a tree, which appeared above the snow; I placed my pistols under my arm, and lay down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight.

It is not easy to conceive my astonishment to find myself in the midst of a village, lying in a churchyard; nor was my horse to be seen, but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me; the village had been covered with snow overnight; a sudden change of weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the churchyard whilst asleep, gently and in the same proportion as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to have been the cross or weathercock of the steeple!

Without long consideration, I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey.

II. The Tale of the Stag and the Cherry Tree

While in Russia, I spent much of my time in hunting. Having, one day, spent all my shot, I found myself unexpectedly in presence of a stately stag, looking at me as

unconcernedly as if he had known of my empty pouches. I charged immediately with powder, and upon it a good handful of cherry stones, having sucked the fruit as far as the hurry would permit. This I let fly at him, and hit him just on the middle of the forehead between his antlers; it stunned him — he staggered — yet he made off.

A year or two after, being with a party in the same forest, I beheld a noble stag with a fine full-grown cherry tree above ten feet high between his antlers. I immediately recollected my former adventure, looked upon him as my property, and brought him to the ground with one shot. This at once gave me the haunch° and cherry sauce; for the tree was covered with the richest fruit, the like of which I had never tasted before.

III. The Tale of the Turkey-Bean and the Moon

I was not always successful. Once, while fighting the Turks, I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war, and what is worse, to be sold for a slave. In that state of humiliation my daily task was not very hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture grounds, to attend them all the day long, and at night to drive them back to their hives.

One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two

bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had no offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. This I threw at the robbers, with the intention of frightening them away, and setting the poor bee at liberty. But by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon.

How should I recover it? how fetch it down again? I recollected that Turkey-beans grow very quickly, and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately; it grew and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now than to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet, in a place where everything has the brightness of silver. At last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw.

I was now for returning; but, alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent. So I fell to work and twisted me a rope of that chopped straw, as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns, and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with the left hand; and, with the hatchet in my right, I cut the long, now useless end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower.

This repeated splicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, or bring me down to the Sultan's farms. I was four or five miles, at least, from the earth, when it broke; I fell to the ground with such amazing violence that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms° deep, at least, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height. I recovered, but knew not how to get out again. However, I dug slopes or steps with my finger nails (the Baron's nails were then of forty years' growth), and easily accomplished it.

IV. The Tale of the Frozen Music

Peace was soon after concluded with the Turks, and, gaining my liberty, I started for St. Petersburg. The winter was then so uncommonly severe° all over Europe that ever since the sun has seemed to be frostbitten.

I traveled post; and one day finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travelers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might, but his endeavors were in vain; he could not make the horn sound. This was unaccountable,° and rather unfortunate; for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way. There seemed to be no way of proceeding. However, I got out of my carriage, and, being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head. I then

jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach, was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage. I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our stage.

I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited, and not above four years old. As I made my second spring over the hedge, he expressed great dislike to that violent kind of motion by kicking and snorting. However, I confined his hind legs by putting them into my coat pocket. After we arrived at the inn, my postilion and I refreshed ourselves: he hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a cry of *Tereng! tereng! teng! teng!* We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn. His tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver. So the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn — The King of Prussia's March, Over the Hill and over the Dale, with many other favorite tunes. At length the thawing entertainment concluded, as I shall this short account of my Russian travels.

Some travelers are apt to advance more than is strictly true; if any of the company entertain a doubt of my veracity, I shall only say to such: I pity their want of faith, and must request they will take leave before I continue the account of my adventures, which are as strictly founded on fact as those I have already related.

—MUNCHAUSEN.

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

I. AN INHOSPITABLE TOWN

One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his old wife, Baucis, sat at their cottage door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten their frugal supper, and intended now to spend a quiet hour or two before bedtime. So they talked together about their garden, and their cow, and their bees, and their grapevine, which clambered over the cottage wall, and on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple. But the rude shouts of children, and the fierce barking of dogs, in the village near at hand, grew louder and louder, until at last it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"Ah, wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveler is seeking hospitality among our neighbors yonder, and, instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is!"

"Well-a-day!" answered old Baucis, "I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures. And only to think of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!"

"Those children will never come to any good," said Philemon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their manners. But as for you and me, as long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor, homeless stranger that may come along and need it."

"That's right, husband!" said Baucis; "so we will!"

These old folks, you must know, were quite poor, and had to work pretty hard for a living. Old Philemon toiled diligently in his garden, while Baucis was always busy with her distaff,° or making a little butter and cheese with their cow's milk, or doing one thing or another about the cottage. Their food was seldom anything but bread, milk, and vegetables, with sometimes a portion of honey from their beehive, and now and then a bunch of grapes that had ripened against the cottage wall. But they were two of the kindest old people in the world, and would cheerfully have gone without their dinners any day rather than refuse a slice of their brown loaf, a cup of new milk, and a spoonful of honey to the weary traveler who might pause

before their door. They felt as if such guests had a sort of holiness, and that they ought, therefore, to treat them better and more bountifully than their own selves.

Their cottage stood on a rising ground, at some short distance from a village, which lay in a hollow valley that was about a half mile in breadth. Never was there a prettier or more fruitful valley. The very sight of the plenty around them should have made the inhabitants kind and gentle, and ready to show their gratitude to Providence by doing good to their fellow-creatures.

But, we are sorry to say, the people of this lovely village were not worthy to dwell in a spot on which Heaven had smiled so beneficently. They were a very selfish and hard-hearted people, and had no pity for the poor nor sympathy with the homeless. They would only have laughed, had anybody told them that human beings owe a debt of love to one another, because there is no other method of paying the debt of love and care which all of us owe to Providence.

You will hardly believe what I am going to tell you. These naughty people taught their children to be no better than themselves, and used to clap their hands, by way of encouragement, when they saw the little boys and girls run after some poor stranger, shouting at his heels and pelting him with stones. They kept large and fierce dogs, and whenever a traveler ventured to show himself in the village street, this pack of disagreeable curs scampered to

meet him, barking, snarling, and showing their teeth. Then they would seize him by his leg or by his clothes, just as it happened; and if he were ragged when he came, he was generally a pitiable object before he had time to run away.

This was a very terrible thing to poor travelers, as you may suppose, especially when they chanced to be sick, or feeble, or lame, or old. Such persons (if they once knew how badly these unkind people, and their unkind children and curs, were in the habit of behaving) would go miles out of their way rather than try to pass through the village again.

What made the matter seem worse, if possible, was that when rich persons came in their chariots, or riding on beautiful horses, with their servants in rich liveries° attending on them, the inhabitants of the village would take off their hats, and make the humblest bows you ever saw. If the children were rude, they were pretty certain to get their ears boxed; and as for the dogs, if a single cur in the pack presumed to yelp, his master instantly beat him with a club, and tied him up without any supper. This would have been all very well, only it proved that the villagers cared much about the money that a stranger had in his pocket, and nothing whatever for the human soul, which lives equally in the beggar and the prince.

So now you can understand why old Philemon spoke so sorrowfully when he heard the shouts of the children and

the barking of the dogs at the farther extremity of the village street. There was a confused din, which lasted a good while and seemed to pass quite through the breadth of the valley.

"I never heard the dogs so loud," observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude," answered his good old wife.

II. Remarkable Visitors

The old couple sat shaking their heads to one another, while the noise came nearer; until, at the foot of the little eminence° on which their cottage stood, they saw two travelers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little farther off ran a crowd of children, who set up shrill cries and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might. Once or twice the younger of the two men (he was a slender and very active figure) turned about and drove back the dogs with a staff which he carried in his hand. His companion, who was a very tall person, walked calmly along, as if disdaining to notice either the naughty children or the pack of curs, whose manners the children seemed to imitate.

Both of the travelers were very humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. And this, I am afraid, was

the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders toward raising their spirits."

Accordingly, she hastened into the cottage. Philemon, on his part, went forward and extended his hand with so hospitable an aspect that there was no need of saying what, nevertheless, he did say, in the heartiest tone imaginable, —

"Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you!" replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of way, notwithstanding his weariness and trouble. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with in yonder village. Pray, why do you live in such a bad neighborhood?"

"Ah!" observed old Philemon, with a quiet and benign° smile, "Providence puts me here, I hope, among other reasons, in order that I may make you what amends° I can for the inhospitality of my neighbors."

"Well said, old father!" cried the traveler, laughing; "and, if the truth must be told, my companion and myself need some amends. Those children (the little rascals!) have

bespattered us finely with their mud balls; and one of the curs has torn my cloak, which was ragged enough already. But I took him across the muzzle with my staff, and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far off."

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits; nor, indeed, would you have fancied, by the traveler's look and manner, that he was weary with a long day's journey, besides being disheartened by rough treatment at the end of it. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. Though it was a summer evening he wore a cloak, which he kept wrapt closely about him, perhaps because his undergarments were shabby. Philemon perceived, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes; but, as it was now growing dusk, and as the old man's eyesight was none of the sharpest, he could not precisely tell in what the strangeness consisted. One thing, certainly, seemed queer. The traveler was so wonderfully light and active that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord, or could only be kept down by an effort.

"I used to be lightfooted in my youth," said Philemon to the traveler. "But I always found my feet grow heavier toward nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one along," answered the stranger; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld. It was made of olivewood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes, carved in wood, were represented as twining themselves about the staff, and were so very skillfully executed that old Philemon (whose eyes, you know, were getting rather dim) almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

"A curious piece of work, sure enough!" said he. "A staff with wings! It would be an excellent kind of stick for a little boy to ride astride of."

By this time, Philemon and his two guests had reached the cottage door.

"Friends," said the old man, "sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife Baucis has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."

The younger stranger threw himself carelessly on the bench, letting his staff fall as he did so. And here happened something rather marvelous, though trifling enough, too. The staff seemed to get up from the ground of its own accord, and, spreading its little pair of wings, it half hopped, half flew, and leaned itself against the wall of the cottage. There it stood quite still, except that the snakes continued to wriggle. But in my private opinion, old Philemon's eyesight had been playing him tricks again.

Before he could ask any questions, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger, in a remarkably deep tone of voice, "a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?"

"Not in my day, friend," answered Philemon; "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream murmuring through the midst of the valley. My father, nor his father before him, ever saw it otherwise, so far as I know; and doubtless it will still be the same, when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten."

"That is more than can safely be foretold," observed the stranger; and there was something very stern in his deep voice. He shook his head, too, so that his dark and heavy curls were shaken with the movement. "Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!"

The traveler looked so stern that Philemon was really almost frightened; the more so, that at his frown, the twilight seemed suddenly to grow darker, and that, when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

But, in a moment afterwards, the stranger's face became so kindly and mild that the old man quite forgot his terror. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling that this

elder traveler must be no ordinary personage,° although he happened now to be attired° so humbly and to be journeying on foot. Not that Philemon fancied him a prince in disguise, or any character of that sort; but rather some exceedingly wise man, who went about the world in this poor garb, despising wealth and all wordly objects, and seeking everywhere to add a mite to his wisdom. This idea appeared the more probable, because, when Philemon raised his eyes to the stranger's face, he seemed to see more thought there, in one look, than he could have studied out in a lifetime.

While Baucis was getting supper, the travelers both began to talk very sociably with Philemon. The younger, indeed, was extremely loquacious,° and made such shrewd and witty remarks that the good old man continually burst out laughing, and pronounced him the merriest fellow whom he had seen for many a day.

"Pray, my young friend," said he, as they grew familiar together, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveler. "So, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit tolerably well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver?" repeated Philemon, looking in the traveler's face, to see if he were making fun of him. "It is a very odd name! And your companion there? Has he as strange a one?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell it to you!" replied

Quicksilver, putting on a mysterious look. "No other voice is loud enough."

This remark, whether it were serious or in jest, might have caused Philemon to conceive a very great awe of the elder stranger, if, on venturing to gaze at him, he had not beheld so much beneficence° in his visage. But, undoubtedly, here was the grandest figure that ever sat so humbly beside a cottage door. When the stranger conversed, it was with gravity, and in such a way that Philemon felt irresistibly moved to tell him everything which he had most at heart. This is always the feeling that people have when they meet with any one wise enough to comprehend all their good and evil, and to despise not a tittle of it.

But Philemon, simple and kind-hearted old man that he was, had not many secrets to disclose. He talked, however, about the events of his past life, in the whole course of which he had never been a score of miles from this very spot. His wife Baucis and himself had dwelt in the cottage from their youth upward, earning their bread by honest labor, always poor, but still contented. He told what excellent butter and cheese Baucis made, and how nice were the vegetables which he raised in his garden. He said, too, that, because they loved each other so very much, it was the wish of both that death might not separate them, but they should die, as they had lived, together.

As the stranger listened, a smile beamed over his countenance, and made its expression as sweet as it was grand.

"You are a good old man," said he to Philemon, "and you have a good old wife to be your helpmeet. It is fit that your wish should be granted."

And it seemed to Philemon, just then, as if the sunset clouds threw up a bright flash from the west, and kindled a sudden light in the sky.

III. A Wonderful Supper

Baucis had now got supper ready, and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"Had we known you were coming," said she, "my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the most part of to-day's milk to make a cheese; and our last loaf is already half eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor, save when a poor traveler knocks at our door."

"All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame," replied the elder stranger, kindly. "An honest, hearty welcome to a guest works miracles with the fare and is capable of turning the coarsest food to nectar° and ambrosia.°"

"A welcome you shall have," cried Baucis, "and like-

wise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes besides."

"Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast!" exclaimed Quicksilver, laughing; "an absolute feast! and you shall see how bravely I will play my part at it! I think I never felt hungrier in my life."

"Mercy on us!" whispered Baucis to her husband. "If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper!"

They all went into the cottage.

And now, my little readers, I shall tell you something that will make you open your eyes very wide. It is really one of the oddest circumstances in the whole story. Quicksilver's staff, you recollect, had set itself up against the wall of the cottage. Well, when the master entered the door, leaving this wonderful staff behind, what should it do but immediately spread its little wings, and go hopping and fluttering up the doorsteps! Tap, tap, went the staff, on the kitchen floor; nor did it rest until it had stood itself on end, with the greatest gravity and decorum, beside Quicksilver's chair. Old Philemon, however, as well as his wife, was so taken up in attending to their guests, that no notice was given to what the staff had been about.

As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travelers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown loaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it, and a dish of honeycomb on the other. There was

a pretty good bunch of grapes for each of the guests. A moderate-sized earthen pitcher, nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the board; and when Baucis had filled two bowls and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained in the bottom of the pitcher. Alas! it is a very sad business, when a bountiful heart finds itself pinched and squeezed among narrow circumstances. Poor Baucis kept wishing that she might starve for a week or two to come, if it were possible, by so doing, to provide these hungry folks a more plentiful supper.

And, since the supper was so exceedingly small, she could not help wishing that their appetites had not been quite so large. Why, at their very first sitting down, the travelers both drank off all the milk in their two bowls at a draught.

"A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please," said Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

"Now, my dear people," answered Baucis, in great confusion, "I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. O husband! husband! why didn't we go without our supper?"

"Why, it appears to me," cried Quicksilver, starting up from the table and taking the pitcher by the handle, "it really appears to me that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

So saying, and to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he proceeded to fill, not only his own bowl, but his companion's likewise, from the pitcher that was supposed to be almost empty. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes. She had certainly poured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in afterwards, and had seen the bottom of the pitcher, as she set it down upon the table.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events the pitcher cannot help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Now Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see anything, that Quicksilver had turned the pitcher upside down, and consequently had poured out every drop of milk in filling the last bowl. Of course, there could not possibly be any left. However, in order to let him know precisely how the case was, she lifted the pitcher, and made a gesture as if pouring milk into Quicksilver's bowl, but without the remotest idea that any milk would stream forth.

What was her surprise, therefore, when such an abundant cascade fell bubbling into the bowl that it was immediately filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table!

The two snakes that were twisted about Quicksilver's staff (but neither Baucis nor Philemon happened to observe this circumstance) stretched out their heads, and began to lap up the spilt milk.

And then what a delicious fragrance the milk had! It seemed as if Philemon's only cow must have pastured, that day, on the richest herbage that could be found anywhere in the world. I only wish that each of you, my beloved little souls, could have a bowl of such nice milk at supper time.

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little of that honey!"

Baucis cut him a slice accordingly; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather too dry and crusty to be palatable, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven. Tasting a crumb, which had fallen on the table, she found it more delicious than bread ever was before, and could hardly believe that it was a loaf of her own kneading and baking. Yet, what other loaf could it be?

But, oh, the honey! I may just as well let it alone, without trying to describe how exquisitely it smelt and looked. Its color was that of the purest and most transparent gold, and it had the odor of a thousand flowers, but of such flowers as never grew in an earthly garden, and to seek which the bees must have flown high above the clouds. The wonder is, that, after alighting on a flower bed of so

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

delicious fragrance and immortal bloom, they should have been content to fly down again to their hive in Philemon's garden. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelt.

The perfume floated around the kitchen, and made it so delightful that had you closed your eyes, you would have instantly forgotten the low ceiling and smoky walls, and have fancied yourself in an arbor, with celestial honeysuckles creeping over it.

Although good Mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could but think that there was something rather out of the common way in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread and honey, and laying a bunch of grapes by each of their plates, she sat down by Philemon, and told him what she had seen, in a whisper.

"Did you ever hear the like?" asked she.

"No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "And I rather think, my dear old wife, you must have been walking about in a sort of dream. If I had poured out the milk, I should have seen through the business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought — that is all."

"Ah, husband!" said Baucis, "say what you will, these are very uncommon people."

"Well, well," replied Philemon, still smiling, "perhaps they are. They certainly do look as if they had seen better days, and I am heartily glad to see them making so comfortable a supper."

Each of the guests had now taken his bunch of grapes upon his plate. Baucis (who rubbed her eyes, in order to see more clearly) was of the opinion that the clusters had grown larger and richer, and that each separate grape seemed to be on the point of bursting with ripe juice. It was entirely a mystery to her how such grapes could ever have been produced from the stunted old vine that climbed against the cottage wall.

"Very admirable grapes, these!" observed Quicksilver, as he swallowed one after another, without apparently diminishing his cluster. "Pray, my good host, whence did you gather them?"

"From my own vine," answered Philemon. "You may see one of its branches twisting across the window yonder. But wife and I never thought the grapes very fine ones."

"I never tasted better," said the guest. "Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince."

This time old Philemon bestirred himself, and took up the pitcher, for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in the marvels which Baucis had whispered to him. He knew that his good old wife was incapable of falsehood, and that she was seldom mistaken in what she supposed to be true; but this was so very singular a case that he wanted to see into it with his own eyes. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a

single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim with foaming and deliciously fragrant milk. It was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand.

"Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?" cried he, even more bewildered than his wife had been.

"Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveler, in his mild, deep voice, that had something at once sweet and awe-inspiring in it. "Give me likewise a cup of the milk; and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, any more than for the needy wayfarer.°"

The supper now being over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. The old people would gladly have talked to them a little longer, and have expressed the wonder which they felt, and their delight at finding the poor and meager supper prove so much better and more abundant than they had hoped. But the elder traveler had inspired them with such reverence that they dared not ask him any questions. And when Philemon drew Quicksilver aside, and inquired how under the sun a fountain of milk could have got into an old earthen pitcher, this latter personage pointed to his staff.

"There is the whole mystery of the affair," quoth Quicksilver; "and if you can make it out, I'll thank you to let

me know. I can't tell what to make of my staff. It is always playing such odd tricks as this; sometimes getting me a supper, and quite as often stealing it away. If I had any faith in such nonsense, I should say the stick was bewitched!"

He said no more, but looked so slyly in their faces that they rather fancied he was laughing at them. The magic staff went hopping at his heels, as Quicksilver quitted the room. When left alone, the good old couple spent some little time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down on the floor and fell fast asleep. They had given up their sleeping room to the guests, and had no other bed for themselves, save these planks, which I wish had been as soft as their own hearts.

IV. The Vanished Village

The old man and his wife were stirring betimes in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparations to depart. Philemon hospitably entreated them to remain a little longer, until Baucis could milk the cow, and bake a cake upon the hearth, and, perhaps, find them a few fresh eggs for breakfast. The guests, however, seemed to think it better to accomplish a good part of their journey before the heat of the day should come on. They, therefore, persisted in setting out immediately, but asked Philemon and Baucis to walk

forth with them a short distance, and show them the road which they were to take.

So they all four issued from the cottage, chatting together like old friends. It was very remarkable, indeed, how familiar the old people grew with the elder traveler, and how their good and simple spirits melted into his, even as two drops of water would melt into the illimitable ocean. And as for Quicksilver, with his keen, quick, laughing wits, he appeared to discover every little thought that but peeped into their minds, before they suspected it themselves. They sometimes wished, it is true, that he had not been so quick-witted, and also, that he would fling away his staff, which looked so mysteriously mischievous with the snakes always writhing about it. But then, again, Quicksilver showed himself so very good-humored, that they would have been rejoiced to keep him in their cottage, staff, snakes, and all, every day, and the whole day long.

"Ah me! Well-a-day!" exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little way from their door. "If our neighbors only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and shame for them to behave so — that it is!" cried good old Baucis, vehemently°; "and I mean to go this very day and tell some of them what naughty people they are."

"I fear," remarked Quicksilver, slyly smiling, "that you will find none of them at home."

The elder traveler's brow just then assumed such a grave, stern, and awful grandeur, yet serene withal, that neither Baucis nor Philemon dared to speak a word. They gazed reverently into his face, as if they had been gazing at the sky.

"When men do not feel towards the humblest stranger as if he were a brother," said the traveler, in tones so deep that they sounded like those of an organ, "they are unworthy to exist on earth, which was created as the abode of a great human brotherhood!"

"And, by the bye, my dear old people," cried Quicksilver, with the liveliest look of fun and mischief in his eyes, "where is this same village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie? Methinks I do not see it hereabouts."

Philemon and his wife turned toward the valley, where at sunset, only the day before, they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the clumps of trees, the wide, green-margined street, with children playing in it, and all the tokens of business, enjoyment, and prosperity. But what was their astonishment! There was no longer any appearance of a village! Even the fertile vale, in the hollow of which it lay, had ceased to have an existence. In its stead, they beheld the broad, blue surface of a lake, which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to

brim, and reflected the surrounding hills in its bosom with as tranquil an image as if it had been there ever since the creation of the world. For an instant the lake remained perfectly smooth. Then a little breeze sprang up, and caused the water to dance, glitter, and sparkle in the early sunbeams, and to dash with a pleasant rippling murmur against the hither shore.

The lake seemed so strangely familiar that the old people were greatly perplexed, and felt as if they could only have been dreaming about a village having lain there. But the next moment they remembered the vanished dwellings, and the faces and characters of the inhabitants, far too distinctly for a dream. The village had been there yesterday, and now was gone!

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people, "what has become of our poor neighbors?"

"They exist no longer as men and women," said the elder traveler, in his grand and deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it at a distance. "There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs; for they never softened or sweetened the hard lot of mortality by the exercise of kindly affections between man and man. They retained no image of the better life in their bosoms; therefore the lake that was of old has spread itself forth again, to reflect the sky!"

"And as for those foolish people," said Quicksilver, with his mischievous smile, "they are all transformed

to fishes. There needed but little change, for they were already a scaly set of rascals, and the coldest-blooded beings in existence. So, kind Mother Baucis, whenever you or your husband have an appetite for a dish of broiled trout, he can throw in a line, and pull out half a dozen of your old neighbors!"

"Ah," cried Baucis, shuddering, "I would not, for the world, put one of them on the gridiron!"

"No," added Philemon, making a wry face, "we could never relish them!"

V. The Wish

"As for you, good Philemon," continued the elder traveler, "and you, kind Baucis, — you, with your scanty means, have mingled so much heartfelt hospitality with your entertainment of the homeless stranger, that the milk became an inexhaustible fount of nectar, and the brown loaf and the honey were ambrosia. Thus the divinities° have feasted, at your board, off the same viands that supply their banquets on Olympus.° You have done well, my dear old friends. Wherefore, request whatever favor you have most at heart, and it is granted."

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then, — I know not which of the two it was who spoke, but that one uttered the desire of both their hearts: —

"Let us live together, while we live, and leave the

world at the same instant, when we die! For we have always loved one another!"

"Be it so," replied the stranger, with majestic kindness. "Now look towards your cottage."

They did so. But what was their surprise on beholding a tall edifice of white marble, with a wide open portal, occupying the spot where their humble residence had so lately stood!

"There is your home," said the stranger, beneficently smiling on them both. "Exercise your hospitality in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening."

The old folks fell on their knees to thank him; but, behold! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time, with vast satisfaction to themselves, in making everybody jolly and comfortable who happened to pass that way. The milk pitcher, I must not forget to say, retained its marvelous quality of never being empty, when it was desirable to have it full. Whenever an honest, good-humored, and free-hearted guest took a draught° from this pitcher, he invariably found it the sweetest and most invigorating fluid that ever ran down his throat. But if a cross and disagreeable curmudgeon happened to sip, he was pretty certain to twist his visage into a hard knot, and pronounce it a pitcher of sour milk!

Thus the old couple lived in their palace a great, great while, and grew older and older, and very old, indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings, with one hospitable smile overspreading both their pleasant faces, to invite the guests of overnight to breakfast. The guests searched everywhere, from top to bottom of the spacious palace, and all to no purpose. But, after a great deal of perplexity, they espied, in front of the portal, two venerable trees, which nobody could remember to have seen there the day before. Yet there they stood, with their roots fastened deep into the soil, and a huge breadth of foliage overshadowing the whole front of the edifice. One was an oak, and the other a linden tree. Their boughs — it was strange and beautiful to see — were intertwined together, and embraced one another, so that each tree seemed to live in the other tree's bosom much more than in its own.

While the guests were marveling how these trees that must have required at least a century to grow, could have come to be so tall and venerable in a single night, a breeze sprang up, and set their intermingled boughs astir. And then there was a deep, broad murmur in the air, as if the two mysterious trees were speaking.

"I am old Philemon!" murmured the oak.

"I am old Baucis!" murmured the linden tree.

But, as the breeze grew stronger, the trees both

spoke at once, "Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon!" as if one were both and both were one, and talking together in the depths of their mutual° heart. It was plain enough to perceive that the good old couple had renewed their age, and were now to spend a quiet and delightful hundred years or so, Philemon as an oak, and Baucis as a linden tree. And oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling around them! Whenever a wayfarer paused beneath it, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound should so much resemble words like these: —

"Welcome, welcome, dear traveler, welcome!"

And some kind soul, that knew what would have pleased old Baucis and old Philemon best, built a circular seat around both their trunks, where, for a great while afterwards, the weary, and the hungry, and the thirsty, used to repose themselves and quaff milk abundantly out of the miraculous pitcher.

And I wish for all our sakes that we had the pitcher here now.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,

Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,°
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—Leigh Hunt.

FOUR GOOD LESSONS

I. The New Teacher and the Bad Boy

The new teacher who was employed to teach the Greenbank school in the autumn was a young man from college. Standing behind the desk hitherto occupied by the grim-faced Mr. Ball, young Williams looked very mild by contrast. He was evidently a gentle-spirited man as compared with the old master, and King Pewee

and his crowd were gratified in noting this fact. They could have their own way with such a master as that!

When he called the school to order, there remained a bustle of curiosity and mutual recognition among the children. Riley and Pewee kept up a little noise by way of defiance.° They had heard that the new master did not intend to whip. Now he stood quietly behind his desk, and waited a few moments in silence for the whispering group to be still. Then he slowly raised and leveled his finger at Riley and Pewee, but still said nothing. There was something so firm and quiet about his motion — something that said, "I will wait all day, but you must be still" — that the boys could not resist it.

By the time they were quiet, two of the girls had got into a titter over something, and the forefinger was aimed at them. The silent man made the pupils understand that he was not to be trifled with.

When at length there was quiet, he made every one lay down book or slate and face around toward him. Then with his pointing finger, or with a little slap of his hands together, or with a word or two at the most, he got the school still again.

"I hope we shall be friends," he said, in a voice full of kindliness. "All I want is to —"

But at this point Riley picked up his slate and book, and turned away. The master snapped his fingers, but Riley affected° not to hear him.

"That young man will put down his slate." The master spoke in a low tone, as one who expected to be obeyed, and the slate was reluctantly° put upon the desk.

"When I am talking to you, I want you to hear," he went on, very quietly. "I am paid to teach you. One of the things I have to teach you is good manners. You," pointing to Riley, "are old enough to know better than to take your slate when your teacher is speaking, but perhaps you have never been taught what are good manners. I'll excuse you this time. Now, you all see those switches hanging here behind me. I did not put them there. I do not say that I shall not use them. Some boys have to be whipped, I suppose — like mules — and when I have tried, I may find that I cannot get on without the switches, but I hope not to have to use them."

Here Riley, encouraged by the master's mildness, and irritated by the rebuke he had received, began to make figures on his slate.

"Bring me that slate," said the teacher.

Riley was happy that he had succeeded in starting a row. He took his slate and his arithmetic, and shuffled up to the master in a half-indolent, half-insolent way.

"Why do you take up your work when I tell you not to?" asked the new teacher.

"Because I didn't want to waste all my morning. I wanted to do my sums."

"You are a remarkably industrious youth, I take it." The young master looked Riley over, as he said this, from head to foot. The whole school smiled, for there was no lazier boy than this same Riley. "I suppose," the teacher continued, "that you are the best scholar in school — the bright and shining light of Greenbank."

Here there was a general titter at Riley.

"I cannot have you sit away down at the other end of the schoolroom and hide your excellent example from the rest. Stand right up here by me and cipher, that all the school may see how industrious you are."

Riley grew very red in the face and pretended to "cipher," holding his book in his hand.

"Now," said the new teacher, "I have but just one rule for this school, and I will write it on the blackboard that all may see it."

He took chalk and wrote: —

DO RIGHT.

"That is all. Let us go to our lessons."

For the first two hours that Riley stood on the floor he pretended to enjoy it. But when recess came and went, and Mr. Williams did not send him to his seat, he began to shift from one foot to the other and from his heels to his toes, and to change his slate from the right hand to the left. His class was called, and after recitation he was sent back to his place. He stood it as best he could

until the noon recess; but when, at the beginning of the afternoon session, Mr. Williams again called his "excellent scholar" and set him up, Riley broke down and said: —

"I think you might let me go now."

"Are you tired?" asked the cruel Mr. Williams.

"Yes, I am," and Riley hung his head, while the rest smiled.

"And are you ready to do what the good order of the school requires?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; you can go."

The chopfallen° Riley went back to his seat, convinced that it would not do to rebel against the new teacher even if he did not use the beech switches.

— Edward Eggleston.

II. The Rude Boy and the Gruff Dean

Dean Swift, a celebrated English writer, and author of Gulliver's Travels, was not very generous; he seldom gave anything to the servants of those who sent him presents; but he once received an amusing lesson from a lad who very often carried him hares, partridges, and other game.

One day the boy arrived with a pretty heavy basket containing fish, fruit, and game; he knocked at the door, and the dean, by chance, opened it himself.

"Here," said the boy, gruffly, "my master has sent you a basket full of things."

Swift, feeling displeased at the boy's rude manner, said to him, "Come here, my lad, and I will teach you how to deliver a message a little more politely; come, imagine yourself Dean Swift, and I will be the boy." Then taking off his hat very politely, and addressing himself to the lad, he said, "Sir, my master sends you a little present, and begs you will do him the honor to accept it."

"Oh, very well, my boy," replied the lad, "tell your master I am much obliged to him and here is half a crown for yourself."

III. Jefferson's Grandson and the Slave

President Jefferson was a most sincere and courteous man. One day while riding with a grandson, he met an old slave who raised his cap and bowed politely. Jefferson returned the salute graciously, but his grandson took no notice of it. Turning to the boy, he said, "Thomas, do you permit a poor slave to be more of a gentleman than you are?"

IV. The Nabob and the Secretary

A supercilious° nabob° of the East,
Haughty and grave, and purse-proud, being rich,
A governor or general at least,

I have forgotten which,
Had in his family a humble youth,
Who went to India in his patron's suite°;
An unassuming° body, and in truth
A lad of decent parts and good repute.
This youth had sense and spirit,
Yet, with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence°
Obscured his merit.

One day at table, flushed with pride and wine,
His Honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.
"Young man," said he, "by what art, craft, or trade,
Did your good father earn his livelihood?"
"He was a saddler, sir," the young man said,
"And in his line was reckoned good."
"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew;
And pray, sir, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"
Each parasite,° as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.

At length, the young man, bowing low,
Said, craving pardon, if too free he made,

"Sir, by your leave, I fain° would know
Your father's trade."
"My father's trade! Why, really, that's too bad!
My father's trade! Why, blockhead, art thou mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low —
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."
"Excuse the liberty," the young man said, "I take;
Pray, sir, why did not then your father make
A gentleman of you?"

— *Anon.*

THE CHARCOAL BURNER AND THE KING

I. The King at the Cottage

On the feast of St. Thomas, which is four days before Yule,° King Charles rode out of the city of Paris with a great company of princes and nobles. As they rode across the moor, a great tempest from the east fell upon them. So fierce was the wind and so heavy the rain, that they were scattered over the country; nor could they tell, the day being well-nigh as dark as night, whither they were going. Of what befell the rest of the company, there is no need to tell; this tale concerns King Charles only.

As he rode in sore plight, not knowing where he might find shelter, he was aware of a churl,° who was leading a mare carrying two great panniers.°

"Now tell me your name," said the king.

"They call me Ralph the Charcoal Burner," said the man. "I live in these parts,— my house is seven miles hence, — and I earn my bread with no little toil, selling coals to such as need them."

"Friend," said the king, "I mean you no ill, for I judge you to be an honest man."

"Judge as you will," answered Ralph, "I care not."

"I am in sore need of a friend," said the king, "for both my horse and I are ready to perish, the storm is so fierce. Tell me then where I can find shelter."

"Shelter!" said Ralph. "I know of none, save in my own cottage, and that is far hence in the forest. But to that you are welcome, if you care to come with me."

The king was right glad to hear these words. "That is well," said he; "God reward you for your goodness."

"Nay," answered the churl, "keep your thanks till they have been earned. As yet you have had from me nothing, — neither fire, nor meat, nor dinner, nor resting place. To-morrow when you go, you can thank me, if you be so minded, with better reason. To praise first, and, maybe, to blame afterwards — that is contrary to sense."

"So shall it be," said the king. So they went their way, talking as they went.

When they were come to the house, Ralph called with a loud voice to his wife, "Are you within, dame? Come out, open the door without delay. My guest and I are shivering with cold; such evil weather I have never seen."

The good wife, when she heard her husband's voice, made all haste to the door, knowing that he was a man of hasty temper. "You are welcome home," said she to Ralph; and to the stranger, "you are welcome, also."

"Kindle a great fire," said Ralph, "and take two capons of the best, that we may have good cheer;" and he took the king by the hand, and would have him go before him into the house. But the king stood back by the door, and would have the charcoal burner pass in before him.

"That is but poor courtesy," said the man, and took him by the neck and pushed him in.

When they had warmed themselves awhile by the fire, which was blazing in right royal fashion, Ralph cried to his wife, "Let us have supper, Gillian, as quickly as may be, and of the best, for we have had a toilsome day, and may well have a merry night. Never have I suffered worse weather or been so near to losing my way as when I met with this stranger here."

In no long time, when they had washed themselves, the supper was ready. "Now, friend," said Ralph, "take the dame by the hand, and lead her to the board." And when the king held back, he cried, "Now this is the second time," and smote him suddenly under the ear with his right hand, so strongly that the king staggered half across the chamber, and fell to the ground.

When the king rose, and indeed he could scarcely stand,

"Now, Gillian," said Ralph, "take him by the hand and go to the table as I bid you."

To his guest, he said, "Now this is the second time that you have been lacking in courtesy; first by the door, and then at the table. Will you not do as you are bid? Am I not the master of my own house?"

The king said to himself, "These are strange doings. Never have I been so dealt with in all my life." Nevertheless, for sake of peace he did as he was bid, and giving his hand to the dame, led her to the table. So they sat, the charcoal burner on one side of the table, and the king and dame Gillian on the other. Right good cheer they had, — fat capons, and bread, and wine of the best. Truly they wanted for nothing.

Said the churl to the king, "Sir, the foresters in this place threaten me much about the deer. They say that I am ever bringing down the fattest of the herd. They will hale° me, they say, to Paris, and bring me before the king, and make complaint against me. Say what they will, why should I not have enough for myself, ay, and to set before a guest? And now, my friend, spare not; there is enough and more."

When they had well eaten, Ralph said to his wife, "Now, Gill, send round the cup. I will drink to my friend, and he shall drink to me." So the dame handed the cup, and the two drank to each other. Then, supper being ended, they sat by the fire, and the charcoal burner told many merry tales.

When it grew late, he said to the king, "Tell me where you live."

"I live at Court," said he, "where I have an office with the queen."

"And what is your office?"

"I am gentleman of the queen's bedchamber."

"And what is your name?"

"My name is Wymond; Wymond of the Wardrobe they call me. And now, if you will come to Court, I can doubtless serve you, for I will see that you have a good sale for your fuel."

"I know not," said Ralph, "where the Court of which you speak may be."

But Charles urged him, saying that the king and queen would be in Paris to spend Yuletide together, and that there would be much merry making, and that without doubt he would sell his fuel to great advantage.

"You seem to talk reason," said Ralph; "I will come. And now let us have another cup, and so to bed." So the collier° and the dame led him to another chamber, where there was a bed handsomely furnished, and closed in with curtains. When they saw that he was well served and had all that he needed, they bade him good night, and the king thanked them for their courtesy.

The next day, as soon as it was light, the king rose from the bed and dressed himself without help, for, indeed, he had neither valet° nor squire.° Then his palfrey was

brought to him, which when he had mounted, he called to Ralph, where he lay, for he would take his leave in friendly fashion, as was fitting in one that had had such good cheer. When the churl was roused, he said to the king, "Now tarry awhile till this evil weather be ended."

"Nay," answered the king, "I must needs to my work and office; Yuletide is now at hand, and he that is found wanting will be greatly blamed. And now call thy good wife that I may pay her for the shelter and good cheer that I have had."

"Nay," cried Ralph, "that shall never be; to think that I should take pay for sheltering one that is of the Court of King Charles!"

"So be it," answered the king; "but at least if you will not take pay, come to the Court with a load of fuel as soon as may be; I warrant that if you will do so, you will make good profit of your goods."

"That will I," answered Ralph. "I would fain see how coals sell at Court. And now tell me your name once more, lest I forget."

Then the king rode away, nor had he traveled long when Roland and Oliver, with a thousand men after them, met him. They had come forth to search for him, and right glad were they to find him. So they turned their horses' heads and journeyed back to Paris. When they were near the town, Turpin the Archbishop came forth from the gates to meet them, with a great company of

bishops and priests and others, giving thanks to God that their lord the king was come again to Paris. And when they had come to Paris, they went to the Church of St. Denis,° where there was service. And after service they went to the palace, and kept their Yule feast with much mirth and plenty of good things. For one-and-twenty days did they feast. Never had such a Yuletide been kept in the land of France.

II. Ralph at the Palace

The next day Ralph, having thought much on what he had undertaken, loaded his mare, as he was wont to do, with two panniers full of coals, and made ready to start on his journey to the Court.

"This is not my counsel," said Gillian, his wife; "this journey will not be to your profit. Remember the shrewd° blow that you dealt him. Keep from the Court, say I."

"Nay, Gill," said the charcoal burner, "I must have my way. I promised that I would go, and go I will, whether my going be for profit or for harm." So he loaded the panniers and went his way to the Court.

Meanwhile King Charles had not forgotten the matter. He called Roland to him, for, indeed, there was no man whom he trusted more, and said to him: "To-morrow morning take your horse and your harness, and watch well the road by which we went on the day that I was lost, and

if you see any one coming this way, whatever his errand may be, bring him with you to this place, and take care that he sees no one before he sees me."

Roland wondered much what the king might mean, for it seemed a strange thing that on the very day of Yuletide, when a man should rest, he should be sent on such an errand. Nevertheless, he took his horse and his harness and rode forth early in the morning, and watched the roads as he had been commanded.

For a long time he saw nothing either far or near; but a little past midday he saw the charcoal burner come driving his mare before him, with two panniers filled with coals. The sight pleased him well; so he rode up to him with all the speed that he could. The man saluted him courteously, and Roland, in his turn, also saluted him. Their greetings ended, he said to the man, "Come now to the king; let nothing hinder you."

"Nay," said Ralph, "I am not so foolish. This is a jest, sir knight, and it is ill courtesy for a knight to jest with a common man. There be many better men than I that come and go to Paris, and the king has no thought of them, whether it be morning or night. If you are in mind to trick me, I can hold my own, for all that I am ill-clad."

"This is but foolishness," said Roland; "the king has straightly commanded that you should be brought to him."

"Nay," answered Ralph, "I am on my way, according

to promise made to one Wymond, and to him I will go and to none other."

"Have done with your Wymond," cried Roland; "I must take you to the king as the king commanded."

So they wrangled a long time, and still the churl was firmly set that he would go to Wymond and to none other.

"And where dwells this Wymond of yours?" said Roland.

"He dwells with the queen at Paris, if his tale be true."

"If that be so," answered Roland, "seeing that I know well the queen and her ladies, and you are on your way to them, I trust to your going. Only you must give me a pledge that this is truly your purpose."

"Nay," said the charcoal burner; "I will pledge you no pledge. And so for you, get out of my way, or it will be the worse for you."

Roland said to himself, "Now this is but folly to dispute any longer with this fellow." And he took his leave of the man pleasantly.

But Ralph liked not such ways; for he thought that this knight that was so gayly clad had him in scorn. "Come hither, sir knight, to-morrow when we can be alone together, you and I, surely you will see how I will deal with you."

Then Roland rode back to the king. By this time mass was ended, and the king had put on his robes.

"You are all well come, Sir Roland," said he; "have you done my errand?"

"Sire," answered Sir Roland, "I went as you gave me

commandment, and watched the ways, but saw no man save one only."

"And who was this one?" asked the king.

"He," said Roland, "was but a churl that had with him two panniers of coal."

"Why did you not bring this said churl to me, as I bade you? It may be you durst not."

Roland saw that the king was wroth, and was not a little glad to go forth from his presence. Going forth he met a porter, "Whither go you, lazy loon?" said he.

Said the porter, "There is one at the gate, a churl that has a mare and two panniers of coal, and he clamors to be let in at the gate."

"Whom does he want?" said Roland.

The porter answered, "He asks for one Wymond."

Then Roland said, "Go back to your place, porter, and open the gate and bid him enter. But say that it does not lie within your office to go to this Wymond, but that he must himself seek him."

So the porter went back to the gate and opened it, saying to the charcoal burner, "Enter, man; but I have no leisure to seek for this Wymond for whom you ask. You must seek him yourself."

"If you will not seek the man," said Ralph, "I must needs do it myself; see you, then, that no harm come to the mare and the coals, and I will look for Wymond, for certainly it was he that bade me come hither."

So the charcoal burner went his way through the palace asking for Wymond. There was no one that knew the man, or had so much as heard the name. They seemed to Ralph to lack courtesy; nevertheless, he would not cease from his quest,° nor was there any one of whom he failed to inquire.

After he had passed through many chambers, he came to one that was more splendid than all that he had seen before. It was a great hall, finely painted and hung about with tapestries,° and there the king sat at dinner in great state. On the table were many dainties, and there was a store of dishes both silver and gold, and many other adornments!

"Here is royalty enough," cried Ralph. "If I could only have speech with Wymond, I would away; for this, methinks, is no place for a simple° man." And still he went on. Many sought to put him back, for he seemed to press on in an unmannerly fashion; but he was a stalwart° man that gave as much as he took.

At last, after not a little trouble, he came near to the king, where he sat in state at the table. "See," he cried, "that is Wymond, yonder, the man whom I seek. Well do I know him, though, indeed, he is otherwise clad than when I last saw him. Now he is in cloth of gold. Truly he must be some greater man than he said. Alas, that I have been wiled hither. Truly this man has beguiled° me." When the king heard this he laughed.

Ralph looked about on the company that sat with the

RALPH ADDRESSING THE QUEEN

king, for many worshipful men were there. But when he saw the queen, then he was greatly troubled. "Lady," he said, "I am sorely troubled to see your fine attire, so splendid is it. Now if I can but escape hence this day, nothing in the whole world shall bring me hither again."

And now, dinner being over, the king rose from the table; and he told before the whole company how he had fared with the charcoal burner. The churl quaked as he heard the tale.

And he said, "Would I were on the moor again this very hour, and the king alone, or any one of the knights, be he the bravest and strongest of them all."

Then the lords laughed aloud. Some, however, were angry, and would have had the man hanged. "What is this churl," said they, "that he should so misuse the king?" But Charles would have none of such doings.

"He is a stalwart man, and can strike a hard blow. Heaven forbid that I should harm him. Rather will I make him a knight." So he dubbed Ralph the charcoal burner a knight, and gave him a revenue of three hundred pounds by the year; and "the next fee° in France that shall come into my hands," said he, "that I will give you. But now you must win your spurs." So the king gave him his armor and arms, and sixty squires of good degree to be his company. And Ralph was in after time a very perfect, noble knight, and did good service to the king.

—Alfred J. Church.

JIMMY THE GANG LEADER

I. Sowing Hickory Nuts

Jimmy was a newsboy. He had a small route, perhaps thirty customers, for morning and evening papers, and when he had delivered his papers, he would hasten down town, get a new supply of the latest editions, and join the boys in selling on the streets.

As a newsboy he had a reputation for being prompt, faithful, and honest. But as a boy his reputation was very different. If you had asked the groceryman, whose place was on a certain corner, he would have told you that Jimmy was a tough. Even the agent from whom he procured his papers and whom he paid cash every time, said he was a bad boy.

Jimmy was leader of a gang that "hung out" at the groceryman's corner, in the evenings, and delighted in making it unpleasant for all who lived within hearing distance. He was strong and quick, able to throw to the ground any boy of his size, and he never hesitated trying a much larger boy. He was the terror of the corners.

No one had ever stopped to ask this boy where he lived; or to inquire about his parents and his home life; or to see if there was really any good in him worth trying to develop. The bad was visible, and the people seemed to delight in their vain efforts to correct him by censure and kicks.

One day, however, a gentleman who lived in the neighborhood, and who frequently called at the grocery store, became interested in Jimmy. There was something naturally attractive about the boy. There was a twinkle of his black eyes that was really fascinating.

"I should like to see what is back of that activity," said the gentleman to the groceryman.

A few days later, as the gentleman was standing on the corner waiting for a car, the groceryman called to him.

"You said you would like to see what Jimmy, the newsboy, was made of. He is up to some mischief now. He just bought a sack of hickory nuts, and I'll bet a cooky he is making some one unhappy."

So the gentleman decided not to take his car, but to watch Jimmy.

Two blocks away was a large lot, with a high fence around it. Scattered about the lot were a dozen or more hickory trees. Jimmy climbed the fence, walked to the farther side of the lot, and stopping under a heavily foliaged tree, stood for some moments looking in every direction. Finally he began very carefully to scatter hickory nuts under the tree. Sometimes he would take a handful of leaves and cover over a lot of nuts. To the gentleman this was an unusual transaction, so he walked around to the big gate and followed a path across the heavy grass, and went to Jimmy.

"I have a curiosity to know what you are doing," said

the gentleman, "and if you have no objections, I should like to have you tell me."

Jimmy took him by the hand, hurrying him towards the sidewalk, and when they were well away from the tree, he said:

"You see, mister, to-morrow is Saturday. There's no school. Across the street live a whole lot of little boys and girls, and some of the boys don't like me very well, but that doesn't cut any figure with me. They come over here every day after school and particularly on Saturday and hunt for hickory nuts. These old trees don't bear any more; they're dead. But that one over there, with the leaves, sometimes has hickory nuts, but this year nary a nut is on the old tree. So I bought these nuts and scattered them all around the ground, and to-morrow I'll sneak around the fence and watch the girls and boys gather them. Won't they be happy?"

"I should think they would," replied the gentleman.

"They are real hickory nuts, too," added Jimmy; "I paid fifteen cents for them at our grocery store. If you want to you may come to-morrow and I will guarantee you will see the happiest bunch ever gathered under a hickory nut tree. Will you come?"

"Well, I should be delighted to come; and I will be there before you are," replied the gentleman kindly.

"You see," said Jimmy, "I cannot come until I deliver all my papers, and that'll be about eight o'clock. If you

get there before I do, don't you ever tell who put the nuts under the tree, will you?"

"I promise you, Jimmy, I will not only keep it to myself, but I will not even go on the lot, until you come."

A few words about Jimmy and his home, and they parted as friends.

"Under the hickory nut tree to-morrow there'll be a dozen happy girls and boys, and some of the boys don't like me," rang in the ears of the gentleman all during the evening and frequently in the night.

Saturday morning was an ideal autumn day; the kind of day on which children delight to go into the woods after hickory nuts.

A few moments before eight o'clock the gentleman was slowly walking around the great lot when he saw Jimmy running at full speed down the street towards him.

Under the great trees were a dozen little boys and girls, and the air was filled with their merry laughter as they excitedly gathered into their baskets the hickory nuts that Jimmy had so kindly dropped for their happiness.

"They tell me, Jimmy, you're a bad boy," said the gentleman as they sat on a stump of a tree, in sight of the children.

Jimmy made no reply.

"Well, I don't care what any one says," added the gentleman, "I don't believe it. Your little act with the

hickory nuts has taught me a lesson I never learned in books. No boy would do that unless he had some good qualities in him. I feel honored to have this privilege of seeing those children so happy this morning, and to think who did it all. Jimmy," and he took the boy's hand in his, "I want you to make me a promise, — I want you always to be my friend. What do you say?"

This was something Jimmy never heard of before. He was accustomed to being kicked, and censured, and for a man to ask him to be a friend was, as he afterwards said, "a new deal."

"Sure thing, I will," he said frankly.

"Now I want you to come down to my office, Monday after school, and we will talk over something that I want you to do for me."

"I'll be there," replied Jimmy, and after a moment's thought, he asked: —

"And may I bring some of my friends with me?"

"Certainly, that is exactly what I want you to do. Bring your gang, all your friends, particularly the little toughs, and when you come into my office don't let any one stop you from seeing me."

"Oh, don't be afraid of that, we know how to get there."

A few other things were talked about, and they separated for the day.

II. How Boyville Began

On the following Monday morning, at the appointed hour, Jimmy, with eight other boys, was at the office of his new friend.

"Well, you are on time, Jimmy, and I see you have brought some of your friends with you," said the gentleman.

"These are part of the gang," said Jimmy.

"Do you boys all want to be my friends, just as Jimmy is?"

"Sure thing," they replied.

These friendly words brought the gang closer to the gentleman's desk.

"My! what good you boys can do in this world with all of your push and energy, your hustling, your good health. You boys can turn up something, and I'm going to help you to it. How would you like to help me make all the men and women who buy papers of you learn to love you; learn to speak kindly to you?"

"Oh, the people don't care for us," said a boy Jimmy called Indian.

"Well, I don't know about that. There is one thing certain, there can be no harm in trying. The trouble is, people don't know you, and you won't let them get acquainted with you. Let's make a start. First, I want to know if every one of you wants to be a friend of mine? You do; that's a good start. And whenever you see me on the street, it doesn't make any difference what I am

doing, or whom I am talking to, will you come to me and say, Good morning or Good evening?" They all agreed.

"And another thing, if when you boys are down town you should get hurt, or get into some trouble, lose your papers, or your money, I want you to call on me, and I will try to help you. Notice, I say when you are in trouble, because when you are doing well and everything comes your way, you need no assistance. You can take care of yourselves. What do you say, boys?"

They all promised, and were glad of the opportunity.

From this beginning there developed in due time the Boyville Newsboys' Association, which is sometimes called Boyville, for short.

The gentleman who wanted to be the boys' friend was made president. Jimmy was elected vice-president, and Johnny the bootblack, also a gang leader, secretary.

The first orders were: Let each boy watch the other boys and correct a fellow-member for doing anything that would disgrace the Association.

What the Association stood for was told on the membership card, on which it was said of the member: "He does not approve of swearing, lying or stealing, gambling, drinking intoxicating liquors, or smoking cigarettes, and is entitled to all the benefits of said Association, and the respect of the public."

How the Boyville plan worked is illustrated by the following incident.

III. How the Boyville Plan Worked

A very kind lady, living in the heart of the city, who was a subscriber to one of the dailies, reported to the president: "A boy who delivers my paper and whom I owed eighteen cents, has 'skipped' with a dollar. He did not have the change and asked permission to cross the street to get it. I saw him run down the street as fast as his little legs would carry him. I knew he was running away and would not return. It is not so much on account of the money that I call your attention to this, as it is to correct the boy, and save him from future wrong-doing."

She was asked to describe the boy. As it was dark when the incident occurred, this was difficult.

"But I did notice," she said, "that he had on a very bright pink necktie."

This was the first instance she knew of the boy's being dishonest. He had always delivered the paper promptly, never missing a day.

"But," she said, "a big new dollar was too much for him."

Immediately upon the receipt of this information the president called his best officer and repeated the story.

"A pink necktie," he said. "Let me see, there is a pretty lively little fellow that comes down town occasionally and poses on the corners. I know him. He always wears that necktie."

Inquiry among the sellers soon gave the officer all the

information necessary as to where the boy lived. He was not a member of the Association. He was a carrier. He was supposed to be good. A dozen boys knew the pink necktie carrier.

Following is the official report of the officer who went after the boy.

"I found he lived over a mile from the place where he delivered the paper. It was a 'swell' part of the city. When I went there I asked for the boy. He was in bed. I told his mother I wanted to see him on some very particular personal business. He was tucked up in a nice warm bed, and I hated to disturb him. When I asked him if he had received a dollar from a lady for papers, he covered his head with the clothes. I knew I was right. I told him to get out of bed, and go with me to see the lady, return her money, and beg her pardon. I had him 'dead to rights,' for he didn't want his mother to know what he had done. I went downstairs and told his mother I had some very important things we boys wanted him to do. She hesitated a little, and finally let him go. He dressed, and when on the way, I told him he must get down on his knees and beg the lady's pardon. He cried, and said, 'I will go home before I'll do that.' 'All right,' I said, 'if you want your mother to know what a little rascal you are, how you steal money, we'll go back; but if you want to be a little man, and make things right, with my help, well and good.' When we reached the house,

we had to go up a stairway, and the boy threw himself on the steps and said, 'Oh, I can't do this;' but I said, 'You could steal all right, so come on.' Up the stairs we went, and I knocked at the door. I thought that boy would faint.

"'Oh, I can't do it,' he cried, when the door opened and the lady stood before him. She understood the situation. She lifted him to his feet. I pulled him back, and said, 'No, my lady, he must get down on his knees, return you the dollar, and beg your pardon.' It was a tough job for that kid, but he did it; and after it was all over, he said, 'My! but I feel better, I'm glad this is over.' On the way he told me he had spent forty cents and had but sixty cents left to pay the lady, so I gave him the money to make the dollar, and he is to pay me five cents a week until all is paid up. On the way home he was the happiest boy I ever saw. The lady said it was the finest piece of detective work she ever heard of, and wished to thank you and the boys for starting the Association."

A few days after this little incident, the boy was brought to the president, by the officer, requesting that he become a member of Boyville. His name was signed to an application, and when the officer asked him how he felt after returning the dollar, he looked a little ashamed, but quickly said: "I'll never do anything like that again. It isn't safe in this city; the kids find a fellow out when he is bad. I'm glad we fixed it up all right."

He gradually paid back the money the officer advanced.

Two years have passed since that eventful night, and to-day the boy is one of the most efficient ° officers in the Boyville Association.

—JOHN E. GUNCKEL.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS

Neglect of small things is the rock on which the great majority of the human race have split. Human life consists of a succession of small events, each of which is comparatively unimportant, and yet the happiness and success of every man depend upon the manner in which these small events are dealt with.

Character is built up on little things — little things well and honorably transacted. The success of a man in business depends on his attention to little things. The comfort of a household is the result of small things well arranged and duly provided for.

Accumulation of knowledge and experience of the most valuable kind are the result of little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up. Those who learn nothing or accumulate nothing in life are set down as failures — because they have neglected little things. They may themselves consider that the world has gone against them; but, in fact, they have been their own enemies.

There has long been a popular belief in "good luck"; but, like many other popular notions, it is gradually giving

way. The idea is spreading that diligence is the mother of good luck; in other words, that a man's success in life will be in proportion to his efforts, to his industry, to his attention to small things. Your negligent, shiftless, loose fellows never meet with luck, because the results of industry are denied to those who will not use the proper efforts to secure them.

It is not luck, but labor, that makes men. Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up; Labor, with keen eye and strong will, always turns up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy; Labor turns out at six, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a fortune. Luck whines; Labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; Labor on character. Luck slips downward to self-indulgence; Labor strides upward and aspires to independence.

A pin is a very little thing in an article of dress, but the way in which it is put into the dress often reveals to you the character of the wearer. A shrewd fellow was once looking for a wife, and was on a visit to a family of daughters with this object. The fair one, of whom he was somewhat enamored, one day entered the room in which he was seated, with her dress partially unpinned and her hair untidy; he never went back. You may say such a fellow was "not worth a pin"; but he was really a shrewd fellow, and afterward made a good husband. He judged of women as of men - by little things; and he was right.

Neglect of the little things has ruined many fortunes and marred the best of enterprises. The ship which bore home the merchant's treasure was lost, because it was allowed to leave the port from which it sailed with a very little hole in the bottom. For want of a nail, the shoe of the aid-de-camp's° horse was lost; for want of the shoe, the horse was lost; for want of the horse, the aid-de-camp himself was lost, for the enemy took him and killed him; and for want of the aid-de-camp's intelligence, the army of his general was lost; and all because a little nail had not been properly fixed in a horse's shoe.

"It will do!" is the common phrase of those who neglect little things. "It will do!" has blighted many a character, blasted many a fortune, sunk many a ship, burned down many a house, and ruined thousands of hopeful projects of human good. It always means stopping short of the right thing. It is a makeshift. It is failure and defeat. Not what "will do," but what is the best possible thing to do, is the point to be aimed at. Let a man once adopt the maxim of "it will do," and he is given over to the enemy — he is on the side of incompetency° and defeat — and we give him up as a hopeless case.

Say, the French political economist, has given the following illustration of the neglect of little things: —

"Once, at a farm in the country, there was a gate, inclosing the cattle and poultry, which was constantly swinging open for want of a proper latch. The expenditure of

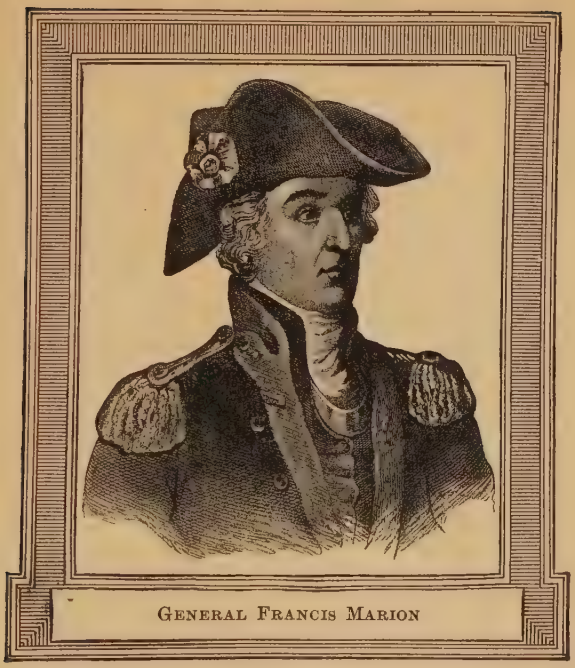
a penny or two and a few minutes' time would have made all right. It was on the swing every time a person went out, and as it was not in a state to shut readily, many of the poultry were from time to time lost.

"One day a fine porker made his escape, and the whole family, with the gardener, cook, and milkmaid, turned out in quest of the fugitive. The gardener was the first to discover the pig, and in leaping a ditch to cut off his escape, got a sprain that kept him to his bed for a fortnight. The cook, on her return to the farmhouse, found the linen burned that she had hung up before the fire to dry, and the milkmaid having forgotten in her haste to tie the cattle in the cow house, one of the loose cows had broken the leg of a colt that happened to be kept in the same shed.

"The linen burned and the gardener's work lost were worth full five pounds, and the colt worth nearly double that money, so that here was a loss in a few minutes of a large sum, purely for want of a little latch which might have been supplied for a few half pence."

Life is full of illustrations of a similar kind. When small things are habitually neglected, ruin is not far off. It is the hand of the diligent that maketh rich, and the diligent man or woman is attentive to small things as well as great. The things may appear very little and insignificant, yet attention to them is as necessary as to matters of greater moment.°

—Samuel Smiles.



GENERAL FRANCIS MARION

MARION, THE SWAMP FOX

General Francis Marion, born in South Carolina in the same year that gave birth to George Washington, was distinguished as one of the leading officers of the War of Independence. His success in the campaign of South Carolina, where rivers and swamps abounded, brought him the title of "Swamp Fox." When he was in camp at Snow's Island in 1780, he received a flag of truce°

brought by the hands of a young British officer, who came blindfolded.

Having heard great talk about General Marion, the British officer fancied him some stout figure of a warrior, such as O'Hara, or Cornwallis himself. What was his surprise when, led into Marion's presence, the bandage being taken from his eyes, he beheld in our hero a swarthy, smoke-dried little man, with scarce enough of threadbare homespun to cover his nakedness. In place of ranks of well-dressed soldiers, he saw a handful of sunburned militia.

Having recovered a little from his surprise, the officer presented his letter to General Marion, who perused it, and soon settled everything to his satisfaction. The officer took up his hat to retire.

"Oh, no," said Marion, "it is now about our time of dining, and I hope, sir, you will give us the pleasure of your company to dinner."

At mention of the word "dinner," the British officer looked around him, but to his surprise he could see no sign of a pot or pan, or any other cooking utensil. "Well, Tom," said the General to one of his men, "come, give us our dinner."

The feast to which he alluded was no other than a heap of sweet potatoes, that were snugly roasting under the embers, and which Tom soon released from their ashy confinement.

"I fear, sir," said the General, "our dinner will not prove so palatable° to you as I could wish, but it is the best

General Marion and the British Officer

we have." The officer, who was a well-bred man, took up one of the potatoes and began to eat as if he had found a great dainty. Presently he broke out into a hearty laugh.

Marion looked surprised. "I beg your pardon, General," said he, "but one cannot always, you know, command himself."

"I suppose," replied Marion, "this is not equal to your style of living."

"No, indeed!" quoth the officer, "and I imagine this is one of your accidental Lent dinners. In general, no doubt, you live a great deal better."

"Rather worse," answered the General, "for often we don't get even enough of this."

"But," rejoined the officer, "though stinted° in provisions, you probably draw noble pay?"

"Not a cent, sir," said Marion, "not a cent."

"I don't see, General, how you can stand it."

"Why, sir," replied Marion, with a smile, "these things depend on feeling. The heart is all, and when that is much interested a man can do anything. I am in love, and my sweetheart is Liberty. I had rather fight for my country's liberties and feed on roots than keep aloof and enjoy all the luxuries of Solomon; for now, sir, I walk the soil that gave me birth, and exult in the thought that I am not unworthy of it. Future generations may never hear my name, but it gladdens my heart to think that I am now contending for their freedom."

When he returned to Georgetown, the officer was asked by Colonel Watson why he looked so serious. "I have cause, sir," said he, "to look serious."

"What, has General Marion refused to treat?"

"No, sir," said the officer.

"Well, then, has Washington defeated Sir Henry Clinton, and broken up our army?"

"No, sir, not that, but worse."

"Ah! what can be worse?" continued the Colonel.

"Why, sir," said the officer, "I have seen an American general and his officers without pay, and almost without clothes, living on roots, and all for liberty! What chance have we against such men?"

— Mason L. Weems.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

Our band is few but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades° of reedy grass,

Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.°

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb°
Across the moonlit plain;
'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp —
A moment — and away,
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,°
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

— William Cullen Bryant.

THE BOYHOOD OF GENERAL GRANT

I was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio. In the fall of 1823 we moved to Georgetown, the county seat of Brown, the adjoining county east. This place remained my home, until, at the age of seventeen, in 1839, I went to West Point.

The schools at the time of which I write were very indifferent.° There were no free schools, and none in which the scholars were classified. The schools were all supported by subscription; and a single teacher — who was often a man or a woman incapable of teaching much, even if he imparted all he knew — would have thirty or forty scholars, male and female, from the child learning the A B C's up to the young lady of eighteen and the boy of twenty, studying the highest branches taught — the three R's, "Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic."

I never saw an algebra, or other mathematical work higher than the arithmetic, until after I was appointed to West Point.

My father was, from my earliest recollection, in comfortable circumstances, considering the times, his place of residence, and the community in which he lived. Mindful of his own lack of schooling, his greatest desire in maturer years was for the education of his children.

I never missed a quarter° from school from the time I was old enough to attend till the time of leaving home.

This did not exempt° me from labor. In my early days, every one labored more or less, in the region where my youth was spent, and more in proportion to their private means. It was only the very poor who were exempt.

While my father carried on the manufacture of leather and worked at the trade himself, he owned and tilled considerable land. I detested the trade, preferring almost any other labor; but I was fond of agriculture, and of all employment in which horses were used.

We had, among other lands, fifty acres of forest within a mile of the village. In the fall of the year choppers were employed to cut enough wood to last a twelve-month. When I was seven or eight years of age, I began hauling all the wood used in the house and shops. I could not load it on the wagons, of course, at that time, but I could drive, and the choppers would load, and some one at the house unload.

When about eleven years old, I was strong enough to hold a plow. From that age until seventeen I did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, plowing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, etc., while still attending school.

For this I was compensated° by the fact that there was never any scolding or punishing by my parents; no objection to rational enjoyments, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer, taking a

horse and visiting my grandparents in the adjoining county, fifteen miles off, skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground.

While still quite young I had visited Cincinnati, forty-five miles away, several times, alone; also Maysville, Kentucky, often, and once Louisville. The journey to Louisville was a big one for a boy of that day. I had also gone once in a two-horse carriage to Chillicothe, about seventy miles, with a neighbor's family, who were removing to Toledo, Ohio, and returned alone; and had gone once, in like manner, to Flat Rock, Kentucky, about seventy miles away.

One of my schoolmates is reported as having told of an early horse trade of mine. As he told the story, there was a Mr. Ralston living within a few miles of the village, who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but the owner wanted twenty-five.

I was so anxious to have the colt that, after the owner left, I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price; if it was not accepted, I was to offer twenty-two and a half, and if that would not get him, to give the twenty-five. I at once mounted a horse and went for the colt.

When I got to Mr. Ralston's house, I said to him, "Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if

you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that to give twenty-five." It would not require a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon.

This story is nearly true. I certainly showed very plainly that I had come for the colt and meant to have him. I could not have been over eight years old at the time. This transaction caused me great heartburning. The story got out among the boys of the village, and it was a long time before I heard the last of it. Boys enjoy the misery of their companions, at least village boys in that day did, and in later life I have found that all adults are not free from the peculiarity.

I kept the horse until he was four years old, when he went blind, and I sold him for twenty dollars. When I went to school in Maysville, in 1836, at the age of fourteen, I recognized my colt as one of the blind horses working on the treadwheel of the ferryboat.

I have described enough of my early life to give an impression of the whole. I did not like to work; but I did as much of it, while young, as grown men can be hired to do in these days, and attended school at the same time. I had as many privileges as any boy in the village, and probably more than most of them.

I have no recollection of ever having been punished at home, either by scolding or by rod. But at school the case was different. The rod was freely used there, and I

was not exempt from its influence. I can see the schoolteacher now, with his long beech switch always in his hand. It was not always the same one either.

Switches were brought in bundles, from a beech wood near the schoolhouse, by the boys for whose benefit they were intended. Often a whole bundle would be used up in a single day. I never had any hard feelings against my teacher, either while attending the school, or in later years when reflecting upon my experience. He was a kind-hearted man, and was much respected by the community in which he lived. He only followed the universal custom for the period, and that under which he had received his own education.

— Ulysses S. Grant.

ART THOU POOR

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny, nonny, hey nonny, nonny!

— T. Dekker.

THE NEW ELDORADO

This is a true account of the discovery of gold in California, — the greatest, the most exciting, the most tremendous discovery of treasure in the world's history.

In January of the year 1848 a carpenter from New Jersey, named James W. Marshall, was building a saw-mill on a branch of the Sacramento River, among the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth of January, as he was walking along the mill race, his eye was caught by the glitter of something yellowish in a pile of dirt that had been dug out of the channel. He stooped down and picked it up. He looked for more. There was plenty of the yellowish stuff lying about.

Having collected a number of particles, he applied all the rough-and-ready tests he knew. He "hefted" the particles to see if they were heavy. He bit them with his teeth and pounded them with stones to see if they were hard and malleable. Returning to camp, he applied some acid.

The particles stood every test.

"Boys, I believe I've found a gold mine," said he to his workmen.

"No such luck," they replied; and went on with their sawing and hammering.

But Marshall wanted to be "shown," and he deter-

mined to consult his partner, Captain John A. Sutter. So, gathering more of the yellow particles, he mounted his horse, rode all night through the rain, forty-four miles, to Sutter's Fort, where his partner was.

He arrived early in the morning of the twenty-eighth, dripping wet.

"I must see you alone," said he.

They went into a private room.

"Did you lock the door?"

"No, but I will if you wish it."

The door was locked. Then Marshall said to his mystified partner: —

"I want two bowls of water, a stick of redwood, some twine, and some sheet copper."

"What do you want them for?"

"To make a pair of scales with."

"Oh! if that's all, I have a pair of scales in the apothecary's shop."

The scales were brought, the yellow particles were weighed. They were as heavy as gold. An old copy of the American Cyclopedia was consulted for "tests for gold" and the tests were applied.

There was no doubt about it. The yellow particles were gold. The discovery had been made which was to transform California and her sister territories into "The New Eldorado."

The two partners agreed to keep their great discovery

a secret, at least for a time. But such a secret is hard to keep. Sutter himself, though saying nothing to those near by, wrote of his good fortune to friends at a distance. In one way or another the news leaked out, and then gaining headway, it spread like a prairie fire. Vessels sailing from San Francisco carried the news to the Hawaiian Islands; to the Isthmus of Panama; around Cape Horn and up the coasts of two continents to New York. The same news traveled eastward by the Overland trail.

"Gold has been discovered in California!" was the word in everybody's mouth.

"I hear that you can wash a hundred and twenty-eight dollars worth in a single day," one man would say to another, as they met on Broadway.

"That's nothing," his companion might reply; "a man told me that five poor men picked up a nugget weighing a hundred sixty-one pounds. It was seven eighths pure, and netted them $35,000."

"Don't you think these reports are greatly exaggerated?" a third would ask.

But the early reports of the finding of gold in California, though doubtless exaggerated, did not approach what later proved to be the truth. For in the first eight years no less than $500,000,000 worth of gold was taken from the mines of California. And in due time all doubts that a great and startling discovery had been made were re-

moved by the United States government itself. A lieutenant in the United States army made an official report which was confirmed by a small tea caddy full of the yellow stuff in lumps and dust. This convincing exhibit, displayed in the Patent Office in Washington, was visited by thousands, and was reported to tens of thousands more.

The rush to the diggings began, naturally, in California itself. The carpenter left the house half built, the farmer left the field half planted. Printers deserted their presses and newspaper editors followed them. Judges came down from the bench, lawyers threw down their briefs, doctors forsook their patients. Criminals escaped from jail, and their keepers went after them, — and neither returned. Soldiers deserted; other soldiers were sent to bring them back, and still others to bring *them* back, — and all remained at the mines. Vessels arrived in the harbor, but before they could unload, their crews deserted for the diggings.

Mining in those days was a very simple matter. No expensive machinery or outfit was necessary. Picks and shovels for digging; bowls, pans, willow baskets, wooden cradles, to wash out the gravel; perhaps a butcher knife with which to pry the gold out of the crevices in the rock; a few simple cooking utensils; blankets, and the regulation costume, consisting of "a coarse woolen or checked shirt; loose trousers tucked into high, wrinkled boots; a broad-brimmed slouch hat; a belt around the waist, from

which bristled a knife and pistols,"—these, with a stock of flour, bacon, coffee, and tobacco, made up the miner's outfit.

In New York and throughout the country the greatest excitement prevailed. Ho for California! was the watchword. The New York papers were full of advertisements of gold sifters, tents, picks, preserved meats, compasses, mining boots, and all other supplies, together with rifles and pistols to use against the Indians, and medicines to use against cholera and fever.

For the gold seekers, or "Forty-niners," as they were called, there were three possible routes from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

There was, first, the voyage around the "Horn," which consumed months of precious time,—sixty days by steamboat, seven months by sailing vessel.

Then there was the Panama route, which was shorter but more perilous, for even if the voyager survived the passage to Panama in the rotten hulks furnished by the steamship speculators, and arrived at the Isthmus, he might fall a prey to cholera or fever while waiting for transportation across the Isthmus or up the coast to San Francisco. Notwithstanding their dangers, these routes were very popular. The Pacific mail steamship leaving New York in October, 1848, had carried not a single passenger; on the next ship there was a passenger list of 1500.

The Overland route was perhaps the most popular and

at the same time the most dangerous of all. Starting from St. Joseph, Missouri, in July or August, as soon as the prairie grass would support their ox teams, they would get through to the gold fields by December, — that is, if they did not die of cholera before they had even started, or were not killed by the Indians, or choked and starved in the deep alkali dust of the Great American Desert.

The trail was 2000 miles long — and seemed clogged most of the way. One man counted 459 prairie schooners — as the big covered wagons were called — in nine miles. A ferryman over the Platte told a driver that he had ferried 900 teams across and that there were 1500 teams on ahead.

The hardships endured, especially in the desert and in the mountains, were terrible. Horses, mules, and oxen gave out; baggage had to be abandoned; provisions ran low; water holes became few and far between; false trails were followed in the hope that they might prove short cuts. Very many of the gold seekers never reached their destination.

But very many did. By the end of the year following the discovery, 75,000 of the "Forty-niners" had reached the coast and were at work reaping, or trying to reap, the harvest of gold.

With so many persons engaged in mining and so few in farming, it is not strange that money should have been

more plenty than food, and that provisions and other commodities should have been enormously high. Flour cost fifty dollars a barrel; potatoes a dollar a pound. The milk bill of a small family was a hundred and fifty dollars a month. Tobacco was five dollars a pound, rice a dollar a pound,—everything eatable, in fact, was a dollar a pound, "except some things, and they were two dollars a pound."

The rate of interest was 5 to 15 per cent a month.

As the Pacific mail steamships touched the San Francisco dock, New York papers were eagerly snapped up at fabulous prices. Bayard Taylor, the celebrated traveler and writer, saw a fellow-passenger dispose of 1500 copies of the New York *Tribune* in two hours at a dollar apiece. Whereupon Bayard Taylor went back to his cabin and found fifteen copies, which he readily sold at the same rate.

Many books, some true and some fictitious, have been written about the events of those stirring times. In the preceding account every fact has been carefully verified. In the chapter which follows, the genius of Mr. Joseph A. Altsheler, an author who needs no introduction to American boys and girls, has given us a picture, not of the experiences of a group of real persons, but of what happened to "The Young Forty-niners," and might have happened, and doubtless did happen, to many a group of gold hunters on the Overland trail, in the days of "Forty-nine."

THE YOUNG FORTY-NINERS

I. The Tornado

I was awakened at what hour of the night I know not by a tremendous crash that nearly split the drums of my ears and made every nerve in me tingle. As I sprang to my feet in alarm, there came a sudden blaze of light out on the prairie in front of us. The heavens seemed to open and dash down a great sheet of fire. I was blinded for a moment by the tremendous effulgence,° and when my eyes cleared I saw the men huddled about in a state of great excitement. Again the thunder cracked and rolled and reverberated,° and the lightning blazed across the heavens.

"Hold the horses," shouted Pike, and we leaped to the heads of the animals, which were rearing in terror. By the blaze of the lightning, which flashed incessantly,° I could see that Henry and Sam were near me and were unharmed. Every moment I expected some of us to be struck by the lightning. More than once the prairie was torn up by a bolt that fell near by, but though we were nearly blinded by the glare none of us were hurt.

In a minute or two the splendor of the pyrotechnical° display abated. The thunder died into a deep

rumble, but there came another distant roaring sound out of the southwest.

"Get out from these trees!" shouted Pike, and there was fright in his voice. "It's a tornado."

Instantly he released his hold on his horse's head, though he still clung to his rifle and ran clear of the trees. Then he dropped down in the grass and dug his hands into the roots of it and clung there. We followed pell-mell and imitated him. It was well we did so, for a moment later the tornado, hissing and shrieking, burst over us. Henry and I clung to each other as well as to the grass, but the power of that wind, which whirled around like a top as it rushed onward, almost raised us from the earth. We heard the horses, which had broken their lariats, thundering by, but we had no time to think, and indeed could not have stopped them if we had sought to do so.

I do not think the tornado was a minute in passing, but it seemed to me like an age. Then it whipped off over the prairie and left us wet, unharmed, and desperate. The moon came out and we stared at each other in despair. We had our rifles, our ammunition was dry in our pouches, but we were now afoot on the plains. Only you who have been in a similar case or have been adrift in a small boat on a lonely sea can know what that means. No wonder despair was stamped upon the face of every one of us.

II. The Buffalo Stampede

We did not have long to look at each other and wait for some one to suggest something. Again we heard a distant rumbling, but this time it came from the north.

"Another cyclone!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.°

"They don't come together that way," said Pike. He lay down on the wet grass and put his ear to the earth. When he rose to his feet his face was pale, but he said in a steady voice:—

"Boys, it's not a cyclone, this time, but it's worse. There's a stampeded buffalo herd bearing down upon us — thousands and tens of thousands of them there must be, for the whole earth is shaking with their tread. There's only one chance for our lives. Stick to me and obey orders."

There was no reason for him to fear that we would disobey him, for when he set off on a run toward the south we followed in a bunch close after.

"Draw the wet charges from your guns as you run," he commanded, "and reload with dry powder."

We did this as expeditiously° as we could. The effects of the storm had passed with almost miraculous quickness, and the heavens were now spangled with a million stars. The rumble, at first distant and faint, had grown deeper and nearer. Looking back, I saw extending across the plain the crest of a dark line like an incoming

wave on the seashore. I knew what it was, and dread almost paralyzed the action of my heart. I am sure I am not a coward, but in the presence of irresistible force that threatens to overwhelm and crush us, he is a brave man indeed who does not feel a quaver. I saw Henry's white face beside me, while Starboard Sam was panting at my other shoulder.

Far to right and to left, until it melted away in the darkness, extended the line of the buffaloes. It may have been many miles in length, for the solid earth resounded with their tread and the air was filled with the hoarse bellowings of the great beasts.

"What are we going to do? Can we escape?" I gasped to Pike.

"Steady, boy, steady," he replied, running with the long, easy lope of the frontiersman. "Don't break yourself down. The beasts are not on you, yet. Keep alongside of me and do nothing until I tell you."

We sped on over the plain with that rushing, living torrent behind us, the black, tossing line steadily drawing nearer. Pike held his gun clasped in both hands, and cast frequent looks to the right and to the left as if he were searching for something.

"You're all here, are you?" he asked, and then looking around, he added: "Yes, there are seven, that's all. Don't forget to stick close to me."

We must have run a mile, when Pike uttered a cry of

joy and veered° off to the left. We followed hot-foot, and in a moment had ascended a slight elevation. It was not more than a few feet in all, with a gradual ascent, but Pike halted abruptly on the crest and we did the same.

"Steady now, boys, steady," said Pike, "for your lives depend upon it. Face about, and when I tell you to take aim, take aim, and when I tell you to shoot, shoot."

The big Missourian turned and faced the rushing mass as calmly as if he had no thought of danger, and obeying his masterful spirit we turned with him.

As we wheeled about a horseman shot down ahead of the dark line of the buffaloes and passed to the right of us. As he passed he raised his rifle and fired directly upon us. There was a stream of fire from the muzzle of his gun, and Wilkinson fell like a stone at our feet, with a bullet through his brain. Shrill and clear above the tramp of the buffaloes rose a fierce triumphal shout. Then the phantom horseman flitted on and was gone, while I heard a gasp of horror from those around me.

Pike's courage and presence of mind brought us back to ourselves and our great danger. "Look at the buffaloes!" he ordered in his sharpest tones. The thunder of those countless hoofs was now stunning our ears. They were not far distant now, and their line seemed as solid as a wall, buffalo pressed against buffalo.

"Raise your rifles!" shouted Pike, and we did so, mechanically,° like a troop of soldiers.

"I'm going to aim at the buffalo straight in front of me," said Pike, "and do you, Joe, do the same. The others shoot at the buffaloes on the right and the left of him. Wait until they are almost on you, and then be sure your aim is good, and fire straight at the beast. Fire when I give the word."

The great black mass was almost upon us, when Pike shouted "Fire!" at the top of his voice. Six rifles cracked together, and the three buffaloes pitched forward dead, right at our feet. The others behind them coming upon the bodies snorted and pressed away, passing around their dead companions. Like the blade of a wedge the three bodies divided the great herd, and on it flowed to the right and the left of us, closing up again in a solid mass after it had gone twenty yards beyond us.

"Load your guns again," shouted Pike, ever ready of deed when danger confronted us. "We'll take no chances, and build this wall so high they won't come over it."

We loaded and fired again and again into the herd. The heap of dead buffaloes in front of us accumulated, and the herd circled further and further around on either side of us.

"An old buffalo hunter taught me that trick," said Pike, who was chuckling to himself with satisfaction. "He said it had saved his life a half dozen times, and it was our last chance, boys."

Thus we stood there while the great herd thundered by.

It was many hours in passing. The night wore on, and we still stood behind the rampart° of dead buffaloes. A gray streak appeared in the east, then widened, and the sunlight fell on the plain, and still the buffaloes thundered on.

All the buffaloes passed at last, though we could hear them for some time rolling away toward the south.

There were fully a score of dead buffaloes before us, and the abundance of buffalo chips over the plain made the matter of a fire an easy thing. We skinned one of the buffaloes and were soon eating a substantial breakfast, washed down by the water from our canteens. While we ate and drank we debated the future.

III. The Fight with the Indians

Pike did not say very much, but left the bulk of the talking to the remainder of us. I noticed soon that he appeared to be very restless and uneasy. He studied the plain in every direction, and seemed to be making calculations. There was nothing unusual in the appearance of the country. It was the same level, or almost level, expanse, rolling away on every side to the horizon, that we had been traveling over for days.

A few minutes after we finished eating Pike rose to his feet, and said:

"It's just as I expected. Get ready, boys."

"Get ready for vat? Is a nozzer herd of ze buffaloes coming?" exclaimed little Bonneau.

"Not buffaloes this time," said Pike, without a change of countenance, "but men. We are about to be attacked. See there!"

He pointed away to the south, where we could see some dim, black specks on the horizon line. The specks appeared to be moving, for they grew larger.

"My eyes are used to the plains," said Pike, "and they tell me those specks are men, men on horseback. What kind of men would you expect to meet out here? Indians, of course. The chances are a hundred to one they're Indians, and the odds are just as big that they want our scalps. We've got to fight for it."

"But when you saw them you said, 'Just as I expected.' Why did you say that?" I asked.

"Have you forgotten last night, and the horseman who killed Wilkinson?" asked Pike. "There aren't any ghosts, Joe, and that horseman has come back with others to finish us. We must get ready for them the best we can. These dead buffaloes will help us a lot."

Working with the utmost vigor under Pike's direction, we drew the bodies of the buffaloes up in a small circle. With one piled upon another they formed a breastwork several feet high, through which no ordinary bullet could pass. Then we sat down inside this queer fortification.

"See to your guns," said Pike, "and keep your ammu-

nition handy. It's lucky we've got plenty of that. At any rate, there's some satisfaction in fighting an open enemy out in the daylight."

"Perhaps they are not hostiles after all!" hazarded° Henry.

"Don't you believe it," said Pike. "Those fellows are after scalps, and the scalps they're after are ours."

Then we sat quite still and waited for the strangers to approach. It was soon evident that Pike was right. They were Indians. The party numbered about fifty, and they stopped just out of range, brandishing° lances and uttering yells which made me shiver.

"It's a war party, and they're well armed, too," said Pike. "Lie close, boys. We'll wait for them to begin the dance."

"To what tribe do you think they belong?" I asked Pike.

"Can't tell," he said. "Pawnees, Arapahoes, Sioux, Cheyennes, all gallop over these plains."

The Indians seemed to be in no hurry. Apparently they knew all about us. They were careful not to come within range. Some of them dismounted and lolled about on the grass. Others galloped up and down, still yelling and brandishing their lances. I knew nothing about Indian tactics, but Pike explained that the warriors never exposed themselves uselessly. They could take us with a rush, but they would wait and maneuver. Soon we saw proof of this.

In about an hour the warriors who had dismounted climbed back on their ponies. Then the whole troop began to gallop away from us.

"They are going to leave us," exclaimed Henry, joyfully.

"I always said the Indians were a lot of cowardly pirates, and would run from a tight little crew like ours," said Starboard Sam.

"Don't be so fast. They aren't gone yet, by a jugful," said Pike, sarcastically. "Those Indians think they've got an easy thing, and they're going to play with it."

The Indians must have been a mile away when they stopped. Then they began to trot around us in a circle, which slowly narrowed. Meantime they kept up a most infernal yelling, and I am sure every one of our party wished he was safe back at Fort Leavenworth. They spent an hour or more at this sort of thing, and then when they were almost within range stopped again. There seemed to be some bustle and preparation among them, and Pike said:

"I think they're going to treat us to some fireworks now."

A single warrior rode out from the group. He had no lance, but he held a rifle in front of him.

"Don't any of you boys do anything until I order you to do it," said Pike, with a warning look.

The warrior uttered a loud shout, struck his horse, and galloped directly towards us. Before he had come a rod he changed the course of his horse, and suddenly shot out

of sight behind that animal. I thought he had fallen off, but Pike said he was clinging to the horse, having put the latter's body between him and us, and would fire at us over or under the animal's neck as soon as he had a good opportunity. All the time the Indian pulled his horse about in the most erratic,° zigzag fashion. Pike explained that the fellow was showing off before his comrades and made his horse curvet° to disturb our aim.

Emboldened by our silence, the Indian circled nearer. He must have caught a glimpse of one of our heads, for there was a flash of flame under his horse's neck, and I heard the whizzing of a bullet, which lodged in one of the buffaloes. At the same moment Pike fired and the Indian's pony fell. The Indian bounded to his feet as if he was made of rubber.

"Shoot him, Magrane! shoot him!" exclaimed Pike. "It's our lives against theirs, the bloodthirsty varmints.° It's no time for mercy."

Magrane, who was a good marksman, fired, and the Indian dropped dead on the grass. It was first blood for our side. The other Indians set up a yell when they saw the death of their comrade, and galloped about, but did not come nearer. They had tasted of our mettle and did not like it.

The Indians deliberated for half an hour. Then they spread out in a great circle around us. At a signal from one of their number, evidently a chief, they began to gal-

lop down on us from all sides, swinging behind their horses and yelling. There was some trepidation° in our party at this combined attack, but Pike steadied us and arranged us so we could meet them at all points.

"Lie low," he said, "and whenever you see a head fire at it."

The fellows came at us with a tremendous discord of yells, firing from behind their horses. Fortunately, we obeyed Pike's injunction° to lie low, and none of us was hit as yet. Then our own rifles began to pop. I was watching one fellow on a blaze-faced horse, who seemed to me to yell louder than any of the others. I could have shot his horse, but that would have left me without any load in my gun, and then he could have run away unless some of the others by chance picked him off. I held my gun ready, and presently, and when I saw his hideously painted face show over his horse's back, I fired point-blank at him. The horse reared and galloped off over the plain, but he was riderless. The Indian lay stark and lifeless on the grass.

I know it is an awful thing to kill a man, but I felt no compunction° when that Indian fell before my rifle. As Pike had truly said, it was our lives or theirs, and they had made it so, for they were the attacking party.

I reloaded my rifle hastily, but did not get another shot, for the Indians galloped away and left us victors for the time being. As they scurried off over the plain a voice sang: —

"Come fill your glasses full and we'll drink to Captain Hull!
And so merrily we'll push about the brandy, oh!
John Bull may boast his fill! Let the world say what it will!
But the Yankee boy for fighting is the dandy, oh!"

It was Starboard Sam, chanting his pean° of triumph, and little Bonneau, whose blood was afire, shouted: —

"Vive le Capitaine Pike! We have thrashed zem! Ah, zis is ze fighting I love!"

Bonneau was a bloodthirsty little wretch when he got the light of battle in his eyes. But I should have been glad to be out of it all. I am not ashamed to say that. Peeping over our strange fortifications I could see the Indian whom I had killed lying upon his back. I could see the blood stains upon his breast where my fatal bullet had entered, and though he had come as a ravenous° enemy I felt no sensation of triumph. It was the first time that I had shed human blood, and now that the battle was over for the while, I had some uncomfortable reflections.

IV. The Siege of the Buffalo Fort

I was aroused from my thoughts by Pike asking me how much water I had in my canteen. We had provided ourselves with these useful articles before beginning the

long journey over the plains. I found that mine was nearly full. So were the others, and the investigation gave Pike great satisfaction. Evidently he expected a siege of some duration.

"We have ze water," said Bonneau, "and when we get hungry we will eat a piece of our fort."

The day wore on. The Indians were visible in the distance, but they made no further demonstration. Soon we experienced the attacks of a new enemy, the heat. The sun hung in the sky a huge, round, burning mass, and seemed to concentrate all his rays on our unprotected heads. There was no escape from them. We were compelled to lie there and suffer, though sips of the precious water in our canteens saved our throats and lips from parching. Pike said there would be no more attacks as long as daylight lasted. So we watched and waited.

Henry used to tell me an old story about a sword hanging by a single hair. Whenever that hair was cut some one would receive the blow of the sword. I thought more than once of that old tale as I lay there that evening and waited. Beyond us on the prairie I could see the Indians watching like so many wolves. When would the sword fall? In the heat of action, when the blood is high, one forgets himself; but to lie there under the blazing sun, just waiting, waiting for death, was almost beyond endurance.

It was with a curious mingling of emotions that we

saw the sun sink lower and lower, and the shadows lengthen on the grass. It brought relief from one form of torture, but it also brought us nearer to what we believed would be the crisis.

The sun sank from sight, the gray twilight came, and in the shadows the Indians became invisible. We knew they were still there, for wolves, when they believe they can run their victim to earth, never leave the scent.

The night came on, and we sat straining our eyes and ears. Two or three of us might have slept while the others watched, but nobody was willing to close his eyes. So all watched together. Pike went outside our rampart and beckoned to me to follow. When I climbed over he whispered to me that he could hear better there, and it was just as safe, for the while at least.

"The redskins are almost sure to attack us to-night," he said. "They have the darkness, and we can't pick them off while they are creeping up."

It is a curious thing upon what trifles matters of the utmost importance sometimes turn. I soon realized that our lives would depend upon the degree of darkness the night might bring forth. If we could see only a few feet the Indians would be upon us before we were able to fire a shot. If the night should be clear, we could open upon them at a distance. Pike gazed up at the skies with the greatest anxiety. Some clouds were floating about, but there were stars twinkling, too. We did not have a

broadside of luck, but it was partly in our favor. As Pike put it, it was just so-so, neither very clear nor very dark.

Pike extended himself at full length and lay with his ear on the prairie. The Indians were sly, he said, and could creep along almost with the silence of a snake gliding over the grass, but if they attempted it he believed he could hear them before they came too near.

We had been lying on the ground full two hours when I heard a slight noise behind me, and started, believing at first that the Indians had succeeded in creeping upon us. But a well-known voice reassured me. It was only Henry. He said he had grown too anxious inside the fort and had come out to join us. I was for sending him back, but Pike said, "Let the boy stay; we may need him," and so he remained with us.

There we lay, and listened for the approach of the Indians. Often I was sure that I heard them creeping, creeping, but it was only the wind rustling through the dry grass, and Pike lay with his ear fixed to the earth, as still as if he were dead. Save for the rustling of the grass the silence of the great plain was appalling. Around us was the vast and misty darkness. Overhead the clouds drifted now and then between us and the twinkling stars. We seemed to be alone with the night and our Creator, but I could not associate this silence with peace. The events of the day would not allow it. The stain of blood was over everything. There was Wilkin-

son's dead face behind me, and before me was another dead face — that of the Indian whom I had killed. And further on I knew the warriors lay, savage for our blood.

Near midnight the clouds thickened somewhat, and the night grew a little darker. Pike crawled out on the plain a short distance. In ten minutes he came back and said to us: —

"We'll join the others inside now. I'm sure they're coming. If I didn't hear them, I'm mightily mistaken. Besides, this is the best time for them."

We crawled inside and joined the others. How long we waited I could not say. It seemed to me an age. Perhaps it was only a minute, until the air was rent with yells, and dusky figures rose like phantoms from the grass.

"Fire into 'em," shouted Pike, "as fast as you can." And we obeyed his order with frantic eagerness.

I fired plump at a warrior who rushed on ahead of the others. Whether he fell I know not, for the next moment there was such a blur of flame and smoke around us that I could see nothing distinctly. With fierce yells the band charged us, firing as they came. Bullets whizzed by our ears. I felt a stinging sensation in my left shoulder and knew that I was hit, but how seriously I had no time to think. The blood streamed down my coat sleeve, but I rammed another charge into my rifle with the haste one knows how to use when his life depends upon it. I heard a groan beside me, but did not look around to see who uttered it.

The Indians were at the barrier. I raised my rifle and fired again. Most of the enemy had discharged their weapons, and they swarmed up to the rampart of dead buffaloes, cutting at us with tomahawks and knives, and endeavoring to leap over among us. I jabbed the muzzle of my rifle with all my might against the chest of one fellow, and he fell back groaning. The next moment I felt my throat seized in a grip that cut off my breath and paralyzed muscles and nerves. The rifle dropped from my palsied hands, and I could do nothing but watch with staring eyes the savage face of a powerful warrior who, a knee upon the barrier, had seized me with one hand, while he held his knife, ready to strike, in the other.

Even in that brief moment of suspense, in the face of what I regarded as certain death, all my being flamed up against it. I was too young — I had done too little — to be sent thus abruptly to another world. Then I looked for the blow to fall, but instead there was a spurt of flame before my face, the crushing grip on my throat relaxed, and the Indian fell lifeless to the ground.

"Just in time, Joe, old boy," exclaimed a voice in my ear. I looked around and saw Henry, whose face was transfigured° with excitement. He held a still smoking pistol in his hand, and I knew who had saved me.

"Give it to 'em, boys!" shouted Pike, and he opened his throat and uttered a mighty cheer which filled us with renewed courage. In the open, foot to foot, the Indians

would have overpowered us easily with their great numbers, but our improvised° defenses saved us. In charging us they had fired hastily and at random, and when they reached our ramparts their guns were unloaded. When Pike brought his clubbed rifle down with a great crash on the head of their leader they fled, snarling, in the darkness. Then our camp was silent again, for even the wounded had managed to drag themselves off where their groans could not be heard.

"We've won again, boys," said Pike. "How many we've dropped I don't know. Our loss is one killed, and I believe three wounded."

It was Magrane who had received the fatal bullet. He was lying at my feet, stone dead, and a red spot on his temple showed where the lead had entered. I had a slight wound in my shoulder. A bullet had grazed Pike's forehead, drawing blood, and Bonneau had a flesh wound in the arm, which so far from daunting° him made him more bloodthirsty than ever.

V. The Flight in the Dark

Even with the loss of Magrane we had fared better than we had a right to expect, and we exchanged congratulations on the result. Then Pike told us to load our guns and pistols and look well to the priming. Usually Pike's face was expressionless, but there was now a glint in his eyes

that told us he had important plans. He was not long in divulging them.

"The time has come for us to get away," he said. "We've beat them off, but we can't hold this place forever. Dead buffaloes won't last long as a wall. We must slip away while they're in confusion and before they've time to rearrange their circle."

The wisdom of Pike's words was at once apparent. If we remained where we were, the Indians had only to exercise patience and we would fall into their hands as surely as the night follows day. A very few minutes and we were ready.

"What shall we do with Magrane and Wilkinson?" asked Henry.

"We'll have to leave them where they fell," said Pike; "but bring their guns and pistols. If it comes to the pinch again, we'll need 'em."

We spread their blankets over the dead men's faces, and then, taking up their weapons, left them in the darkness.

Pike cautioned us to make no noise, but there was no need for him to impress that warning upon us. In every one of us the love of life was still strong, and, Pike leading the way, we stole off like so many ghosts across the prairie. We knew that the chances were against our slipping through the hostile circle, but the attempt was our only recourse.

We advanced about three hundred yards, when Pike ordered us to drop down on our knees and crawl. He

said if he made a hissing noise like the rattlesnake when it coils, we must stop, lie flat upon the ground, and "Don't you even breathe," he added. Then Pike led the way again, squatting so low that his figure was indistinct to me though I was only a few feet behind his heels. This was painful progress, and at best but slow, but its necessity was apparent. Ten minutes of it and we heard Pike's warning hiss. We sank lower on the prairie and lay still, but presently Pike whispered to us that it was a false alarm, and resumed his advance.

I crawled up by Pike's side, and we went on for another five minutes. Then he gave the warning hiss a second time. Almost at the same moment a horse whinnied and Pike, gently pulling my arm, pointed to the left. There was light enough to disclose a group of horses.

"They left their ponies there under charge of some warriors while they tried to steal up on us," said Pike. "I've half a mind to make a rush on 'em, cut down the guards, seize the horses, and gallop off."

The plan looked feasible for desperate men. If we could seize enough of the horses to mount ourselves, stampede the others, and then gallop away, it would be turning the tables on the Indians. We should be mounted, they would be afoot, and we might laugh at their pursuit. But unfortunately for such a plan we saw forms coming over the prairie, and at least a dozen Indians joined the guards around the horses, making the party too strong

for a rush on our part. I could hear the Indians talking, and Pike, who understood some of their jargon, said they were arranging a system of guards to prevent our escape.

While we lay there several other Indians came up and joined the party. Then three started away, and passed very near us. We lay very close. In fact, I felt as if I were trying to squeeze myself into the earth. But fortunately the darkness was sufficient to conceal us. When they were gone we resumed our crawling march over mother earth. Pike said if we could get past the horses and their guards without being detected he thought we should have nothing further to fear, for that night at least.

The horses whinnied repeatedly and stamped the earth. I am sure they were conscious of our presence, but the noise they made did not arouse the suspicions of the Indians.

Though it was very far from being a laughing matter to us, we must have presented a somewhat ludicrous sight, creeping one after another on all fours over the prairie, forming a black, shapeless column like some of the pictures of extinct° animals I have seen in books.

We circled around the horses, though we could still hear the Indians talking, and gradually with a great sense of relief, as if a crushing weight had been lifted off us, we passed them. Ten minutes more and we were beyond earshot. But Pike would not let us rise yet. He said there was danger still. Ten minutes later we struck some rolling ground and passed over the crest of a little ridge.

Pike had just turned to me, saying we might take to our feet now, when we heard a crunching of footsteps on the dry grass. An Indian warrior stalked unwittingly upon us. He almost stumbled against Pike, and then he saw us. A cry rose to his lips, but it never found utterance. A leonine° powerful figure shot up from the grass, and a hand of steel seized his throat. A knife flashed for a moment before his eyes and then was plunged into his heart.

"It's an unpleasant duty," said Pike, as he dropped the body of the dead Indian on the grass, "but there was no choice. It had to be done. Now, boys, let's run for it, but the gang must keep together."

Our course lay to the west, towards the rainbow of gold, and with light hearts we swung forward, running with the long, easy trot that saves muscle and wind, but covers ground at an amazing rate. Our spirits were due to the reaction after such danger and suspense. Pike told us that we were not yet out of the woods, but the remainder not being so experienced as he, dismissed all alarm, so far as the Indians were concerned.

VI. The March through the Desert

Thus we swung along, and when daylight came we must have been twelve or fifteen miles from the spot where the fight had occurred. Then we halted for a little

rest. The truth of it was we were still in very hard case without our horses, but fresh from our escape we did not feel so badly over that trouble just then.

We drank the water that still remained in our canteens and felt much refreshed. But after so much fighting and waiting and running we were very hungry. But to dispose of our hunger was an easy matter. We were in the heart of the buffalo country. The passage of the great herd the night before indicated that many stragglers would be about. So it proved.

A half-hour's hunting and we found several of the animals grazing on the plain. A rifle shot, and we had all the meat we wanted, and a fire of buffalo chips soon gave us steaks that were like manna to hungry men. Pike said that waiting was a risk, but we could not push ahead on empty stomachs, an opinion in which all concurred with the utmost heartiness.

As soon as our food was ready we took it in our hands and ate as we trotted along. I knew that Pike feared pursuit, and I asked him about its probability.

"Of course they'll follow us," he said. "They can track us even on this plain. If they are bothered sometimes, don't forget that they are on horseback, while we're afoot, and they can make up lost time. Besides, there's a lot of them, and they can spread out over the plain and hunt for us. They'll see that dead buffalo back there, sure, and that'll help them in the chase."

The cogency° of Pike's reasoning was too evident, and our spirits fell again.

The sun rose from the earth, warm and bright, and swept up towards the zenith. Sweat rolled down our faces, but, with an occasional short rest, we trotted on. Pike looked anxiously around at the country. There was no change in its character. Still the same wide rolling plains, covered with short, wiry grass.

"If we were in the mountains and timber, we could give them the slip," said Pike, "but in such country as this they can see for miles."

VII. The Deliverance

About noon we halted, and took a longer rest than usual. Our muscles were strained and sore after so much jogging, and we needed repose badly. Then we resumed our journey, and had been traveling about two hours when Pike, who had been looking back, said: —

"It's no use stretching and straining, fellows. We needn't go any farther. They're coming."

It was true. We could see the figures of the horsemen as they rose on the prairie. It was not worth while to run, for what were the speed and endurance of men to those of horses? Near us were some hollowed-out places in the earth, which Pike said were buffalo wallows. A man lying down in one of these would be fairly well

sheltered from bullets, unless the marksmen were very near. We found three of these pretty close together, and two of us lay down in each of two, Pike taking the third alone. We had given up the hope of saving our lives, but we were determined to sell them at a high price. I felt a savage thrill at the thought that the Indians most likely would have to pay for our lives with as many of their own.

The horsemen were still some distance away, when to our utter amazement Pike walked out of his buffalo wallow, and burst into a loud, boisterous laugh. For a moment I thought he had gone crazy. But Pike was the last man among us to be upset by privation and danger, and I recalled the thought. We stared at him, and some one asked what was the matter. Pike made no answer, but rolled over on the ground in his mirth.

"What on earth is the matter, captain? Have you got the fits?" demanded Starboard Sam, impatiently.

"No, I haven't got any fits," said Pike, "but I deserve to have them. I'm just laughing at myself. You laugh at a fool. Well, I guess I've been the biggest fool on this whole round world. The joke's on me, boys."

We could see nothing to laugh at, and said so. Then Pike resumed more gravely: —

"Boys, we've made up our minds to die like brave fellows. We meant to kill as many of those Indians as we could before we were tumbled over. Well, there isn't any use of fighting at all."

"What do you mean, surrender without a struggle and be tortured to death?" Henry exclaimed, indignantly.

"No, I don't mean to surrender any more than I mean to fight," said Pike, calmly.

"But we can't run away, captain," said Starboard Sam.

"No, and I don't mean to run away, not just now, anyway," said Pike, with the same provoking calmness. "Joe," he said, turning to me, "wet your finger, hold it up and tell me which way the wind is blowing."

I did so, and said it was blowing towards the east.

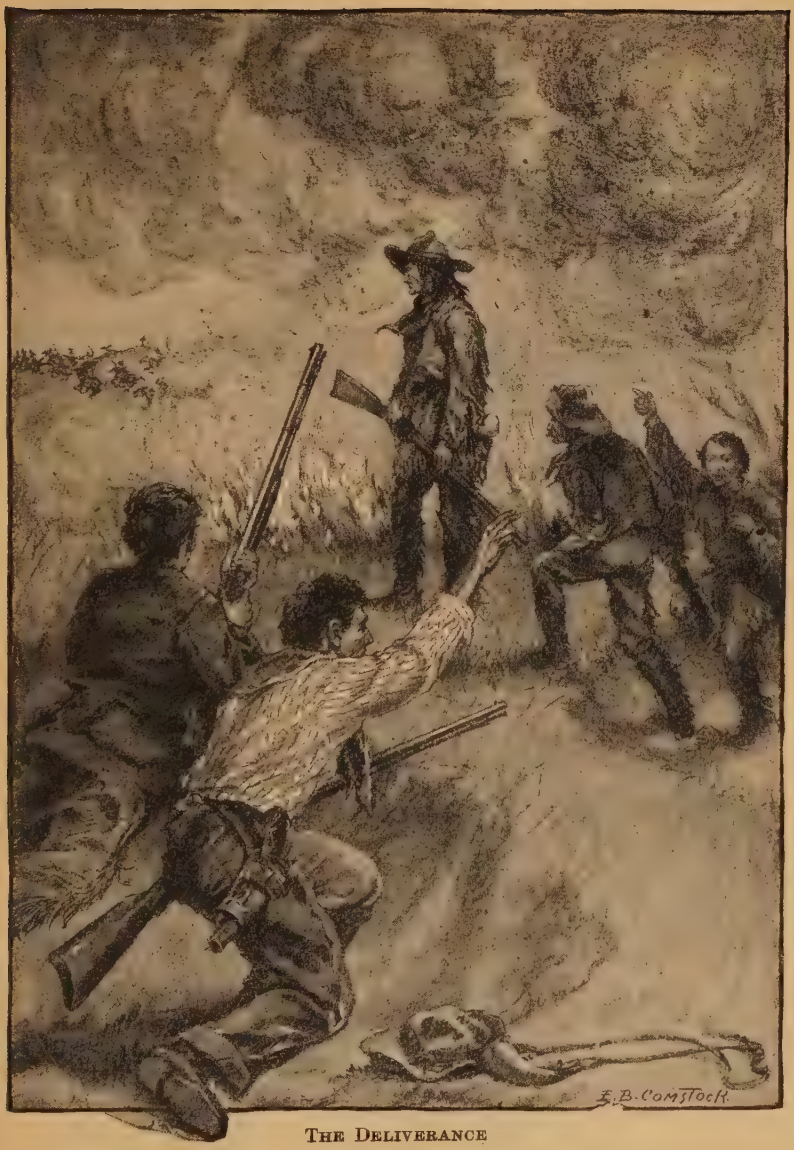
"That's back towards the Indians, isn't it?" said Pike.

I said it was.

"Well, now," said Pike, "you just watch me and I'll get you out of this hole quicker than a flash of prairie lightning."

He laid his rifle almost on the grass and fired it. We had the old single-barreled, muzzle-loading guns then, and when the cap exploded the dry grass ignited like tinder. It blazed up in an instant. The fire leaped over the ground, swept to right and to left, and then in whirlwinds and pyramids of flame roared over the plain and off to the east, directly in the face of the oncoming Indians.

It was so quick and so simple that we scarcely realized our deliverance. We could not see over that moving wall of fire, but there was no doubt that the Indians beyond it had turned and were galloping eastward for their lives. They had to choose that alternative° or certain death.



THE DELIVERANCE

"Now, boys, while they're running for their lives as we've been doing to-day," said Pike, "we'll make tracks in the other direction and travel towards that rainbow of gold Joe and Henry talk so much about. But don't forget that little trick of a prairie fire. It may be useful again some day, providing the wind's blowing in the right direction."

We resumed our forward march. Behind us for a long time we could see the smoke of the fire and the tongues of flame. We were full of thankfulness for our escape, which was so simple and which yet looked like a miracle. This feeling made us forget for a while the troubles that still hedged us around.

— Joseph A. Altsheler.

OUR NAMES

When I was a boy, a gentleman, whose name was Mr. Strongitharm, used to visit my father's house. I had heard the name pronounced many times and had paid little attention to it. One day, however, I saw it written, and then, for the first time, I understood that this name had a meaning, and that Strongitharm was really a shortened form of "Strong-in-the-arm."

Now, Mr. Strongitharm was a little man, and he could not throw a cricket ball as far as I could myself. It amused me very much to think that he bore a name which

so poorly described his person. As I grew older, however, I noticed many other examples of the same thing.

I found a Mr. Wise who was rather dull and stupid, a Mr. Long who was really short, and a Mr. Short who was six feet two inches in height. Our minister, Mr. Savage, was kind and gentle; my friend, Jack Fairchild, had black hair and dark eyes; while Tom Lightfoot was the heaviest and clumsiest fellow in my class.

Sometimes I noticed names that suited their owners very well. For instance, there were Mr. Carver the butcher, Mr. Clothier the tailor, Mr. Appleyard the fruiterer, and many others with names similarly appropriate.

Names such as these seemed suitable or unsuitable to me because their meaning was perfectly clear. When I heard of a Mr. Thoroughgood, I immediately began to wonder whether he was thoroughly good; but when I heard such names as Rogers, Bailey, or Barnard, I did not think about them at all, for they conveyed no meaning to my mind.

I afterwards learned, however, that all names have a meaning, although it is not always easily seen. Out of the thousands of Christian names and surnames there is not one that does not mean something, and that was not given, in the first place, for some special reason.

A little thought will sometimes show the original meaning of a Christian name. Barbara, for instance, comes from the same Latin root as our word "barbaric," meaning "strange" or "foreign." Many English girls are called

Barbara, nowadays, but no doubt that name was first given to a woman living far away from her friends in a distant land.

Amy means "beloved," and comes from the same Latin root as our word "amiable, lovable." Amabel and Mabel are other forms of the same name.

Victor and Vincent both mean "conquering"; the root of the second is to be found in "invincible" — not to be beaten. Ernest is only another form of "earnest"; while Norman reminds us of the fierce Northmen or Norsemen, and their descendants, the Normans, who settled in England after the battle of Hastings.

Many of our girls' names are taken from the names of plants and flowers. To begin with, there are Flora and Florence; and we have also Laura, "a laurel"; Phyllis, "a green bough"; Lily and Lilian, Olive, Violet, and Daisy. From the "queen of the garden flowers" we get the names Rose, Rosa, Rosabelle, and Rosalind, "beautiful as a rose." Rhoda is the Greek form of the same name.

At the present time people give flower names to girls without troubling very much whether they are suitable or not. We must remember, however, that when such names were given first, there was always a reason for their use. "Lily" would be the name of a tall, fair girl; while a girl whose cheeks glowed with health might be called "Rose."

There are many other names, the meaning of which is not so plain. This is because they are made up of words

or parts of words belonging to languages which are strange to us.

From the Hebrew we get Anna and Hannah, meaning "grace"; Elizabeth, "a worshiper of God"; Eva, "life"; Susan, "a lily"; Ruth, "beauty"; and many others.

Among boys' names from the Hebrew are: David, "beloved"; Daniel, "a judge"; John, "the gift of God"; Samuel, "heard of God"; and Thomas, "a twin." All of these names were used in the Bible.

From the Greek we get Agnes, "pure"; Dora and Dorothy, "the gift of God"; Eleanor and Helen, "light"; and Margaret, "pearl." Among boys' names there are: Alexander, "a defender of men"; Andrew, "strong, manly"; Archibald, "very bold"; Cyril, "lordly"; George, "a tiller of the soil"; Peter, "a rock"; and Philip, "a lover of horses."

In early times men and women usually bore only one name. Soon, however, it became necessary to give some persons an added name, or surname, in order to avoid confusion.

At first these surnames did not pass from father to son as they do to-day. Thus, in Saxon times, King Ethelred was called Unrede, "the unready," because he was weak and cowardly; while his son Edmund, who fought against Canute the Dane, was known as Edmund Ironside, because he was firm and unyielding.

In course of time, however, surnames became family

names, and were handed down from father to son without regard to their meaning. Thus it became possible to have a bad Master Good, and a stupid Master Wise.

Many surnames were formed simply by speaking of a man as the son of his father. Thus, we have Thompson — "the son of Tom" — Williamson, Robinson, Jameson, Johnson, and many others. Watson means the "son of Walter"; and Dawson, the "son of David."

In the same way the Welsh Bevan is really Ap Evan, "the son of Evan"; Price is Ap Rhys, Powell is Ap Howell, and Parry is Ap Harry, the same as the English Harrison.

The Scotch "Mac" also means "son of," and from this word we get Macalister, Maccullum, Maclean, and hundreds of other names.

Another way in which surnames were formed was by speaking of a person as belonging to a certain place. In a small village, for instance, where there were several Johns, they might be spoken of as John-at-the-Mill, John-by-the-Wood, John-at-the-Town's-End, and John-by-the-Green, according to where they lived. In course of time these names would become Mill or Mills, Wood, Bywood, or Atwood, Townsend, and Green.

Many surnames were first given in order to describe some peculiar characteristics of the owner. Thus, we have Longfellow, Armstrong, Lightfoot, and Merriman. A person of dark complexion might be called Brown, or Black. A fair

man or woman might be called Fairhead, White, or Blount, "blond."

A very large number of surnames are derived from the names of animals and birds. There are few English children who have not heard of Fox, the famous statesman; Wolfe, the great general who captured Quebec; Hogg, the Scottish poet; Dean Swift, who gave us "Gulliver's Travels"; Florence Nightingale, the angel of mercy in the Crimea; and Francis Drake, the terror of the Spaniards, and the first Englishman to sail around the world.

All these surnames, and many others like them, were at first nicknames; that is, names given familiarly to describe a person. Thus, a man might be called Fox because he was cunning and sly; and another, Hogg, because his manners were not very polite. The word "nickname" itself simply means "an eke name"; that is, a name added — a surname. Eke is an old English word meaning "to add to."

Most names derived from plants and trees, such as Birch, Thorn, Hawthorne, and Reed, were formed in this way. Other examples are: Field, Street, Bywater, Barnes, Thorp (a small village), Slade (a strip of green plain in a forest), Cleveland, Cliff, and Lee (a sheltered place).

Sometimes a person's surname was derived from the name of the office he held. One of the forefathers of Master Butler was really a butler, perhaps in the house of some Norman noble. Other names derived from offices

are: Page, Messenger, Sergeant, Judge, Justice, and Constable.

Many surnames come from offices long since abolished. For instance, Catchpole comes from "Catch-poll," an officer of the law, so-called because he caught evil doers by the "poll" or hair of the head.

Faulkner is really "Falconer." Years ago English gentlemen used to keep fierce birds of prey, called falcons, for hunting purposes, and it was the "falconer's" duty to look after them.

The name Palmer takes us back to the Middle Ages when men often went on pilgrimages to the Holy Land. Men who had been on these journeys carried a branch of palm as a token that they had visited the sacred places, and they were regarded with great respect.

Hayward is a name that had its origin in Saxon times. It means "a guardian of cattle." The field in which the cows fed was inclosed by a hay or hedge, and it was the hay-ward's duty to see that the beasts did not crop through the hedge, or break it down.

Other interesting names are Spencer, from the title of the servant who kept the keys of the spence or pantry cupboard; and Bailey, from bailiff, an important officer of the law.

We come now to a very large class of surnames, all formed from the names of trades and occupations. Merely to mention them all would be to fill many pages of this

book, but you may easily think of hundreds for yourself.

The commonest English surname — Smith — was formed in this way. A smith was "a smiter of metal," and the men who have followed this occupation have been among the most useful to mankind. From Smith, too, we get many other surnames, such as Goldsmith, Arrowsmith, Shoesmith, Smithson, Smithers, Smythe, and so on.

Another common name is Wright, from which we get Cartwright, Wheelwright, and Wainwright. A "wright" was a man who wrought — a man who made things. Thus a "cartwright" made carts; a "wheelwright," wheels; and a "wainwright," wains or wagons.

Some trades have given us many surnames. Thus, Skinner, Tanner, Sadler, Barker, and Lorimer all refer to the manufacture of leather. A "barker" was a man who stripped bark from the trees for use in tanning, and a "lorimer" was a maker of leather bits and bridles (lorum is a Latin word meaning a thong).

The woolen trade has given us Weaver and Webster (which both mean the same thing), Dyer, Fuller, Tozer, "teaser," and many others. From mining we get Pitman, Coleman, and Collier; from agriculture, such names as Plowman, Gardiner, and Farmer; while there are hundreds of other names such as Baker, Butcher, Brewer, Miller, Taylor, and so on, which refer to the production of the common necessaries of life.

Many names come to us from the Latin language. Some of the commonest are: Cecil, "dim-sighted"; Frederick, "a peaceful ruler"; Paul, "little"; Beatrice, "a blessing"; Constance, "constant"; and Blanche, "white."

In many of our names we are reminded of the fierce and warlike tribes who lived in Northern and Western Europe long ago. From their word "bert," meaning "bright," they made such names as Albert, Robert, Herbert, and Bertha; from "earn," an eagle, we get Arnold, meaning "eagle strength"; William is really Wil-helm, "the firm helmet." No doubt the first William was a great chief, of resolute will, whose head, crowned with its winged helmet, never bowed before a foe.

"Gar" meant a spear, and from that word came Roger, "the glorious spear." How this name seems to send the mind back into the distant past, causing us to think of heroic deeds and battles long ago! What a tale, too, is suggested by Gertrude, "the spear-maiden"!

Bernard and Barnard both mean "bold as a bear." Richard is "the stout-hearted"; Charles, "the noble-spirited." Caroline and Charlotte are both derived from Charles.

Walter means "a ruler," Henry, "a chief," and Harold, "a champion"; while Edward and Edwin respectively, are the "guardian" and "gainer of property."

It is very interesting to notice how, in nearly every case,

the meaning of a girl's name has something to do with beauty, either of body or mind; while boys' names refer chiefly to strength or power — the qualities of the worker and the fighter.

— The Albion Readers.

NUT GATHERING

One of the best things in farming is gathering the chestnuts, hickory nuts, butternuts, and even beechnuts, in the late fall, after the frosts have cracked the husks and the high winds have shaken them, and the colored leaves have strewn the ground. On a bright October day, when the air is full of golden sunshine, there is nothing quite so exhilarating° as going nutting. Nor is the pleasure of it altogether destroyed for the boy by the consideration that he is making himself useful in obtaining supplies for the winter household.

The getting in of potatoes and corn is a different thing; that is the prose, but nutting is the poetry, of farm life. I am not sure but the boy would find it very irksome, though, if he were obliged to work at nut-gathering in order to procure food for the family. . . . What a hardship the prickles in his fingers would be! But now he digs them out with his jackknife, and he enjoys the process on the whole. The boy is willing to do any amount of work if it is called play.

In nutting, the squirrel is not more nimble and industrious than the boy. I like to see a crowd of boys swarm over a chestnut grove; they leave a desert behind them like the seventeen-year locusts. To climb a tree and shake it, to club it, to strip it of its fruit and pass to the next, is the sport of a brief time.

I have seen a legion of boys scamper over our grassplot under the chestnut trees, each one as active as if he were a new patent picking machine, sweeping the ground clean of nuts, and disappear over the hill before I could go to the door. . . . They could speedily make their fortunes if they would work as rapidly in cottonfields. I have never seen anything like it except a flock of turkeys removing the grasshoppers from a piece of pasture.

—Charles Dudley Warner.

AT DUTY'S CALL

I. A Heroic High School Boy

Jack Sheets was a sixteen-year-old high school boy of Philadelphia. In his spare hours he had learned wireless telegraphy. During the summer vacation of 1912 he had secured a position as wireless operator on the steamer *Lexington*, engaged in the Atlantic coast trade.

On his first voyage out, the ship ran into a hurricane off the coast of South Carolina.

For eighteen hours, without food or rest, the captain

had stood at the wheel. The windows of the pilot house were smashed, and the wind and spray came in with terrific force. He was half frozen, and his clothing was nearly torn from his body.

Great waves were sweeping the ship from stem to stern. The passengers, with life preservers adjusted, were huddled in the cabin. Down in the boiler room the stokers, with the water rising so fast that they were scarcely able to keep their footing, fought desperately to keep the steam at a pressure that would enable the *Lexington* to steer away from the treacherous reefs toward which the storm was driving her.

On deck, lying prone° in a spot where no man could stand, and wholly unmindful of his danger, was Jack Sheets, flashing the signals of distress, — CQD°! CQD!

When the ship struck the dreaded reef, he was at his post, and as the vessel pounded against the reef, he kept sending his distress call as steadily as if nothing had happened.

Finally, however, the pounding of the vessel broke the wire connecting the transmitter with the rest of the wireless apparatus, and rendered the instrument useless.

Then Sheets, with steady nerve and unflinching courage, decided to take a desperate chance, — and the next instant he was climbing into the rigging, where the rest of his wireless outfit was still stretched between the masts.

That he kept his footing up there in the teeth of the gale, with the ship lurching from side to side and pounding its life out on the rocks, was regarded by those who watched

him as little short of miraculous. All hope of saving the passengers and crew now centered in the efforts of this brave boy, who was risking his life far up on the swaying mast.

His courage and determination did not fail him. With all his strength he clung to the rigging and finally succeeded in lashing himself fast with a rope and in attaching his instrument to the dangling wires aloft. Again and again he sent out his plea for aid; and at last, through the storm, he was answered by the revenue cutter *Yamacrow*.

The passengers and crew were taken off, one at a time, and with the greatest difficulty — and the last to leave the wreck, next to the captain, was Jack Sheets, the high school boy of Philadelphia.

II. Two Minutes

He was a third lieutenant in the engineers. It was after the great mine explosion at Petersburg, and the engineers were at that time busily engaged in using all their devices for the discovery of other mines. They had found one in process of construction in front of General Gracie's lines.

They had proceeded at once to run a deeper tunnel under this one. They had loaded the end of it, just beneath the enemy's works, with an incredible amount of gunpowder, and on that morning it was to be fired. A slow match had been brought from the powder to the mouth of the mine. It was lighted, and a period of waiting ensued.°

The match had evidently gone out. Where, nobody knew or could guess. The general in command of that part of the line turned to the captain of engineers and said, "The mine must be blown up at once; will you go in and light the match again?"

The captain hesitated, saying, "I don't know; it may go off at any moment."

Thereupon the third lieutenant stepped forward, touched his cap to the general, and said, "With your permission, I will go in and fire it."

"Thank you," said the general; "go."

The man picked up the torch and started into the mine. It seems that the slow match had gone out within a very short distance of the powder magazine. But disregarding that, he touched the torch to it, set it off again, and ran with all his might for the mouth of the opening.

It was two minutes' work. The mine went off just before he reached the outlet, and the air pressure literally blew him out of it. He fell sprawling on his face. He was considerably bruised and scratched in his contact with the gravelly ground, but he was not in any serious way injured.

Picking himself up, grimed as he was, he took off his cap, and dusting himself like a schoolboy that had fallen in the street, he approached the commanding officer and said, "General, I have the honor to report that I have fired the mine, and that it has gone off."

The general touched his cap and replied: "I had observed that fact, and I thank you very much. I beg to say that I will make an official report of the circumstance."

Two days later we all touched our caps to a freshly made brigadier° general of the engineers. The captain that had hesitated remained a captain.

—George Cary Eggleston.

III. Heroism of an Indian

A few years ago in northern Mexico a truck carrying a load of dynamite for use at a mine was suddenly discovered to be on fire at a village station. The risk was imminent,° so the driver of a locomotive engine picked the truck up and ran it away into the country at all the speed he could put on. He bade the brakeman jump off and save himself, adding, "I go to my death." When he had got a mile away the dynamite exploded. Every window in the village was broken, and he was blown to atoms, but the inhabitants were saved. He was a pure-blooded Indian.

—James Bryce.

IV. "It was my Job to stick There"

The good fortune by which no lives were lost and none injured in the *Grand Republic* fire in no way lessens the bravery of Samuel Howard, the big, sturdy engineer who

risked death by suffocation rather than abandon his post. When the steamboat's side scraped along the Crescent wharf he was found lying beside the levers of his engine, half unconscious, by other members of the crew.

Howard's eyes were still half blinded by smoke, his face and neck and arms were discolored by it, when a reporter for the *World* interviewed him aboard the *Grand Republic*. He talked about himself with evident embarrassment.

"It was my job to stick there at the engine — that's all. I did it. The last I remember was I was dazed and reeling, but I had just sense enough to turn off steam at the captain's signal. Then I fell down and lay there. I knew I'd probably choke, but I was so dazed and weak I couldn't do anything but fall over.

"Of course, I didn't know what was happening up on deck, and I didn't know how bad the fire was. The captain rang me up and told me we were on fire, and I shouted up: 'Don't worry; I'll be here to get your signals.' Of course, I knew the *Republic* was the sister ship of the *Slocum*, and I couldn't help thinking of that awful affair. And, since you ask me, it did come across my mind that maybe I'd have to die right there at my post. But it didn't seem so hard. I knew it would be easier to die sticking to my place than it would be to face the world afterwards if I should quit.

"The smoke began curling in at first, but a few seconds

afterwards it just poured in, and I got blinded and began to choke and gasp. I grabbed a towel and wet it and tied it around my face. The heat got so great that the towel would soon dry out, so I wet it four or five times. I kept the engine going at top speed. I expected every minute that flames would burst in all around me. I'd prepared myself to face them. But, thank God, it didn't get as bad as that. But I began to feel queer in the head and to stagger. I had all I could do to stand up and work the levers. And just when I expected to pass out, I got the captain's signal to stop. Then I shouted up the tube to ask him how things stood. He told me we had landed, and, well — I just dropped where I stood." — *The New York World*, July 6, 1910.

V. Tom's First Adventure

When I was a boy (said Tom), nothing would please me but going to sea. Father said no, mother said no, sister said no, and even little Jack, though he was no taller than my knee, said no; but it was no use, for I said yes to them all, and I kept on saying it, till at last, after three years, they consented, seeing it was quite impossible to make me change my mind. . . . . .

We had been sent to a French harbor, where we were to bring off a small party who had landed secretly on the coast some days before, and were to join us a few miles

from the village. The harbor was only a small fishing place, and there was nothing to be feared on shore; but as some of the enemy's ships might catch sight of us, we kept a strict lookout, and did not make towards land till dusk.

I was one of the party selected to go ashore in the boat, and the watchword to those we went to meet was "The little sentinel."

We had gone on quietly for some time, when, suddenly, a dark object loomed in front of us. We saw in a moment that it was the hull of a vessel. Our only chance was that they had not seen us, and that by lying-to for a few minutes till we found all quiet, we might shift our course a bit, and yet reach land.

So we lay-to, every face turned to our huge enemy. She lay quite still and dark, not a light to be seen, not a sound to be heard. I could hear my heart beat as I leaned forward on my oar, and turned my head over my shoulder. It did not beat with fear, however, but with excitement.

"Now, boys," whispered the lieutenant, and we glided noiselessly off to the right, catching the full length of the vessel with her ugly rows of cannon as we did so. Still, no one hailed us, and no lights were seen. Suddenly, a voice was heard on one side of us —

"Boat ahoy!"

"Boat ahoy!" came from the other side at the same moment. We were fairly caught — an enemy's boat on

each side. The French had been too cunning for us; their boats had been out on the watch, and we had fallen in with them as neatly as they could wish.

"Gentlemen, you are our prisoners," said the polite Frenchman; I believe if he had shot us through the head, he would have said, "I beg your pardon." How I longed to fight them all, one at a time, but it was useless to resist, as they were more than double our number; our boat was only half manned, to leave room for our men on shore. We were now compelled to divide our party; some were sent into the Frenchmen's boats, while the lieutenant, myself, and two others remained in our own. The French boats made for the vessel; we were politely told to continue on our way. It was pretty clear what they wanted. They meant to take the land party prisoners, too. We made for the appointed meeting place; they knew it as well as ourselves.

"We shall meet your friends on shore, gentlemen," said the French officer; "we shall invite them to our boat; but as we don't speak English very well, we shall take our friend here; he has the air of a simple lad; he shall give the word, and invite them on board."

I was the simple lad; and a very pleasant thing I found it to land with six Frenchmen at my heels, and invite a party of English to be taken prisoners. As I passed our lieutenant he gave me a look. I thought it said, "You'll die first, Tom."

"Ay, ay, sir," I said, and jumped ashore. A peculiar whistle was to be our first signal, and I resolved to substitute another for it. Think of my vexation when the Frenchman beside me gave the signal as well as if his mouth had been a British one. It was immediately answered from a small wood to our right, which ran along the road down to the water's edge. The French marched towards it, with me in the midst of them.

"Halt," cried a voice from the trees; "the password."

"Speak, speak," whispered one of my captors, "and we'll reward you well."

"Cunning foxes." I shouted.

I saw in a moment the Frenchmen did not know what the word was, for they waited in the hope of seeing their victims appear. But I caught a low crackling sound in the bushes, and knew that they were warned and were making off.

"Let's go near, sir," I said to the captain; "they won't fire on us now." I knew the party was too small for resistance, and felt sure of their escape. I had a faint hope, too, that I might get off myself in the wood.

But the Frenchman mistrusted me; and though he sent two men into the wood, who came back as wise as they went, he took care not to let me stir an inch.

When the men returned to us, he muttered something in French and said in a low tone to me, "If you've deceived us, I'll throw you into the sea like a dog, sir — like a dog."

I thought it best to be silent; but every time any of

them looked at me their eyes glared as if they could eat me. I tried to look as like a simple innocent lad as I could, but I was wondering all the time how my Frenchman would try and find me out.

"Perhaps he'll ask one of the others," said I to myself, "and then overboard I go." Therefore, as soon as I was within hearing of the boat, I said, "Now, sir, let me ask the lieutenant what the word was; then you'll know the truth."

"Well, speak," he said.

"Mr. Lieutenant," I shouted.

"Ay, ay," he said.

"Isn't 'Cunning foxes' the password?"

"Ay, ay," was the reply; and I knew a quiet chuckle followed the words. Poor lad, it was the last joke he ever laughed over.

My French captain muttered another French word, and seized me by the collar, as if he would choke me; but I looked up simply into his face, and said, "There, you see, sir!" Clearly he did not quite know whether I was a fool or a knave.

We went into the boat, and as we approached the French ship we were joined by the two other boats, loaded with French sailors armed to the teeth. We made rapidly for our vessel. The intention of the French was clear: they meant to board the vessel under pretense of being our own party coming back.

To make sure of our silence, the Frenchman sat down

and tried to bribe our lieutenant to betray his ship. I heard him talking of the French emperor — how he rewarded his officers, what fortunes and grand titles he gave them. He said, "You shall never serve against the English. You shall be sent to foreign countries; but you shall be a general within two years, you shall receive — "

"Speak French, sir," said the young man, and they talked long in low voices; the young lieutenant seemed, by his manner, to yield to his arguments, and to be going over to his side. I was growing hot and angry when I felt the young man's hand steal softly into my pocket; mine followed it, and he gave me what I felt to be a ring wrapped in paper. I bent my head down low, to show that I knew what he meant and would obey him.

We approached the ship. I had opened my mouth to shout and try to warn them, when my young officer rose, leaning hard on my shoulder as he did so, with a kind, firm pressure. I looked up at him, and his face had the same expression as when I passed him to jump ashore. He took a speaking trumpet from the Frenchman's hand, and put it to his mouth. At the same time the French captain rose, and put a pistol so near the young man's forehead that the cold steel touched him; but he never flinched. I made a sudden spring.

"Silence, or I shoot him!" hissed the Frenchman. I shrank back, and laid my head on my knees.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted the lieutenant, and his voice did

not shake. The hail was answered from the ship. The moon hid behind the clouds, the last chance of our captain catching a glimpse of the French was gone.

"All well, sir?" said the captain, coming to the side of the ship.

"All wrong, sir — the French!" shouted the young lieutenant; and as the words passed his lips the pistol was fired, and he fell overboard.

The first thing I did when I went ashore, before I went to see father, mother, and Sally, and little Jack, was to carry the ring that was wrapped in the paper to my brave lieutenant's mother.

THE SEA

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
The blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go:
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (O! how I love) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise° rolled,
And the dolphins° bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea!

— Bryan Waller Procter (*Barry Cornwall*).

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

I. The Valley of Diamonds

I designed, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad, but it was not long ere I grew weary of an indolent life, and I put to sea a second time, with merchants of known honesty. We embarked on board a good ship, and, after recommending ourselves to God, set sail. We traded from island to island, and exchanged commodities° with great profit. One day we landed on an island covered with several sorts of fruit trees, but we could see neither man nor animal. We walked in the meadows, along the streams that watered them. While some diverted themselves with gathering flowers and others fruits, I took my wine and provisions, and sat down near a stream betwixt two high trees, which formed a thick shade. I made a good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone.

In this sad condition, I was ready to die with grief. I cried out in agony, beat my head and breast, and threw myself upon the ground, where I lay some time in despair. At last I resigned myself to the will of God. Not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a lofty tree, from whence I looked about on all sides, to see if I could discover anything that could give me hope. When I

gazed toward the sea I could see nothing but sky and water; but looking over the land, I beheld something white; and coming down I took what provision I had left and went toward it.

As I approached, I thought it to be a white dome, of a prodigious° height and extent; and when I came up to it, I touched it, and found it to be very smooth. I went round to see if it was open on any side, but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing up to the top, as it was so smooth. It was at least fifty paces round.

By this time the sun was about to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it occasioned by a bird of a monstrous size, that came flying toward me. I remembered that I had often heard mariners speak of a marvelous bird called the roc, and thought that the great dome must be its egg, and so indeed it was; for the bird alighted, and sat over the egg. Meanwhile, I had crept close to the egg, so that I now had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with my turban, in hopes that the roc next morning would carry me with her out of this desert island. In this condition I passed the night. As soon as it was daylight, the bird flew away and carried me so high that I could not discern the earth; she afterwards descended with so much rapidity that I lost my

senses. But when I found myself on the ground, I speedily untied the knot, and had scarcely done so when the roc, having taken up a serpent of a monstrous length in her bill, flew away.

The spot where it left me was encompassed on all sides by mountains, so high and so steep that there was no possibility of getting out of the valley. This was a new perplexity; so that when I compared this place with the desert island from which the roc had brought me, I found that I had gained nothing by the change.

As I walked through this valley, I perceived it was strewed with diamonds, some of which were of surprising bigness. I took pleasure in looking upon them; but shortly saw at a distance such objects as greatly diminished my satisfaction, and which I could not view without terror; namely, a great number of serpents, so monstrous that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant. They retired in the daytime to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and came out only in the night.

I spent the day in walking about the valley, resting myself at times in such places as I thought most convenient. When night came on I went into a cave, where I thought I might repose in safety. I secured the entrance, which was low and narrow, with a great stone, to preserve me from the serpents, but not so far as to exclude the light. I supped on part of my provisions, but the serpents, which

began hissing around me, put me into such extreme fear that I did not sleep.

When day appeared the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling. I can justly say that I walked upon diamonds without feeling any inclination to touch them. At last I sat down, and notwithstanding my apprehensions,° not having closed my eyes during the night, fell asleep, after having eaten a little more of my provisions. But I had scarcely shut my eyes when something that fell by me with a great noise awaked me. This was a large piece of raw meat; and at the same time I saw several others fall down from the rocks in different places.

I had always regarded as fabulous what I had heard sailors and others relate of the valley of diamonds, and of the stratagems employed by merchants to obtain jewels from thence; but now I found that they had stated nothing but the truth. For the fact is, that the merchants, being unable to descend to the floor of the valley, throw down great joints of meat into the valley; these fall upon the diamonds, and stick to them; and the eagles, which are stronger in this country than anywhere else, pounce with great force upon those pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests on the precipices of the rocks to feed their young. Whereupon the merchants run to their nests, disturb and drive off the eagles by their shouts, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat.

I perceived in this device the means of my deliverance.

Having collected together the largest diamonds I could find, and put them into the leather bag in which I used to carry my provisions, I took the largest of the pieces of meat, tied it close round me with the cloth of my turban, and then laid myself upon the ground, with my face downward, the bag of diamonds being made fast to my girdle.

I had scarcely placed myself in this posture when one of the eagles, having taken me up with the piece of meat to which I was fastened, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants immediately began their shouting to frighten the eagles; and when they had obliged them to quit their prey, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was much alarmed when he saw me; but recovering himself, instead of inquiring how I came thither, began to quarrel with me, and asked why I stole his goods.

"You will treat me," replied I, "with more civility, when you know me better. Do not be uneasy; I have diamonds enough for you and myself, more than all the other merchants together. Whatever they have they owe to chance; but I selected for myself, in the bottom of the valley, those which you see in this bag." I had scarcely done speaking, when the other merchants came crowding about us, much astonished to see me; but they were much more surprised when I told them my story.

They conducted me to their encampment; and there having opened my bag, they were surprised at the largeness of

my diamonds, and confessed that they had never seen any of such size and perfection. I prayed the merchant who owned the nest to which I had been carried (for every merchant had his own) to take as many for his share as he pleased. He contented himself with one, and that, too, the least of them; and when I pressed him to take more, without fear of doing me any injury, "No," said he, "I am very well satisfied with this, which is valuable enough to save me the trouble of making any more voyages, and will raise as great a fortune as I desire."

I spent the night with the merchants, to whom I related my story a second time, for the satisfaction of those who had not heard it. I could not moderate my joy when I found myself delivered from the danger I have mentioned. I thought myself in a dream, and could scarcely believe myself out of danger.

II. The Old Man of the Sea

All the troubles and calamities I had undergone could not cure me of my inclination to make new voyages. I therefore bought goods, departed with them for the best seaport, and there, that I might not be obliged to depend upon a captain, but have a ship at my own command, I remained till one was built on purpose, at my own charge. When the ship was ready I went on board with my goods; but not having enough to load her, I agreed to

take with me several merchants of different nations, with their merchandise.

We sailed with the first fair wind, and after a long navigation, the first place we touched at was a desert island, where we found the egg of a roc, equal in size to that I formerly mentioned. There was a young roc in it, just ready to be hatched, and its beak had begun to break the egg.

The merchants who landed with me broke the egg with hatchets, and making a hole in it, pulled out the young roc piecemeal, and roasted it. I had in vain entreated them not to meddle with the egg.

Scarcely had they finished their repast, when there appeared in the air, at a considerable distance, two great clouds. The captain of my ship, knowing by experience what they meant, said they were the male and female parents of the roc, and pressed us to reëmbark with all speed, to prevent the misfortune which he saw would otherwise befall us.

The two rocs approached with a frightful noise, which they redoubled when the saw the egg broken, and their young one gone. They flew back in the direction they had come, and disappeared for some time, while we made all the sail we could to endeavor to prevent that which unhappily befell us.

They soon returned, and we observed that each of them carried between its talons an enormous rock. When they came directly over my ship, they hovered, and one of them

let go his rock; but by the dexterity of the steersman it missed us and fell into the sea. The other so exactly hit the middle of the ship as to split it into pieces. The mariners and passengers were all crushed to death or fell into the sea. I myself was of the number of the latter; but, as I came up again, I fortunately caught hold of a piece of the wreck, and swimming, sometimes with one hand and sometimes with the other, but always holding fast the plank, the wind and the tide favoring me, I came to an island, and got safely ashore.

I sat down upon the grass, to recover myself from my fatigue, after which I went into the island to explore it. It seemed to be a delicious garden. I found trees everywhere, some of them bearing green, and others ripe, fruits, and streams of fresh pure water. I ate of the fruits, which I found excellent; and drank of the water, which was very light and good.

When I was a little advanced into the island, I saw an old man, who appeared very weak and infirm. He was sitting on the bank of a stream, and at first I took him to be one who had been shipwrecked like myself. I went toward him and saluted him, but he only slightly bowed his head. I asked him why he sat so still; but instead of answering me, he made a sign for me to take him upon my back, and carry him over the brook.

I believed him really to stand in need of my assistance, took him upon my back, and having carried him over, bade

him get down, and for that end stopped, that he might get off with ease; but instead of doing so (which I laugh at every time I think of it), the old man, who to me appeared quite decrepit, threw his legs nimbly about my neck. He sat astride upon my shoulders, and held my throat so tight that I thought he would have strangled me, and I fainted away.

Notwithstanding my fainting, the ill-natured old fellow still kept his seat upon my back. When I had recovered my breath, he thrust one of his feet against my side, and struck me so rudely with the other that he forced me to rise up, against my will. Having arisen, he made me carry him under the trees, and forced me now and then to stop, that he might gather and eat fruit. He never left his seat all day; and when I lay down to rest at night, he laid himself down with me, holding still fast about my neck. Every morning he pinched me to make me awake, and afterward obliged me to get up and walk, and spurred me with his feet.

One day I found several dry calabashes° that had fallen from a tree. I took a large one, and after cleaning it, pressed into it some juice of grapes, which abounded in the island; having filled the calabash, I put it by in a convenient place, and going thither again some days after, I tasted it, and found the wine so good that it gave me new vigor, and so exhilarated my spirits that I began to sing and dance as I carried my burden.

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

The old man, perceiving the effect which this had upon me, and that I carried him with more ease than before, made me a sign to give him some of it. I handed him the calabash, and the liquor pleasing his palate, he drank it off. There being a considerable quantity of it, he soon began to sing, and to move about from side to side in his seat upon my shoulders, and by degrees to loosen his legs from about me. Finding that he did not press me as before, I threw him upon the ground, where he lay without motion; I then took up a great stone and slew him.

I was extremely glad to be thus freed forever from this troublesome fellow. I walked toward the beach, where I met the crew of a ship that had cast anchor, to take in water; they were surprised to see me, but more so at hearing the particulars of my adventures. "You fell," said they, "into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious° embraces. He never quitted those he had once made himself master of, till he had destroyed them, and he made this Island notorious by the number of men slain by him." They carried me with them to the captain, who received me with great kindness. He put out again to sea, and after some days' sail, we arrived at the harbor of a great city, the houses of which overhung the sea.

One of the merchants who had taken me into his friendship invited me to go along with him. He gave me a large sack, and having recommended me to some people of

the town, who used to gather coconuts, desired them to take me with them. "Go," said he; "follow them, and act as you see them do; but do not separate from them, otherwise you may endanger your life." Having thus spoken, he gave me provisions for the journey, and I went with them.

We came to a thick forest of coconut trees, very lofty, with trunks so smooth that it was not possible to climb to the branches that bore the fruit. When we entered the forest we saw a great number of apes of several sizes, who fled as soon as they perceived us, and climbed to the tops of the trees with amazing swiftness.

The merchants with whom I was, gathered stones, and threw them at the apes on the trees. I did the same; and the apes, out of revenge, threw coconuts at us so fast, and with such gestures, as sufficiently testified their anger and resentment.° We gathered up the coconuts, and from time to time threw stones to provoke the apes; so that by this stratagem we filled our bags with coconuts. I thus gradually collected enough coconuts to produce me a considerable sum.

Having laden our vessel with coconuts, we set sail, and passed by the island where pepper grows in great plenty. From thence we went to the isle of Comari, where the best species of wood of aloes grows. I exchanged my coconuts in those two islands for pepper and wood of aloes, and went with other merchants a-pearl fishing. I hired divers, who brought me up some that

were very large and pure. I embarked in a vessel that happily arrived at Bussorah; from thence I returned to Bagdad, where I realized vast sums from my pepper, wood of aloes, and pearls. I gave the tenth of my gains in alms, as I had done upon my return from my other voyages, and rested from my fatigues.

III. The Underground River

I know, my friends, that you will wish to hear how, after having been shipwrecked five times, and escaped so many dangers, I could resolve to tempt fortune, and expose myself to new hardship. I am myself astonished at my conduct when I reflect upon it. However, after a year's rest I prepared for a sixth voyage, notwithstanding the entreaties of my kindred and friends, who did all in their power to dissuade me.

Instead of taking my way by the Persian Gulf, I traveled once more through several provinces of Persia and the Indies, and arrived at a seaport, where I embarked in a ship, the captain of which was bound on a long voyage, in which he and the pilot lost their course. Suddenly we saw the captain quit his rudder, uttering loud lamentations. He threw off his turban, pulled his beard, and beat his head like a madman. We asked him the reason; and he answered that we were in the most dangerous place in all the ocean. "A rapid current carries the ship along

with it, and we shall all perish in less than a quarter of an hour. Pray to God to deliver us from this peril; we cannot escape, if He does not take pity on us." At these words he ordered the sails to be lowered; but all the ropes broke, and the ship was carried by the current to the foot of a mountain, where she struck and went to pieces; yet in such a manner that we saved our lives, our provisions, and the best of our goods.

The mountain at the foot of which we were, was covered with wrecks, with a vast number of human bones, and with an incredible quantity of goods and riches of all kinds. These objects served only to augment° our despair. In all other places it is usual for rivers to run from their channels into the sea; but here a river of fresh water runs from the sea into a dark cavern, whose entrance is very high and spacious. What is most remarkable in this place is, that the stones of the mountains are of crystal, rubies, or other precious stones. Here is also a sort of fountain of pitch or bitumen, that runs into the sea, which the fish swallow, and evacuate soon afterward, turned into ambergris°; and this the waves throw up on the beach in great quantities. Trees also grow here, most of which are of wood of aloes.

To finish the description of this place, it is not possible for ships to get off when once they approach within a certain distance. If they be driven thither by a wind from the sea, the wind and the current impel them; and if they

come into it when a land wind blows, which might seem to favor their getting out again, the height of the mountain stops the wind, and occasions a calm, so that the force of the current carries them ashore; and what completes the misfortune is that there is no possibility of ascending the mountain, or of escaping by sea.

We continued upon the shore, at the foot of the mountain, in a state of despair, and expected death every day. On our first landing we had divided our provisions as equally as we could, and thus every one lived a longer or a shorter time, according to his temperance and the use he made of his provisions.

I survived all my companions; and when I buried the last I had so little provision remaining that I thought I could not long survive, and I dug a grave, resolving to lie down in it because there was no one left to pay the last offices of respect. But it pleased God once more to take compassion on me, and put it in my mind to go to the bank of the river which ran into the great cavern. Considering its probable course with great attention, I said to myself, "This river, which runs thus underground, must somewhere have an issue. If I make a raft, and leave myself to the current, it will convey me to some inhabited country, or I shall perish. If I be drowned, I lose nothing, but only change one kind of death for another."

I immediately went to work upon large pieces of timber and cables, for I had a choice of them from the wrecks,

and tied them together so strongly that I soon made a very solid raft. When I had finished, I loaded it with some chests of rubies, emeralds, ambergris, rock-crystal, and bales of rich stuffs. Having balanced my cargo exactly, and fastened it well to the raft, I went on board with two oars that I had made, and leaving it to the course of the river, resigned myself to the will of God.

As soon as I entered the cavern I lost all light, and the stream carried me I knew not whither. Thus I floated on in perfect darkness, and once found the arch so low that it very nearly touched my head, which made me cautious afterward to avoid the like danger. All this while I ate nothing but what was just necessary to support nature; yet, notwithstanding my frugality, all my provisions were spent. Then I became insensible. I cannot tell how long I continued so; but when I revived I was surprised to find myself on an extensive plain on the brink of a river, where my raft was tied, amidst a great number of negroes. I got up as soon as I saw them, and saluted them. They spoke to me, but I did not understand their language. I was so transported with joy, that I knew not whether I was asleep or awake; but being persuaded that I was not asleep, I recited the following words in Arabic aloud: "Call upon the Almighty, He will help thee; thou needest not perplex thyself about anything else; shut thy eyes, and while thou art asleep, God will change thy bad fortune into good."

One of the negroes, who understood Arabic, hearing me

speak thus, came toward me, and said, "Brother, be not surprised to see us; we are inhabitants of this country, and water our fields from this river, which comes out of the neighboring mountain. We saw your raft, and one of us swam into the river, and brought it hither, where we fastened it, as you see, until you should awake. Pray tell us your history. Whence did you come?" I begged of them first to give me something to eat, and then I would satisfy their curiosity. They gave me several sorts of food, and when I had satisfied my hunger, I related all that had befallen me, which they listened to with attentive surprise. As soon as I had finished, they told me, by the person who spoke Arabic and interpreted to them what I said, that I must go along with them, and tell my story to their king myself; it being too extraordinary to be related by any other than the person to whom the events had happened.

They immediately sent for a horse, and having helped me to mount, some of them walked before to show the way, while the rest took my raft and cargo and followed.

We marched till we came to the capital of Serendib, for it was in that island I had landed. The negroes presented me to their king; I approached his throne, and saluted him as I used to do the kings of the Indies; that is to say, I prostrated myself at his feet. The prince ordered me to rise, received me with an obliging air, and made me sit down near him.

I concealed nothing from the king; but related to him all that I have told you. At last my raft was brought in, and the bales opened in his presence; he admired the quantity of wood of aloes and ambergris; but, above all, the rubies and emeralds, for he had none in his treasury that equaled them.

Observing that he looked on my jewels with pleasure, and viewed the most remarkable among them, one after another, I fell prostrate at his feet, and took the liberty to say to him, "Sire, not only my person is at your majesty's service, but the cargo of the raft, and I would beg of you to dispose of it as your own."

He answered me with a smile, "Sindbad, I will take nothing of yours; far from lessening your wealth, I design to augment it, and will not let you quit my dominions without marks of my liberality." He then charged one of his officers to take care of me, and ordered people to serve me at his own expense. The officer was very faithful in the execution of his commission, and caused all the goods to be carried to the lodgings provided for me.

I went every day at a set hour to make my court to the king, and spent the rest of my time in viewing the city, and what was most worthy of notice.

The capital of Serendib stands at the end of a fine valley, in the middle of the island, encompassed by high mountains. They are seen three days' sail off at sea. Rubies and several sorts of minerals abound. All kinds of

rare plants and trees grow there, especially cedars and coconut. There is also a pearl fishery in the mouth of its principal river, and in some of its valleys are found diamonds. I made, by way of devotion, a pilgrimage to the place where Adam was confined after his banishment from Paradise, and had the curiosity to go to the top of the mountain.

When I returned to the city, I prayed the king to allow me to return to my own country, and he granted me permission in the most obliging and honorable manner. He would force a rich present upon me; and at the same time charged me with a letter for the Commander of the Faithful, our sovereign, saying to me, "I pray you give this present from me, and this letter, to the Caliph Harun al Raschid, and assure him of my friendship."

The letter from the King of Serendib was written on the skin of a certain animal of great value, very scarce, and of a yellowish color. The characters of this letter were of azure, and the contents as follows: —

"The King of the Indies, before whom march one hundred elephants, who lives in a palace that shines with one hundred thousand rubies, and who has in his treasury twenty thousand crowns enriched with diamonds, to Caliph Harun al Raschid.

"Though the present we send you be inconsiderable,° receive it, however, as a brother and a friend, in consideration of the hearty friendship which we bear for you, and

of which we are willing to give you proof. We desire the same part in your friendship, considering that we believe it to be our merit, as we are both kings. We send you this letter as from one brother to another. Farewell."

The present consisted (1) of one single ruby made into a cup, about half a foot high, an inch thick, and filled with round pearls of half a drachm° each. (2) The skin of a serpent, whose scales were as bright as an ordinary piece of gold, and had the virtue to preserve from sickness those who lay upon it. (3) Fifty thousand drachms of the best wood of aloes, with thirty grains of camphire° as big as pistachios.° And (4) a female slave of great beauty, whose robe was covered over with jewels.

The ship set sail, and after a very successful navigation we landed at Bussorah, and from whence I went to the city of Bagdad, where the first thing I did was to acquit myself of my commission.

I took the King of Serendib's letter, and went to present myself at the gate of the Commander of the Faithful, and was immediately conducted to the throne of the caliph. I made my obeisance, and presented the letter and gift. When he had read what the King of Serendib wrote to him, he asked me if that prince were really so rich and potent as he represented himself in his letter. I prostrated myself a second time, and rising again, said, "Commander of the Faithful, I can assure your majesty he doth not exceed the truth. I bear him witness. Nothing is more

worthy of admiration than the magnificence of his palace. When the prince appears in public, he has a throne fixed on the back of an elephant, and rides betwixt two ranks of his ministers, favorites, and other people of his court. Before him, upon the same elephant, an officer carries a golden lance in his hand; and behind him there is another, who stands with a rod of gold, on the top of which is an emerald, half a foot long and an inch thick. He is attended by a guard of one thousand men, clad in cloth of gold and silk, and mounted on elephants richly caparisoned.° The officer who is before him on the same elephant, cries from time to time, with a loud voice, 'Behold the great monarch, the potent and redoubtable° Sultan of the Indies, the monarch greater than Solomon, and the powerful Maharaja.' After he has pronounced those words, the officer behind the throne cries, in his turn, 'This monarch, so great and so powerful, must die, must die, must die.' And the officer before replies, 'Praise alone be to him who liveth forever and ever.'"

The caliph was much pleased with my account, and sent me home with a rich present.

—The Arabian Nights.

THE SPARROW

As I was strolling through my garden, my dog bounded before me. Suddenly he checked himself, and moved forward cautiously, as if he scented game.

I glanced down the path, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak and down upon his head. It had fallen out of the nest and lay motionless and helpless upon the ground, with his little unfledged wings extended.

The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow, with a black breast, quitted a neighboring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and, with ruffled plumage, and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang twice at the open, grinning mouth.

He had come to protect his little one at the cost of his own life. His little body trembled all over, his voice was hoarse, he was in an agony — he offered himself.

The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to him. But, in spite of that, he had not remained safe on his lofty bough. A Power stronger than himself had forced him down.

The dog stood still for a moment and then turned away. . . . It seemed as if he also felt this Power. I hastened to call back the discomfited° dog, and went away with a feeling of profound respect for the little hero.

Yes, smile not! I felt a respect for this heroic little bird, and for the depth of his paternal love. Love, I reflected, is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love alone that supports and animates° all.

—Ivan Turgenief.

A WISE AND WITTY COMPANY

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries in a thousand years have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible,° solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Some books are to be tasted, others are to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few are to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

Reading makes a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man; therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that which he doth not.

—Francis Bacon.

A "RHINO" CONCERT

One night while traveling through the African wilderness we were awakened from sleep at midnight by a most terrific din, coming from the direction of a water hole some two hundred yards away. We decided to see what the disturbance was about.

We stalked° cautiously and carefully among the rocks, with the wind in our favor, until at last we were able to look over the edge of a crag down into a ravine at our feet.

The weirdest sight I ever expect to see suddenly unfolded itself beneath my astonished gaze. No fewer than sixteen rhinos were gathered together, close by, all roaring at each other, and struggling and fighting in their efforts to get at the water hole.

The moon was shedding a brilliant luster all round, and everything was peaceful except at this one spot, where pandemonium° reigned. I stood perfectly fascinated, and from the rocks where I took up my position watched the ungainly brutes with the deepest interest for a couple of hours.

I was not more than ten yards from the nearest of them, and those farthest away were not thirty yards off; but they were so busily occupied with their own affairs that they remained quite unconscious of my proximity.°

Two of them, especially, amused me very much. One, who was evidently a bully, took up his position at the

water hole, and would not budge an inch. Then a second came and stood opposite to him, and proceeded to give him a piece of his mind. The bully, of course, answered back, and there they both stood for quite a long time, with their mouths wide open, roaring bad rhino language at each other for all they were worth.

The others, which were waiting for their turn to have a drink, joined in the discordant chorus from time to time.

I could easily have picked off half a dozen of them with my rifle, and some of them had very fine horns; but of course I had no intention whatever of molesting them. They were much more interesting alive than dead, and I never for a moment entertained the thought of disturbing their concert by firing my rifle.

— Lieutenant Patterson.

AN EYE FOR BUSINESS

Other things being equal, the boy who keeps his eyes open and takes note of the things they fall upon, is more apt to get ahead in the world than the boy who takes everything for granted. There is probably, therefore, a good place waiting somewhere for the youngster who recently came under the notice of Mr. Beer, the librarian of New Orleans.

Opposite the public library in that city is a drug store, in the window of which hung for some time one of those

"gift clocks" which advertise somebody's medicine with the same letters with which they tell the time. Like many another gift clock, it was a poor timekeeper. Mr. Beer, who was accustomed to note the hour each morning as he passed toward the library, took account of its failing. One morning when he came down to work he was surprised — and pleased — to find a fine new clock (which proved accurate to the minute) hanging in the gift clock's place on the wall.

"I see you have a new clock!" he called to the druggist. "It's a good move."

"It's a boy's fault, though," said the druggist. "That old clock had to go every little while to be repaired. One morning I was standing here when in walked a boy about twelve years old.

"'I've come for your clock,' he said. 'I'm the clock-mender's boy.'

"'I didn't send for you,' said I.

"'No, but your clock did,' he said. 'I saw it from the street car. It's an hour and a quarter slow. Don't you think that's poor business? People see the clock is wrong, and they think that if you are careless about that you may be about other things; so they wonder if you are that far wrong in everything. Besides, it's a poor "ad" for that medicine.'

"That sounded reasonable to me, and as the clock needed repairs, I gave it to him to take to the shop. He

brought it back, and it ran all right for four weeks — as long as it ever did. Then it went wrong again. In a day or two in came the boy.

"'Now see here,' he said. 'I don't want to carry that clock back again. I want to sell you a new clock.'

"'I don't need one,' I said.

"'Why, we have had that clock in our shop four times in the last four months. It has cost you one dollar each time. It's a poor clock. It will never be any better. Inside of a year it will cost you at least twelve dollars for repairs.

"'We're making a specialty of a big clock for storekeepers just now at ten dollars. We warrant it and take care of it for two years. You will make money by throwing this one away and buying it. Besides, it doesn't look right to have an advertising clock in your window. It makes your store look as if you had to use furniture that is donated — as if you didn't make enough to buy things for yourself.'

"He chattered along quite a while about it, and the upshot of it was I let him take me down and show me the new clock. He had the figures all straight, and it was a good clock and would save money. So there it is. He thinks I ought to have a new sign made: 'Everything in this shop is as right as this clock.' He wants me to hang it under the timekeeper."

"I shall keep my eye on that boy," said Mr. Beer. "I wish we had a cityful just like him."

— The Youth's Companion.

THE BREAD THAT WAS CAST UPON THE WATERS

The snow lay deep in the streets, and it was as cold as only mid-January can be, when a boy about fourteen years old approached a man who was standing on a corner, waiting for a car, and asked him for a nickel. The man looked at the boy keenly, and saw that his clothes, although poor, were neat, and that he had an honest face.

"What would you do with the nickel?" he inquired.

"I would buy some papers and start in business," was the reply.

"Are you sure you wouldn't spend it foolishly?"

"Sure, mister. I want to earn some money. I only want to borrow the nickel. I'll give it back to you tomorrow afternoon at five o'clock."

"Well, here's the nickel," and the man put the coin in the boy's outstretched hand. "Now, remember, I'm merely lending you five cents, and I trust you to return it as you promised."

"That's all right, sir," cried the boy, as he hurried away. "I'll be here with the money, just as I told you."

The man kept the appointment, but he was twelve minutes late. The boy was there waiting for him, and he had the nickel, which he returned with some very earnest expressions of gratitude.

"It helped me to earn sixty-five cents," he said.

"What did you do with it?" the man inquired.

"I gave fifty cents to mother, kept ten for my papers to-day, and gave five to you." And the youngster was again away to resume business.

That was fifteen years ago. The boy has become a man. He is married, and has an excellent position in the electrical department of a great manufactory. But rheumatism has forced his friend, who was a carpenter, to abandon his trade. He has been idle nearly three years. His savings were soon exhausted, although his habits are good, and he is a bachelor.

But some one paid more than one hundred and fifty dollars for medical attendance, and has been paying for his board, at the rate of six dollars a week, for more than a year. And the payments still continue.

It was a small thing that the carpenter did — but a good many men would not have done it. And the boy, as it happened, was not only honest, but grateful.

— The Youth's Companion.

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

I stopped my horse, lately, at a store wherein were collected a number of persons who had come to attend an auction sale of merchandise. The hour of sale not having arrived, they were conversing on the badness of the times, and one of the company called to a fine-looking old man with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what

do you think of the times? Will not the taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them all? What would you recommend us to do?"

Father Abraham replied: "If you desire to have my advice, I will give it to you briefly, for 'A word to the wise is enough,' and 'Many words won't fill a bushel,' as Poor Richard says." They all joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and he proceeded as follows: —

"FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS: The taxes are indeed very heavy, but if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous ones to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our IDLENESS, three times as much by our PRIDE, and four times as much by our FOLLY, and from these taxes the Legislature cannot relieve us by allowing an abatement.° However, let us all hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says.

"Sloth, by causing diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright. But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of.

"'Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.'

"We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. If we all are industrious we shall never starve; for, as Poor Richard says, 'Diligence is the mother of good luck,' and 'God gives all things to industry.'

"'Then plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.'

"Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; or as Poor Richard says, 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' and further, 'Have you somewhat to do to-morrow? Do it to-day.'

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man then afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: 'Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing something useful. This leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man, never; so that a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.

"But with all our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and look after our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says: —

"'I never saw an oft-removèd tree,
Nor yet an oft-removèd family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.'

"And again, 'Three removes are as bad as a fire;' and again, 'Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee;' and again, 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.'

"And again:—

"'He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.'

"And further, 'If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.'

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to both of these we must add frugality. 'If you would be wealthy,' says Poor Richard, 'think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.'

"Away, then, with all your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times and heavy taxes.

"Poor Richard says, 'At a great pennyworth, pause awhile.' He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening° thee in thy business, may do thee far more harm than good. For he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.'

"Wise men, Poor Richard says, learn by others' harms; fools hardly by their own. Silks and satins, scarlets and

velvets, put out the kitchen fire. These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! The artificial wants of mankind thus become far more numerous than the natural.

"Children and fools, Poor Richard says, imagine that twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent; but always taking out of the meal tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom. Then, as Poor Dick says, 'When the well's dry they know the worth of water.' But this they might have known before if they had taken his advice. If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for 'He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing,' and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get his own again.

"Poor Dick further advises and says: —

"'Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.'

"And again, 'Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.'

"When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says: 'Tis easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.' And 'tis as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich as the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

"And, after all, of what real use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, and so much is suffered? It cannot promote health nor relieve pain; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"'Those have a short Lent,' saith Poor Richard, 'who owe money which must be paid at Easter.' Then, since the borrower is a bond slave to the lender, and the debtor to the creditor, disdain the chain, preserve your freedom, and maintain your independence. Be industrious and free, be frugal and free.

"'For age and want, save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.'

"As Poor Richard says, 'Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; so be willing rather to go to bed supperless than to rise in debt.'

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be useless without the blessings of heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' and scarce in

that; for it is true, 'We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct,' as Poor Richard says. However, remember this: 'They who will not be advised can't be helped,' and further, that, 'If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.'"

—Benjamin Franklin.

WILD GEESE

The wind blows, the sun shines, the birds sing loud,
The blue, blue sky is flecked with fleecy dappled cloud,
Over earth's rejoicing fields the children dance and sing,
And the frogs pipe in chorus, "It is spring! It is spring!"

The grass comes, the flower laughs where lately lay the snow,
O'er the breezy hilltop hoarsely calls the crow,
By the flowing river the alder catkins swing,
And the sweet song sparrow cries, "Spring! It is spring!"

Hark what a clamor goes winging through the sky!
Look, children! Listen to the sound so wild and high!
Like a peal of broken bells, — kling, klang, kling, —
Far and high the wild geese cry, — "Spring! It is spring!"

Bear the winter off with you, O wild geese dear!
Carry all the cold away, far away from here;
Chase the snow into the north, O strong of heart and wing,
While we share the robin's rapture, crying, "Spring!
It is spring!"

— Celia Thaxter.

THE WAR HORSE OF ALEXANDER

The most famous horse that ever lived was a horse called Bucephalus,° which belonged to Alexander the Great. When Alexander was a boy, Bucephalus was brought to his father, King Philip of Macedon, by a certain horse dealer who offered him for sale at a very high price. Though he was a beautiful animal, King Philip wisely refused to buy him before knowing what manner of horse he was and ordered a groom to lead him into a neighboring field and to mount him. But it was in vain that the best and most experienced riders approached the horse; he reared and plunged and would suffer no one to mount him. Seeing this, the king would have none of him, and told the dealer to take his horse back whence he came.

Now the boy Alexander stood by and his heart went out to the beautiful creature. So he cried out, "What a good horse do we lose for the lack of skill to manage him."

His father, the king, heard these words, and he too was loath to see such a magnificent charger depart; yet he knew

not what to do. So he turned to Alexander and said: "Do you think that you, young and untried, can ride this horse better than those that have grown old in the stables?"

"I know," replied the young prince, "that I can manage this horse better than they."

"And if you fail," asked Philip, "what price will you pay for your good conceit of yourself?"

"I will pay," replied Alexander, laughing gayly, "the price of the horse." And thus it was settled.

Now the young prince had noticed that the horse was frightened at his own shadow; so he drew near and took him by the bridle, turning his face to the sun so that he might not see it. Then he stroked his head and led him forwards, feeling his temper all the while; and when the horse began to get uneasy, the prince suddenly leaped upon his back and gently and gradually curbed him with the bridle.

Suddenly, as Bucephalus gave up trying to throw his rider, and only pawed the ground impatient to be off, Alexander shook the reins and bade him go. Like lightning they flew round the course.

This was Alexander's first conquest, and as he jumped down from the horse, his father exclaimed: "Go, my son, and seek a worthier kingdom, for Macedon is too small for thee."

Henceforth Bucephalus made it clear that he would obey Alexander and none other; for if any one else tried to mount him, back would go his ears, and he would rear and plunge so that none but the prince dared come near him.

Not many years after, Philip died and Alexander became king in his stead. He immediately gathered an army and made war upon the King of Persia. This war lasted for ten years, and through all these years, Bucephalus was, as Pliny says, "of a passing good and memorable service in the wars." Even when wounded, as he once was at the taking of Thebes, he would not suffer his master to mount another horse. Together these two swam rivers, crossed mountains, penetrated into the dominions of the Great King, and farther still into the heart of Asia, where never European army had gone before. They entered India, and there in a battle against Porus, a powerful king of that region, Bucephalus, worn out with wounds and hard service, sank down upon the battle field and died. Bitter were the lamentations of the king for the friend of his boyhood, but his grief did not show itself only in weeping. The most splendid funeral that he could devise was given to Bucephalus, and a magnificent tomb was erected over his body. Around this tomb Alexander built a city, and named it the City of Bucephalus.

PORUS AND ALEXANDER

When Alexander the Great invaded India, he found that country divided into several states, each governed by its own king. Among these Indian kings, Taxiles and Porus were the most powerful.

Having crossed the Indus with his army, Alexander halted and sent heralds to each of the rulers of the neighboring states, ordering them to acknowledge him as their overlord and to pay tribute. Taxiles and the greater part of the less powerful chiefs, terrified by the fame and power of Alexander, yielded to his demands and quietly became the subjects of the Grecian king.

Porus, however, was a man of another mold; he returned a contemptuous refusal to Alexander's demands, and immediately gathered all his forces for the protection of his kingdom.

Alexander, after strengthening his army with reënforcements furnished by his new tributaries,° marched against Porus. A hard-fought battle ensued in which Porus, although outgeneraled by Alexander, nevertheless behaved himself in such a courageous manner that Alexander felt for him the warmest admiration. Although the main body of his army had been routed, Porus himself, mounted upon a huge elephant, and followed by a small body of his best troops, still kept the field.

Alexander, anxious to save the life of so brave an antagonist, ordered Taxiles to ride up to Porus and persuade him to surrender. Taxiles advanced as near to him as he could without danger of being wounded, and called out to Porus to stop, that he might deliver to him a message from Alexander. Porus, turning about and seeing that it was Taxiles, his old enemy, who called him, exclaimed, "Is it then Taxiles who

THE FIGHT BETWEEN PORUS AND TAXILES

calls; that traitor to his country and kingdom?" Then directing his elephant against Taxiles, he would have slain him with his dart, had he not instantly retreated.

Notwithstanding this, Alexander was still desirous of saving the life of so brave a prince. He therefore dispatched several other officers, to none of whom Porus paid the slightest attention, until a certain Indian noble named Meroes, who was one of his intimate friends, approached. To him he was willing to listen, and Meroes earnestly besought him to surrender, relying upon the generosity of Alexander. After much entreaty Porus consented, and still mounted upon his elephant, advanced to the spot where Alexander awaited him.

Stopping his elephant at a little distance, Porus dismounted and advanced to the presence of the king. As he approached, he did not seem dejected° at his misfortune, but stood erect with a resolute countenance like a valiant warrior whose courage in defending his kingdom ought to win for him the esteem of the brave prince who had taken him prisoner.

Alexander spoke first, and with a gracious air, asked Porus if he had any requests to make.

"Only to be treated like a king, O Alexander," was the short and impressive answer.

"That shall be done," said Alexander, "on my own account; but ask any particular favor, and it shall be granted for your own sake."

"I have nothing further to ask," replied Porus; "for everything is comprehended in my first request."

This was an enemy according to Alexander's own heart. He gave him his freedom on the spot, restored his kingdom, and afterwards added largely to its extent. He was not disappointed in the estimate he had made of the character of Porus, for he found him ever afterwards a devoted friend and a faithful subject.

THE LOYAL KNIGHT

Some centuries ago two kings were contending for the crown of Castile. We forget their names for the present; but to make easy the telling of my story, we shall call one Alfonso and the other John. Alfonso proclaimed, of course, that John was a usurper° and a rebel, and John returned the compliment.

Well, John at last defeated his rival, horse and foot, and carried everything triumphantly before him, with the exception of a single town. This town had been intrusted by Alfonso to a stout old knight called Aguilar, and after a long siege still remained unconquered.

"You have done enough for honor," said King John one day to the knight; "surrender, and you shall have the most liberal terms."

"If you had read the history of our country," answered

Aguilar, "you would have known that none of my race ever surrendered."

"I will starve you, proud and obstinate fool."

"Starve an eagle if you can."

"I will put you and the whole garrison to the sword."

"Try," was the laconic° reply, and the siege went on.

One morning, as the sun was beginning to gild with its rays the highest towers of the city, a parley° sounded from the camp of the enemy. The old knight appeared on the wall, and looked down on the king below. "Surrender," said John again. "My rival, Alfonso, is dead, and the whole of Castile recognizes my sway as that of its legitimate° sovereign."

"Sire, I believe you, but I must see my dead master."

"Go, then, to Seville, where his body lies. You have my royal word that I shall attempt nothing against you on your way; nor against the city in your absence."

The knight came out with banner flying, and a small escort of grim-visaged warriors. Behind him the gates closed; before him the dense battalions of the enemy opened their ranks. As he passed along, slowly riding his war horse, shouts of admiration burst far and wide from the whole host that had so often witnessed his deeds of valor, and the echoes of the proud and enthusiastic greeting accompanied him until the red plume that waved in his helmet was out of sight.

He arrived at Seville, and went straight to the Cathedral,

where he found the tomb of his former sovereign. He had it opened, and gazing awhile with moist eyes at the pale face that met his look, he thus addressed the dead monarch: —

"Sire, I had sworn never to deliver to anybody but yourself the keys of the town, which you had intrusted to my care. Here they are. I have kept my oath." And he deposited them on the breast of King Alfonso. Then, bestriding his good steed, he galloped back to his post.

As soon as he approached, the ranks of the enemy again opened, and King John confronted him. "Well," said the king, "are you satisfied, and do you now give up the contest?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Where are the keys of the town?"

"On King Alfonso's breast. Go and get them. We meet no more."

"We shall never part!" exclaimed the king; "get the keys back yourself, and remain in command of the town in my name." The followers of the king murmured, and complained of his rewarding a rebel. "He is no longer one," said King John; "such rebels, when won, become the best subjects."

—Charles E. A. Gayarre.

GOOD NAME

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate° jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

— SHAKESPEARE.

COWARDS DIE

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

— SHAKESPEARE.

CIRCUMSTANCES

Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstances, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstances. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstances. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas; bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks, until the architect can make them something else.

— THOMAS CARLYLE.

TRUE EXCELLENCE CANNOT BE HIDDEN

If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.

UNDERSTANDING AND PRACTICING

It happened at Athens, during a play, that an old man came too late to get a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young Athenians, observing the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs that they would accommodate him, if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the young men sat close and exposed his embarrassment to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches.

But on those occasions there were also places assigned to foreigners, and among these to the Spartans. When the good man made his way towards the seats appointed for them, these honest people all rose up, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartans' virtue and of their own unworthiness, applauded the act heartily. Whereupon the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Spartans practice it!"

WINTER AND SPRING

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as the snowdrift;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trembled,
Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered white-skin-wrapper
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snowstorm,
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.
All the coals were white with ashes,
And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,
Soft his eyes, as stars in Springtime,
Bound his forehead was with grasses;
Bound and plumed with scented grasses,
On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,
In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.
"Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old man,

"Happy are my eyes to see you.
Sit here on the mat beside me,
Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together.
Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have traveled;
I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace pipe,
Very old and strangely fashioned;
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,
And the stem a reed with feathers;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,
Gave it to the guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise:

"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water!"

And the young man answered, smiling:
"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers!"

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"
Said the old man darkly frowning,

"All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flintstone!"

"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"
Said the young man, softly laughing,
"Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!"

While they spake, the night departed:
From the distant realms of Wabun,
From his shining lodge of silver,

Like a warrior robed and painted,
Came the sun, and said, "Behold me!
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"
Then the old man's tongue was speechless
And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.
And Segwun, the youthful stranger,
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him;
It was Peboan, the Winter!
From his eyes the tears were flowing,
As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished,
And the young man saw before him,
On the hearthstone of the wigwam,
Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,
Saw the earliest flower of Springtime,
Saw the Beauty of the Springtime,
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

—From "Hiawatha," by H. W. Longfellow.

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES

I. How the Ancient Greeks Lived

The story which is known as the Odyssey is one of the best stories in the world, and the oldest. It is so very old and people lived so differently when it was made from the way in which we live now, that perhaps a few things in the tale may seem hard to understand. So we shall try to make them clear before we begin the story.

Perhaps the best way to understand all about the tale is first to look at the map of Greece. You see the country is almost divided into two parts, by two gulfs of the sea, the Gulf of Corinth on the west, the Gulf of Ægina on the east. Now just north of the opening of the Gulf of Corinth you see a big island, Cephalonia, and a little one called Ithaca. Well, it was in this little one called Ithaca, that Ulysses lived, the man whose adventures and voyages you are going to read. When did he live? Long, long ago; perhaps fourteen hundred years or more before the birth of Christ. That would make it about three thousand two hundred years ago.

In those times Greece was not one kingdom and country as it is to-day, but there was a separate king, or prince, for almost every town. Some had more lands and subjects, some less; but of them all Ulysses owned nearly the smallest kingdom and the fewest subjects.

In every little state the king was leader in war, and the chief judge, but he had men to help him by their advice, and he was chief in a little parliament or council.

Generally his house was on some high rock above the town, which he fortified with walls of very large stones, much bigger than are now used in building. If you went up to one of those houses, you first came to a great court with a fence around it, and with the servants' rooms built inside of the fence. In this court they played games. In the middle was an altar on which they burned sheep or cows to the gods.

At the end of the court was a great open door of the house, and when you had entered that you were in the chief room. It was high, and the walls were hung with swords and spears. Little tables were set all about, and every man had his dinner on one of those tables. The fire was in the middle of the room, and the smoke went out by a big hole in the roof. On one table was a very big bowl in which wine and water were mixed for everybody. All who came got meat and bread and wine. At the inner end of this room, or hall, doors opened leading to the women's rooms, the bedrooms, the storeroom, and the baths.

Travelers who could afford it, went about in chariots drawn by two horses, and they fought from these in war. They generally drove; they seldom rode. They lived on the corn they grew, and the sheep and pigs and cattle they kept. Even kings, like Ulysses, worked with their hands, and could plow, build, do carpenter's work, make bows

and everything; but there were also smiths to make swords and spears. These were wrought of iron, and also of bronze — a mixture of copper and tin. They were beautifully ornamented with gold and silver, and had ivory handles. The cups were of gold and silver, and others were of clay — something like what we make flower pots of.

When people went to war they wore helmets and shields, and leg guards, like cricket pads, but made of bronze. They were great sailors, especially Ulysses; in his pictures he is drawn always in a sailor's cap. They used both oars and sails.

When in doubt about anything they went to ask advice from the prophets, like the "seers" you read about in the Bible. When they died, their bodies were burned, and the ashes hid under a large mound of stones, with a pillar on the top.

They bought their wives, as the Zulus do now, and paid for them in cattle, as they had no coined money.

Of course there were then no railways, telegraphs, post offices, steamboats, nor anything of that sort.

The servants were either bought or taken prisoners in war. Every free man was a fighting man; there was no regular army in uniform. That was how they lived in Ulysses's time.

II. What the Ancient Greeks Believed

Now you must be told that they knew only a small part of the world. America and Australia had not been dis-

covered. Perhaps some merchants had reached Britain and brought tin from there, but it is not certain. These old Greeks only knew Greece, and the islands near it, and the coast of Asia Minor, and Egypt, and perhaps Sicily. Look what a tiny part of the world that is on the map! All the rest of the Mediterranean was as unknown as the Atlantic before Columbus crossed it and found America. So they fancied that, in the seas they had never sailed, were islands full of giants, witches, and cannibals, such as Ulysses met in the story. All round the whole world, they thought, ran a great river, which they called Oceanus, or Ocean. Beyond that river the souls or ghosts of dead people lived, in a gray dim light, like a foggy day. But Ulysses crossed the river, and talked to the ghosts, and saw his own dead mother.

Their religion was not like ours. Instead of believing in one God, they believed in many, both gods and beautiful goddesses. There was Jupiter, the king of them all, who threw the bolts of lightning. There was Neptune, who was king of the sea. There was Juno, the wife of Jupiter, and Minerva their daughter, and Mars, the god of war; and Apollo, the son of Jupiter, the god of poetry, and Mercury, the messenger of the gods. And they had fairies called nymphs or Nereids, and pretty goddesses who lived on lonely islands, and made love to wandering sailors.

The gods all had churches, called temples, very beauti-

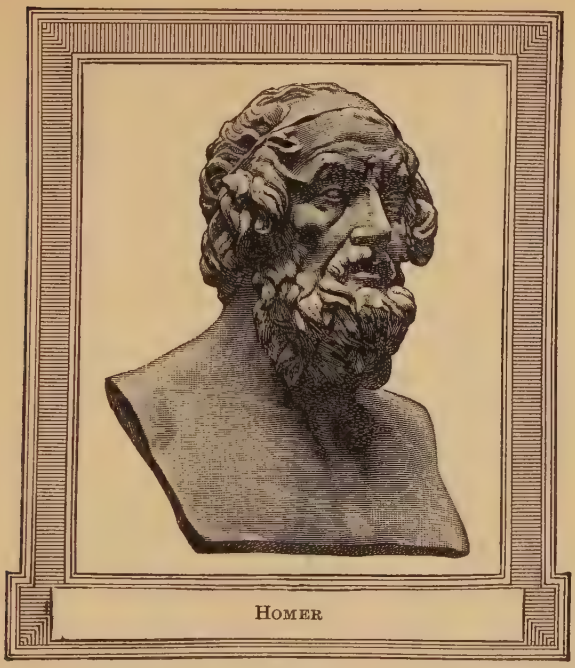
ful buildings, where sheep and cows were sacrificed to them. Some men they liked, some they hated, as you will see Minerva liked Ulysses and Jupiter hated him. Sometimes gods married women, and had children by them, and men again married goddesses.

All this was mere fancy, of course, and not true, but it was pleasant to believe. In the museums you can see old images of those gods and goddesses, carved in marble; beautiful Venus and Apollo, and the sad Ceres, whose daughter, Proserpine, was stolen from her and made Queen of the Ghosts, beyond the River Ocean. These images were made by Greeks who lived about a thousand years after the death of Ulysses.

Now you know how people lived and worked when Ulysses was on his adventures, and what kind of gods they prayed to, and where they expected to go when they died.

III. The First Poet and His Poems

But how do we come to hear about Ulysses at all? There was no printing in his time. Perhaps the Greeks could not even write then; at all events they wrote very little. The person who gave us the story of Ulysses must have heard it told by word of mouth, just as you may hear one child tell another a fairy tale. Part of it was remembered, perhaps, and a great deal more must have been invented, once upon a time, very long ago, just



HOMER

as a man invents a novel. But it could not be written down, of course, while there was no writing. It was just told for pleasure, and the son heard it from his father, and told it again to his child, when he had a child of his own.

So it went on, till about a thousand years, or nine hundred before the birth of Christ. It would be about the very time when David, in the Bible, was king of Israel, or Solomon was building his temple. Then a poet was born somewhere in Greece, and he heard the story told, and he

made it into a poem. This poem did not rhyme. It did not run like —

"The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The moment that he fell."

It rather sounded like this —

"Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achaia."

If you read this line aloud, you will hear that there is a kind of song in it. There is a poem in English written in this way, called Evangeline, by Mr. Longfellow.

Well, the poet made all the long poem about Ulysses. Some people think he merely made it up in his head, and remembered it off by heart, and repeated it in public for his daily bread. But I think myself that the Greeks could write by this time, and that he made a book of it to remember it by. It would not be a printed book like this, but perhaps it was written on the leaves of a plant called papyrus,° from which our word "paper" is derived. Or perhaps it was scratched with a sharp point on very thin plates of lead. Anyway, I believe he *wrote* it, for it makes four hundred pages of English printing, and I defy him to have remembered all that as he made it up.

The poet's name was Homer. He was the first poet

we know of, and the best along with Shakespeare. Nobody knows where he was born, whether in Greece itself or on the opposite shore of Asia Minor. He got his living by going from town to town and repeating a part of his poem, or the whole of it. The kings gave him gold cups, and beautiful swords, and cattle, and slaves. Besides, he had his share of the dinner, and of the wine. He often tells us in his poems how well the men were treated who sang the old stories, or new ones, to the kings, and the people who dined with them. It is said that he became blind, but I think that is only because he mentions some blind poets, or "minstrels," in his own poems.

He made more poems than one. The first is called the Iliad, because it is about the siege of Ilios, or Troy, as we generally call it. Ulysses fought in that war, and, when the Iliad was finished, people asked, "What became of the brave Ulysses afterwards?" So Homer made a new poem to tell them all about that, and this is the poem which gives the story you are going to read. They called it the Odyssey, or poem about Odysseus, for Odysseus was the old way of saying Ulysses.

IV. The Trojan War — The Iliad

You may think we are never going to get to the story. But I must tell you what Ulysses had been doing all his life before the story begins. He was born in the little

island of Ithaca, and there he hunted, and sailed, and fought when he had a chance, while he was still a very young man.

At this time the king of a town on the east side of Greece had a very beautiful daughter. Her name was Helen, and she was by far the loveliest woman who had ever lived in the world. Now, all the young princes — and Odysseus like the rest — wanted to marry her, and came offering whole flocks and herds for her. But her father made them all promise that, whoever married her, all the rest would help him in case he was in any trouble. So they swore to it, and then her father gave her, not to Ulysses, but to Menelaus,° the king of Sparta. So the rest went home, and married wives less pretty than Helen; but Ulysses married Penelope.° When his little son, Telemachus,° was a baby, bad news came to Ithaca.

The son of a king named Priam, on the other side of the sea, had sailed from Troy, in Asia Minor, and had gone to Sparta, where Helen lived with her husband. There he had fallen in love with her, as, indeed, everybody did who saw her; for she was as kind and charming as she was beautiful.

Now this young prince, named Paris, wanted to get her to leave her husband, and run away with him. She was much too good to listen to him, so what do you think he did? By the help of some witch, or magic, he made himself look exactly like Helen's husband, Menelaus. Then he asked her to come for a sail with him, and she went, of course, thinking he was her husband. When once he

THE STEALING OF HELEN

had her on board his ship, off he sailed with her to Troy, all across the sea. And now he left off looking like Menelaus, and appeared as himself again, Paris. So there was no help for it, Helen could not get back, and would have been ashamed to go.

This part of the story is told in different ways and not always in this way. But I found this in an old book, and I prefer it, because who would believe that the kind and beautiful and gentle Helen would knowingly run off from her husband? And, though Homer does not say so in so many words, he seems to have known this story.

Well, when it was told that Menelaus was robbed of his wife, all the princes remembered how they had sworn to help him if ever he needed help.

And they gathered a great army under Agamemnon, the brother of Menelaus. He was the general. And Ulysses left his wife and little boy in Ithaca, and gathered his fighting men and sailed away with the rest. They sailed across the sea to Troy, in Asia Minor, where Helen was living, and they fought there for ten long years, until they took the town. Homer tells that part of the tale in his Iliad, which is all about fighting.

V. The Wanderings of Ulysses — The Odyssey

When they had taken Troy, Helen was given back to Menelaus, and the Greeks began to go home. But many

ULYSSES SLAYING THE INTRUDERS

great storms arose and the ships were scattered all over the seas, and some were drowned, and others wandered long. But Ulysses was wandering for ten whole years before he reached Ithaca.

Now, the story tells of all the wonderful things that happened to him in his wanderings — how he met giants and goddesses, and monsters of the deep, and cannibals that eat man's flesh, and how he saw the ghosts of the dead; how he was shipwrecked, and all his men were killed or drowned; how his son went to look for him and met fair Helen happy at home, and how she gave him a present for his bride when he married.

Finally the story tells how Ulysses came home at last, and found young men living in his wife's house at his expense, and wanting to marry her and take the kingdom; how he killed them all, every one, and how his wife and he were so happy after being separated from each other for twenty years. And though she was not young any more, nor so pretty as she had been, he cared only for her, and longed only for her and his own rocky little island. Yet a goddess had offered to make him immortal — that is, never to die — and always live with her in a beautiful palace. But he preferred his own home and his old wife. And, if ever anything happened to him after that, Homer does not say, but I think his adventures were not yet ended, and that his great bow had still some fighting to do.

— Andrew Lang.

THE ISLAND OF ENCHANTMENT *

I. The Exploring Party Ensnared

And now we came in sight of the island of Ææa,° and bore landward with our ship and ran in silence into a sheltering harbor, some god being our guide. Landing, we lay two days and nights upon the shore, gnawing our hearts because of toil and trouble. But when the fair-haired dawn brought the third day, I took my spear and my sharp sword, and from the ship walked briskly up to a place of distant view, hoping to see some work of man or hear some human voice. So climbing up, I took my stand on a rugged point of outlook, and smoke appeared rising through a wood of scattered oaks. Then for a time I stood and watched the flaring smoke, doubtful whether to go forward and search the matter out. Reflecting thus, it seemed the better way first to return to the swift ship and give my men their dinner, and afterward to send them forth to spy out the land.

But on my way, as I drew near to the curved ship, some god took pity on me all forlorn, and sent a stately stag into my very path. From feeding in the wood he came down to the stream to drink. As he stepped out, I struck him in the spine midway along the back; the bronze spear pierced through; down in the dust he fell with a moan,

* See "Ulysses and the Cyclops," Horace Mann Fourth Reader, page 79.

and his life passed from him. Setting my foot upon my prize I drew from the wound the brazen spear and laid it upon the ground; then I plucked willow twigs and wove a rope a fathom° long, twisted from end to end, with which I bound together the creature's legs. So with him upon my back I walked to the black ship leaning upon my spear, for the beast was very large. Before the ship I threw him down and then with cheering words aroused my men: —

"We shall not, friends, however sad, go to the halls of Hades° until our destined day. But while we still have food and drink, let us attend to eating and not waste away with hunger."

So I spoke, and they washed their hands and made a glorious feast. Thus all throughout the day till setting sun we sat and feasted on abundant meat and pleasant wine; and when the sun went down and darkness came, we lay down to sleep upon the beach. Then as the early rosy-fingered dawn appeared, holding a council, I said to all my men: —

"My friends, we are indeed in a most evil case; we do not know the place at which the beaming sun goes underground nor where he rises. Therefore let us at once take counsel and choose a wise course. For yesterday I saw, on climbing to a rugged outlook, an island which the boundless deep encircles like a crown. Low in the sea it lies, and midway across, I saw a smoke through

some oak thickets and a wood. Let us therefore send a company to search the matter out."

As thus I spoke, their very souls were crushed within them, and remembering the cruelty of the daring Cyclops, the devourer of men, they cried aloud and let the big tears fall; but no good came to them from their lamenting.

Now the whole body of my mailed° companions I told° off in two bands, and to each band assigned a leader; the one I led, godlike Eurylochus° the other. Straightway we shook the lots in a bronze helmet, and the lot of bold Eurylochus leapt out the first. So he departed, two and twenty comrades following, all in tears; and us they left in sorrow too behind. Within the glades they found a house built of smooth stone upon commanding° ground. All round about were mountain wolves and lions. These creatures did not spring upon my men, but stood erect, wagging their long tails. As hounds fawn round their master when he comes from meat, because he always brings them dainties that they like, so round these men the strong-clawed wolves and lions fawned.

Still my men trembled at the sight of the strange beasts. They stood before the door, and in the house heard one singing with sweet voice, while tending her great imperishable loom and weaving webs, fine, beautiful, and lustrous as are the works of gods. Polites was the first to speak, one ever foremost, and one to me the nearest and the dearest of my comrades: —

"Ah, friends, somebody in the house is tending a great loom and singing sweetly; all the pavement rings. Be it a woman or one of the immortals, let us quickly call."

He spoke, and all together lifted up their voices and called aloud. Then suddenly a tall and stately lady opened the shining doors and bade them in. The rest all followed, heedless. Only Eurylochus remained behind, suspicious of a snare. She led them in and seated them on couches and on chairs, and gave them food, and yellow honey, stirred into wine; but mingled with the food pernicious° drugs, to make them quite forget their native land. Now after she had given the cup and they had drunk it off, straight with a wand she smote them and penned them up in sties; and they took on the heads of swine, the voice, the bristles, and even the shape, yet was their reason as sound as heretofore. Thus, weeping, they were penned; and she flung them acorns, chestnuts, and cornel-fruit to eat, such things as swine that wallow in the mire are wont to feed upon.

Eurylochus, meanwhile, came to the swift black ship. Strive as he might, he could not speak a word, so stricken was he to the soul with great distress; his eyes were filled with tears, his heart felt anguish. But when we all in great amazement questioned him, then he described the loss of all his men: —

"We went, as you commanded, noble Odysseus, through the thickets and found within the glades a beautiful house,

CIRCE SENDS THE SWINE (THE COMPANIONS OF ULYSSES) TO THE STIES

built of smooth stone upon commanding ground. Therein a woman or one of the immortals was tending a great loom and singing in a voice both sweet and loud. The others lifted up their voices and called; and suddenly coming forth, she opened the shining doors and bade them in. The rest followed, heedless; but I remained behind, suspicious of a snare. They vanished, one and all; not one appeared again, though long I sat and watched."

II. Ulysses and the Speedy-Comer

So he spoke; I slung my silver-studded sword about my shoulders, — large it was and made of bronze, — and my bow with it, and bade him lead me back the selfsame way. But he clasping my knees with both hands, entreated me, and sorrowfully said in winged words: —

"O heaven-descended man, bring me not there against my will, but leave me here; for well I know you never will return, nor will you bring another of your dear companions. Rather, with these now here, let us flee away; for so even yet we may escape the evil day."

So he spoke, and answering him I said: —

"Remain then here yourself, Eurylochus, eating and drinking by the hollow ship; but I will go, for strong necessity is laid on me."

Saying this, I passed up from the ship and from the sea. But when, in walking up the solemn glades, I was about

to reach the great house, there I was met by a youth, the first down on his lip, — a time of life most winning. He took my hand and spoke, and thus addressed me: —

"Where are you going, hapless° man, along the hills alone, ignorant of the land? Your comrades yonder, at the house of Circe, are penned like swine and kept in fast-closed sties. You come to free them? Nay, I am sure you will return no more, but there, like all the rest, you too will stay. Still, I can keep you clear of harm and give you safety. Here, take this potent herb and go to Circe's house; this shall protect your life against the evil day.

"And I will tell you all the magic arts of Circe: she will prepare for you a potion and cast drugs into your food; but even so, she cannot charm you, because the potent herb which I shall give will not permit it. And let me tell you more: when Circe turns against you her long wand, then draw the sharp sword from your thigh and spring upon her as if you meant to slay her; she then will cower° and release your men and care for you. But bid her swear the great oath of the immortal gods that she will no more plot against you a new woe, nor seek by magic spells to leave you feeble and unmanned.°"

As he thus spoke, the Speedy-comer gave the herb, drawing it from the ground, and pointed out its nature. Black at the root it is, like milk its blossom, and the gods call it moly. Hard is it for a mortal man to find; with gods all things may be.

III. The Enchantress

Mercury departed now to high Olympus, along the woody island. I made my way to Circe's house, and as I went my heart grew very dark. But I stood at the gate of the fair-haired goddess, stood there and called, and the goddess heard my voice. Suddenly coming forth, she opened the shining doors and bade me in; I followed her with aching heart. She led me in and placed me on a silver-studded° chair, beautiful, richly wrought, — upon its lower part there was a rest for the feet, — and she prepared a draft in a golden cup, for me to drink, but put therein a magic drug, with wicked purpose in her heart. Now after she had given the drink and I had drunk it off, and yet it had not charmed me, smiting me with her wand, she spoke these words and cried: "Off to the sty, and lie there with your fellows!"

She spoke; I drew the sharp blade from my thigh and sprang upon Circe as if I meant to slay her. With a loud cry, she cowered and clasped my knees, and sorrowfully said in winged words: —

"Who are you? Of what people? Where is your town and kindred? I marvel much that drinking of these drugs you were not charmed. No man else, who ever tasted them hath withstood these potent drugs. But in your breast there is a mind which cannot be enchanted. Surely you are adventurous Odysseus, who the god of the golden

wand, the Speedy-comer, always declared would come upon his way from Troy, — he and his swift black ship. Nay, then, put up your blade within its sheath, and let us now learn to trust each other."

So she spoke, and answering her I said: "Circe, why ask me to be gentle toward you when you have turned my comrades into swine within your halls, and here detain me with treacherous purpose, that you may leave me feeble and unmanned? But swear a solemn oath that you will never more plot against me a new woe."

So I spoke, and she then took the oath which I required.

IV. The Counter-Charm

Meanwhile attendants plied their work about the halls, — four maids, who were the serving women of the palace. They are the children of the springs and groves and of the sacred streams that run into the sea. One threw upon the chairs beautiful cloths; purple she spread above, linen below. The next placed silver tables by the chairs and set forth golden baskets. A third stirred in a bowl the cheering wine, — sweet wine in silver — and filled the golden cups. A fourth brought water and kindled a large fire under a great kettle, and let the water warm.

And after she put upon me a goodly coat and tunic,° she led me in and placed me on a silver-studded chair, beautiful, richly wrought, — upon its lower part there was a rest for

the feet, — and water for the hands a servant brought me in a beautiful pitcher made of gold, and poured it out over a silver basin for my washing, and spread a polished table by my side.

Then the grave housekeeper brought bread and placed before me, setting out food of many a kind, freely giving of her store, and bade me eat. But that pleased not my heart; I sat with other thoughts; my heart foreboded evil.

When Circe marked me sitting thus, not laying hands upon my food but cherishing sore sorrow, approaching me she said in winged words. "Why do you sit, Odysseus, thus, like one struck dumb, gnawing your heart, and touch no food nor drink? Do you suspect some further guile? You have no cause for fear, for even now I swore to you a solemn oath."

So she spoke, and answering her said I: "Ah, Circe, what upright man could bring himself to taste of food or drink before he had released his friends and seen them with his eyes? But if you in sincerity will bid me drink and eat, then set them free; that I with my own eyes may see my trusty comrades."

So I spoke, and from the hall went Circe, wand in hand. She opened the sty doors, and forth she drove what seemed like nine-year swine. A while they stood before her, and, passing along the line, Circe anointed each one with a counter-charm. So from their members° fell the hair which at the first the accursed drug which potent Circe

gave had made to grow; and once more they were men, men younger than before, much fairer too and taller to behold. They knew me, and each grasped my hand, and from them all passionate sobs burst forth, and all the house gave a sad echo. The goddess pitied us, even she, and standing by my side the heavenly goddess said: —

"High-born son of Laertes, ready Odysseus, go now to your swift ship and to the shore, and first of all draw up your ship upon the land, and store within the caves your goods and all your gear," and then come back yourself and bring your trusty comrades."

So she spoke, and my high heart assented. I went to the swift ship and to the shore, and found by the swift ship my trusty comrades in bitter lamentation, letting the big tears fall. As the stalled calves skip round a drove of cows returning to the barnyard when satisfied with grazing — with one accord they all bound forth, the folds no longer hold them, but with continual bleat they frisk about their mothers — so did these men, when they caught sight of me, press weeping round. To them it seemed as if they had already reached their land, their very town of rugged Ithaca where they were bred and born; and through their sobs they said in winged words: —

"Now you have come, O heaven-descended man, we are as glad as if we were approaching Ithaca, our native land. But tell about the loss of all our other comrades."

V. The Reunion

So they spoke; I in soft words made answer: "Let us now first of all draw up our ship upon the land and store within the caves our goods and all our gear; then hasten all of you to follow me, and see your comrades in the magic house of Circe drinking and eating, holding constant cheer."

So I spoke, and my words they quickly heeded. Eurylochus alone tried to hold back my comrades, and speaking in winged words he said: "Poor fools, where are we going? Why are you so in love with misery that you will go to Circe's hall and let her turn us all to swine and wolves and lions, that we may then keep watch at her great house, perforce°? Such deeds the Cyclops did when to his lair our comrades came, and with them went this reckless man, Odysseus; for through his folly those men also perished."

As he thus spoke, I hesitated in my heart whether to draw my keen-edged blade from my stout thigh and by a blow bring down his head into the dust, near as he was by tie of marriage; but with soft words my comrades stayed me, each in his separate wise: —

"High-born Odysseus, we will leave him, if you please, here by the ship to guard it; but lead us to the magic house of Circe."

Saying this, they passed up from the ship and from the sea. Yet did Eurylochus not tarry by the hollow ship; he followed, for he feared my stern rebuke.

But in the meanwhile to my other comrades at the palace Circe had given a pleasant bath, anointed them with oil, and put upon them fleecy coats and tunics; merrily feasting in her halls we found them all. When the men saw and recognized each other, they wept aloud and the house rang around; and standing by my side the heavenly goddess said: —

"High-born son of Laertes, ready Odysseus, let not this swelling grief rise farther now. I myself know what hardships you have borne upon the swarming sea and how fierce men harassed° you on the land. Come then, eat food, drink wine, until you find once more that spirit in the breast which once was yours when you first left your native land of rugged Ithaca. Now, worn and spiritless, your thoughts still dwell upon your weary wandering. This many a day your heart has not been glad, for sorely have you suffered."

So she spoke, and our high hearts assented. Here, then, day after day, for a full year, we sat and feasted on abundant meat and pleasant wine. But when the year was gone and the round of the seasons rolled, as the months waned° and the long days were done, then calling me aside, my trusty comrades said: —

"Ah, sir, consider now your native land, if you are destined ever to be saved and reach your stately house and native shore."

VI. Homeward Bound

So they spoke, and my high heart assented. Yet all throughout that day till setting sun we sat and feasted on abundant meat and pleasant wine; and when the sun went down and darkness came, my men lay down to sleep throughout the dusky halls. But I made supplication to Circe upon my knees, and to my voice the goddess hearkened; and speaking in winged words, I said: —

"Circe, fulfill the promises made to send me home; for now my spirit stirs, with that of all my men, who vex my heart with their complaints when you are gone away."

So I spoke, and straight the heavenly goddess answered: "High-born son of Laertes, ready Odysseus, stay no longer at my home against your will.

"Let not the lack of pilot for your ship disturb you, but set the mast, spread the white sail aloft, and sit you down; the breath of Boreas° shall bear you on your homeward way along the swarming sea."

Even as she spoke, the gold-throned morning came. On me she put a coat and tunic for my raiment; and the nymph dressed herself in a long silvery robe, fine spun and graceful; she bound a beautiful golden girdle round her waist, and put a veil upon her head. Then through the house I passed and roused my men with cheering words, standing by each in turn: —

"Sleep no more now, nor drowse in pleasant slumber,

but let us go, for potent Circe has at last made known to me the way."

So I spoke and their high hearts assented. Yet even from there I did not bring away my men in safety. There was a certain Elpenor, the youngest of them all, a man not very stanch in fight nor sound of understanding, who, parted from his mates, lay down to sleep upon the roof of the magic house of Circe, seeking for coolness when overcome with wine. As his companions stirred, hearing the noise and tumult,° he suddenly sprang up and quite forgot how to come down again by the long ladder, but he fell headlong from the roof; his neck was broken in its socket, and his soul went down to the house of Hades.

When my men mustered° there, we walked down to the swift ship and to the shore, in sadness, letting the big tears fall, while Circe went on before, and there by the black ship tied a black ewe and ram, passing us lightly by. When a god does not will, what man can spy him moving to and fro?

Now when we came down to the ship and to the sea, we in the first place launched our ship into the sacred sea, put mast and sail in the black ship, then took the sheep and drove them in, and we ourselves embarked in sadness, letting the big tears fall. And for our aid behind our dark-bowed ship came a fair wind to fill our sail, a welcome comrade, sent us by fair-haired Circe, the mighty goddess,

human of speech. So when we had done our work at the several ropes about the ship we sat us down, while wind and helmsman kept her steady; and all day long the sail of the running ship was stretched. Then the sun sank, and all the ways grew dark.

—Homer.

WORK DONE SQUARELY

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense°
For life's ungarlanded° expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—James Russell Lowell.

NEWTON

On Christmas Day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born in the small village of Woolsthorpe, in England. Little did his mother think, when she beheld her newborn babe, that he was destined to explain many matters

which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world.

Isaac's father being dead, he was left to the care of his good old grandmother, who was very kind to him and sent him to school. In his early years Isaac was remarkable for his ingenuity in all mechanical occupations. He had a set of little tools and saws of various sizes manufactured by himself. With the aid of these he contrived to make many curious articles, at which he worked with much skill.

There was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks, since he had made one of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set a-going, not by wheels and weights like other clocks, but by the dropping of water. Besides the water-clock, he made a sundial.

Isaac possessed a wonderful faculty of acquiring knowledge by the simplest means. For instance, what method do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen wonder, the wind, to tell him the measure of its strength. Yet nothing can be more simple. He jumped against the wind; and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze, a brisk gale, or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports, he was continually searching out the secrets of philosophy.°

My story would be too long were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made after he became a

man. He was the first that found out the nature of light; for, before his day, nobody could tell what the sunshine was composed of. You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple's falling on his head, and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation,° which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses.

Did you never hear the story of Newton and his little dog Diamond? One day, when he was fifty years old, and had been at work more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his room, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire. On the table lay a heap of manuscript° papers, containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

Just as the destruction was completed Newton opened the chamber door and perceived that the labors of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death. But Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart.

"O Diamond, Diamond," exclaimed he, "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

This incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterwards; but, from his conduct towards his little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great renown, was made a member of Parliament,° and received the honor of knighthood from the king. But he cared little for earthly fame and honors, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All that he had learned only made him feel how little he knew in comparison to what remained to be known.

"I seem to myself like a child," observed he, "playing on the seashore, and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of Truth lies undiscovered before me."

In 1727, when he was fourscore and five years old, Sir Isaac Newton died.

OUT OF THE DARK

I. Helen Keller

The life of Helen Keller is a wonderful instance of "winning out" against heavy odds. The account of it is given in a book entitled "The Story of My Life," from which the following facts are taken, and from which come also, by kind permission of Miss Keller and her publishers, the selections which follow this chapter.

Helen Keller was born in Tuscumbia, a town in northern Alabama. Up to the age of nineteen months she was a happy, active child, in full possession of her senses.

Then came the dreadful illness that closed her eyes and ears forever. Henceforth, whatever she learned about the world must come through the gateways of smell, taste, touch, and motion.

How well she used these remaining senses, how she learned to understand the signs spelled into her hand, how she learned that these signs meant *words*, and that by words she could express her own thoughts and feelings and understand the thoughts and feelings of others — all this is told in the wonderful book which she has written.

"Everything that could hum, or buzz, or sing, or bloom, had a part in my education," she writes; "noisy-throated frogs, katydids, and crickets held in my hand until, forgetting their embarrassment, they trilled their reedy note; little downy chickens and wild flowers, the dogwood blossoms, meadow violets and budding fruit trees. I felt the bursting cotton bolls and fingered their soft fiber and fuzzy seeds; I felt the low soughing° of the wind through the cornstalks, the silky rustling of the long leaves, and the indignant snort of my pony, as we caught him in the pasture and put the bit in his mouth — ah me! how well I remember the spicy, clovery smell of his breath!"

Observe how she has learned to *feel* what we *hear* and *see*. She does not hear the noisy-throated frog or the snorting pony, but she *feels* the frog's croaking throat and the pony's snorting nostrils; just as she *feels* the down of the chicks and the velvet of the flowers.

When she was eight years old she entered the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston, where she found to her inexpressible delight that there were other children who could talk with the manual° alphabet. Boston was a new and glorious world to her. "I could not quite convince myself," she writes, "that there was much world left, for I regarded Boston as the beginning and end of creation."

The following summer she visited the seashore, which as a little inland girl she was eager to do, and satisfied her longing to "touch the mighty sea and *feel it roar*." Her first encounter with the waves was a mingling of joy and terror. "Who put salt in the water?" she inquired, on recovering from her panic.

Her first winter spent in the north was full of new and delightful experiences. She speaks of the wintry air that "stung my cheeks like fire"; of the walk through snowdrifts to the pine grove in which "there was no odor of pine needles"; of the light so dazzling that it penetrated "even the darkness that veils my eyes"; and of the tobogganing — down the steep slopes, "plunging through drifts, leaping hollows, swooping down upon the lake," and then "shooting across the gleaming surface to the opposite bank."

Soon a new world opened when she learned to speak — to speak words she had never heard — guiding her vocal organs not by sound, as hearing people do, but by the senses of touch and motion.

In the summer of 1893 she spent three weeks at the Chicago World's Fair. The President of the Fair gave her permission to touch the exhibits, and "with an eagerness as insatiable° as that with which Pizarro seized the treasures of Peru, I took in the glories of the Fair with my fingers."

At the Cape of Good Hope exhibit she searched in the washings for a diamond and found one — "the only true diamond, they said, that was ever found in the United States."

The story of how Helen Keller determined to prepare for college, and how she accomplished her purpose in the face of the most disheartening obstacles and discouragements, how she even passed the entrance examinations with her class, and how she finally graduated — what a splendid record of pure grit, fine courage, and brilliant victory!

Mark Twain once said that the two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century are Napoleon and Helen Keller.

One of her most characteristic traits is humor, of which the following anecdotes are given in the "Story of My Life." When she met Dr. Furness, the Shakespearean scholar, he warned her not to let the college professors tell her too many assumed° facts about the life of Shakespeare; all we know, he said, is that Shakespeare was baptized, married, and died.

"Well," she replied, "he seems to have done all the essential things."

Mr. Joseph Jefferson was explaining once to Miss Keller what the bumps on her head meant.

"That," he said, "is your prize-fighting bump."

"I never fight," she replied, "except against difficulties."

"Miss Keller's humor," remarks John Albert Macy, her biographer, "is that deeper kind of humor which is courage."

Any account of Helen Keller's life would be incomplete without mention of her teacher, Miss Anne Mansfield Sullivan, now Mrs. Macy. Of her Miss Keller writes: "It was my teacher's genius, her quick sympathy, her loving tact, which made the first years of my education so beautiful. . . . All the best of me belongs to her — there is not a talent, or an aspiration, or a joy in me that has not been awakened by her loving touch."

The following selection gives a wonderful account of how Miss Sullivan taught Helen Keller the hardest and most important lesson she ever learned.

II. The Awakening of a Soul

The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me. I am filled with wonder when I consider the immeasurable contrast between the two lives which it

connects. It was the third of March, 1887, three months before I was seven years old.

On the afternoon of that eventful day, I stood on the porch, dumb, expectant. I guessed vaguely° from my mother's signs and the hurrying to and fro in the house that something unusual was about to happen, so I went to the door and waited on the steps. The afternoon sun penetrated the mass of honeysuckle that covered the porch and fell on my upturned face. My fingers lingered almost unconsciously on the familiar leaves and blossoms which had just come forth to greet the sweet southern spring. I did not know what the future held of marvel or surprise for me. Anger and bitterness had preyed upon me continually for weeks and a deep languor° had succeeded° this passionate struggle.

Have you ever been at sea in a dense fog, when it seemed as if a tangible° white darkness shut you in, and the great ship, tense° and anxious, groped her way toward the shore with plummet° and sounding-line,° and you waited with beating heart for something to happen? I was like that ship before my education began, only I was without compass or sounding-line, and had no way of knowing how near the harbor was. "Light! give me light!" was the wordless cry of my soul, and the light of love shone on me in that very hour.

I felt approaching footsteps. I stretched out my hand as I supposed to my mother. Some one took it, and I was

caught up and held close in the arms of her who had come to reveal all things to me, and more than all things else, to love me.

The morning after my teacher came she led me into her room and gave me a doll. The little blind children at the Perkins Institution had sent it and Laura Bridgman had dressed it; but I did not know this until afterward. When I had played with it a little while, Miss Sullivan slowly spelled into my hand the word "d-o-l-l." I was at once interested in this finger play and tried to imitate it. When I finally succeeded in making the letters correctly I was flushed with childish pleasure and pride. Running downstairs to my mother I held up my hand and made the letters for doll. I did not know that I was spelling a word or even that words existed; I was simply making my fingers go in monkey-like imitation. In the days that followed I learned to spell in this uncomprehending° way a great many words, among them *pin*, *hat*, *cup*, and a few verbs like *sit*, *stand*, and *walk*. But my teacher had been with me several weeks before I understood that everything has a name.

One day while I was playing with my new doll, Miss Sullivan put my big rag doll into my lap also, spelled "d-o-l-l" and tried to make me understand that "d-o-l-l" applied to both. Earlier in the day we had a tussle over the word "m-u-g" and "w-a-t-e-r." Miss Sullivan had tried to impress it upon me that "m-u-g" is *mug* and that

"w-a-t-e-r" is *water*, but I persisted in confounding° the two. In despair she had dropped the subject for the time only to renew it at the first opportunity. I became impatient at her repeated attempts and, seizing the new doll, I dashed it upon the floor. I was keenly delighted when I felt the fragments of the broken doll at my feet. Neither sorrow nor regret followed my passionate outburst. I had not loved the doll. In the still, dark world in which I lived there was no strong sentiment or tenderness. I felt my teacher sweep the fragments to one side of the hearth and I had a sense of satisfaction that the cause of my discomfort was removed. She brought me my hat, and I knew I was going out into the warm sunshine. This thought, if a wordless sensation may be called a thought, made me hop and skip with pleasure.

We walked down the path to the wellhouse, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle with which it was covered. Some one was drawing water, and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word *water*, first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motions of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten — a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that "w-a-t-e-r" meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awak-

ened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

I left the wellhouse eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house every object which I touched seemed to quiver with life. That was because I saw everything with the strange, new sight that had come to me. On entering the door I remembered the doll I had broken. I felt my way to the hearth and picked up the pieces. I tried vainly to put them together. Then my eyes filled with tears, for I realized what I had done, and for the first time I felt repentance and sorrow.

I learned a great many new words that day. I do not remember what they all were; but I do know that *mother*, *father*, *sister*, *teacher* were among them — words that were to make the world blossom for me, "like Aaron's rod, with flowers." It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day and lived over the joys it had brought to me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

— Helen A. Keller.

III. Of One who neither Sees nor Hears

She lives in light, not shadow;
Not silence, but the sound

Which thrills the stars of heaven
And trembles from the ground.

She breathes a finer ether,
Beholds a keener sun;
In her supernal° being
Music and light are one.

Unknown the subtle° senses
That lead her through the day;
Love, light, and song and color
Come by another way.

Sight brings she to the seeing,
New songs to those that hear;
Her braver spirit sounding
Where mortals fail and fear.

She at the heart of being
Serene and glad doth dwell;
Spirit with scarce a veil of flesh;
A soul made visible.

Or is it only a lovely girl,
With flowers at her maiden breast?
— Helen, here is a book of song
From the poet who loves you best.

— Richard Watson Gilder.

IV. Helen Keller to Miss Sarah Fuller

South Boston, Mass., April 3, 1890.

My dear Miss Fuller,

My heart is full of joy this beautiful morning, because I have learned to speak many new words, and I can make a few sentences. Last evening I went out in the yard and spoke to the moon. I said, "O! moon, come to me." Do you think the lovely moon was glad that I could speak to her? How glad my mother will be. I can hardly wait for June to come I am so eager to speak to her and to my precious little sister. Mildred could not understand me when I spelled with my fingers, but now she will sit in my lap and I will tell her many things to please her, and we shall be so happy together. Are you very, very happy because you can make so many people happy? I think you are very kind and patient, and I love you very dearly.

My teacher told me Tuesday that you wanted to know how I came to wish to talk with my mouth. I will tell you all about it, for I remember my thoughts perfectly.

When I was a very little child I used to sit in my mother's lap all the time, because I was very timid, and did not like to be left by myself. And I would keep my little hand on her face all the while, because it amused me to feel her face and lips move when she talked to people. I did not know then what she was doing, for I was quite ignorant of all things.

Then when I was older I learned to play with my nurse and the little negro children and I noticed that they kept moving their lips just like my mother, so I moved mine too, but sometimes it made me angry and I would hold my playmates' mouths very hard. I did not know then that it was very naughty to do so. After a long time my dear teacher came to me, and taught me to communicate with my fingers and I was satisfied and happy.

But when I came to school in Boston I met some deaf people who talked with their mouths like all other people, and one day a lady who had been to Norway came to see me and told me of a blind and deaf girl she had seen in that far-away land who had been taught to speak and understand others when they spoke to her.

This good and happy news delighted me exceedingly, for then I was sure that I should learn also. I tried to make sounds like my little playmates, but my teacher told me that the voice was very delicate and sensitive and that it would injure it to make incorrect sounds, and promised to take me to see a kind and wise lady who would teach me rightly. That lady was yourself. Now I am as happy as the little birds, because I can speak and perhaps I shall sing too. All my friends will be so surprised and glad.

Your loving little pupil,

HELEN A. KELLER.

V. Letter of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes

IN REPLY TO A LETTER FROM HELEN KELLER WHICH HAS BEEN LOST.

Beverly Farms, Mass., August 1, 1890.

My dear little Friend Helen:

I received your welcome letter several days ago, but I have so much writing to do that I am apt to make letters wait a good while before they get answered.

It gratifies me very much to find that you remember me so kindly. Your letter is charming and I am greatly pleased with it. I rejoice to know that you are well and happy. I am very much delighted to hear of your new acquisition — that you "talk with your mouth" as well as with your fingers. What a curious thing speech is! The tongue is so serviceable a member (taking all sorts of shapes, just as is wanted), — the teeth, the lips, the roof of the mouth, all ready to help, and so heap up the sound of the voice into the solid bits which we call consonants, and make room for the curiously shaped breathings which we call vowels! You have studied all this, I don't doubt, since you have practiced vocal speaking.

I am surprised at the mastery of language which your letter shows. It almost makes me think the world would get along just as well without seeing and hearing as with

them. Perhaps people would be better in a great many ways, for they could not fight as they do now. Just think of an army of blind people, with guns and cannon! Think of the poor drummers! Of what use would they and their drumsticks be? You are spared the pain of many sights and sounds, which you are only too happy in escaping. Think how much kindness you are sure of as long as you live. Everybody will feel an interest in dear little Helen; everybody will want to do something for her; and, if she becomes an ancient, gray-haired woman, she is still sure of being thoughtfully cared for.

Your parents and friends must take great satisfaction in your progress. It does great credit, not only to you, but to your instructors, who have so broken down the walls that seemed to shut you in that now your outlook seems more bright and cheerful than that of many seeing and hearing children.

Good-by, dear little Helen! With every good wish from your friend,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE BEST DAY IN THE YEAR

One of the illusions° is, that the present hour is not the very critical,° decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

TO AN ORIOLE

How falls° it, oriole, thou hast come to fly,
In tropic° splendor through our Northern sky?

At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower° a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked° with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

—Edgar Fawcett.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR°

Among British naval heroes none is more deservedly famous than Lord Nelson, and one of the most famous battles of history was the naval engagement off Cape Trafalgar, in which the British fleet under Lord Nelson defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain.

On the morning of the twenty-first of October, 1805, a signal was made that the enemy's fleet, under command of Admiral Villeneuve,° was coming out of Cadiz. It consisted of thirty-three ship of the line° and seven large frigates,° and both, in point of size and weight of metal, greatly outranked the British fleet.

Moreover, in number of men the British were at a great

disadvantage, since Villeneuve had taken on board four thousand of the best riflemen that could be found in all Europe. These men he intended to place in his tops with orders to sweep the British decks with a hail of rifle bullets.

Soon after the signal was seen, the enemy's fleet was discovered, tacking° to the northward, thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar under the lee° of the English, while keeping the port of Cadiz open for himself. There, just off the cape, Villeneuve formed his fleet in double line and awaited the attack which he knew Nelson would soon make.

At daybreak, on the morning of the 21st of October, the signal was made for the British to bear down upon the enemy. Accordingly, the fleet advanced; the lee line of thirteen ships being led by Collingwood, the weather line by Nelson himself in the *Victory*, which carried several battle flags, lest one should be shot away.

At an early hour Captain Blackwood came on board the *Victory* and found Nelson in high spirits, but calm, conscious that he would be aimed at, and fully expecting to purchase victory with his life. He was, however, paying the greatest attention to the enemy, and predicted that the result of the encounter would be a triumph for England.

"Blackwood," he suddenly asked, "what would you consider a victory?"

"Well," answered Blackwood, "considering the handsome way in which battle is offered by the enemy, I think it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured."

"No," exclaimed Nelson, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty."

"Don't you think," said Nelson after a pause, "don't you think there is a signal wanting?"

"It seems to me," replied Blackwood, "that the whole fleet clearly understand what they are about."

But scarcely were the words uttered when that signal was made, so well remembered, and never without a glow of patriotic pride: —

"*England expects that every man this day will do his duty.*"

"Now," said Nelson, "I can do no more. We must now trust to the Great Disposer of events and to the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

By this time a long swell was setting into the bay of Cadiz, and the English ships, crowding all sail, were moving majestically onward. Villeneuve, watching them from the deck of the Bucentaure, unable to restrain his admiration, exclaimed to his officers that such conduct could hardly fail of success.

A few minutes before twelve o'clock the French opened fire, at first with single guns, to ascertain the range; and Nelson, perceiving that the shot passed over the *Victory*, desired Captain Blackwood to return to his frigate.

"My lord," said Blackwood, as he left the *Victory*, "I hope soon to return and find you in possession of twenty prizes."

"God bless you, Blackwood," said Nelson; "I shall never see you again." "See," he exclaimed, "how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action."

After the French had continued to fire for some time, they observed a shot pass through the main topsail of the *Victory*, and hoping to disable her before she could close with them, they aimed at her rigging, keeping up a raking fire, which quickly wounded many of her men, and sent several of them to their last account. Nevertheless, for a considerable time after the French opened fire the *Victory* did not return a single shot. A few minutes after twelve, however, her guns on both sides opened upon the enemy.

"It is impossible," said Captain Hardy, addressing Nelson, "to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships. Which would you prefer?"

"Take your choice, Hardy," answered Nelson, "which it is does not matter much."

Captain Hardy, using his own judgment, ordered the master to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*.

This ship, the tops of which were filled with riflemen, received the *Victory* with a broadside, and for fear of being boarded, let down her lower deck ports, and did not again fire a great gun during the action. Nelson, supposing from the silence of the *Redoubtable's* great guns that she had struck,° issued orders to refrain from firing. But, though her great guns were silent, the riflemen who filled the *Redoubt-*

able's tops continued to deal destruction to the crew of the *Victory*.

It was quarter past one o'clock, and Nelson was standing on the deck of the *Victory*, when a ball fired from the mizzen-top° of the *Redoubtable* struck the epaulet on his left shoulder, and felled him to the deck. Three sailors instantly rushing forward raised him to his feet; and Captain Hardy, turning round and seeing what had happened, hastened to their assistance.

"They've done for me at last, Hardy," said Nelson.

"I hope not," cried Hardy.

"Yes," replied Nelson, "my backbone is shot through."

But at this fatal moment the hero's presence of mind did not desert him. Covering his face, that the crew might not be aware that he was wounded, he allowed himself to be carried to the cockpit° and placed in a midshipman's berth. The wound was found to be mortal; but this fact was concealed from all except the chaplain and the surgeons. Nelson, though in great pain, feeling certain that nothing could be done for him, requested the surgeons to attend to those to whom they might be useful. But they continued to fan him, and give him lemonade to assuage° his thirst, which was intense. Notwithstanding his condition, at each cheer from the crew, which announced that a French ship had struck, his eye brightened, his tongue uttered an exclamation of joy, and he became more and more anxious to hear of the

battle from Hardy, who was absent more than an hour before he could again leave the deck.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, when the captain appeared, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy, "ten ships have struck; but five of the van have tacked and seem to be bearing down upon the *Victory*. However, I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope," said Nelson, "that none of our ships have struck."

"No fear of that," replied the gallant captain.

"Hardy," said Nelson, for the first time speaking of himself, "I am a dead man."

"I trust," said Captain Hardy, "that the doctors still hold out hope."

"Oh no," replied Nelson, "my back is shot through. The doctor will tell you so."

But the battle was still raging fiercely, and Captain Hardy must needs hasten back to the deck. For fifty minutes he was absent. At the end of that time, however, he returned to the cockpit, and taking Nelson's hand congratulated him on having won a complete victory.

"I do not know exactly how many of the enemy we have taken," he said, "but fourteen or fifteen at least."

"'Tis well — 'tis excellent!" exclaimed Nelson. "But yet," he added, thinking of his conversation with Captain Blackwood, "I had bargained for twenty. However, anchor, Hardy, anchor."

"Don't you think," suggested Hardy, "that Admiral Collingwood will take the direction of affairs?"

"Not while I live," said Nelson, making an effort to raise himself. "Obey my orders, and anchor. And, Hardy," said he, "don't fling me overboard. I wish to repose with my family in the churchyard of my native village. Unless," he continued, "my king and country should be pleased to order otherwise. Now kiss me, Hardy."

Now Nelson seemed to sink, and after a few moments, Hardy stooped down and kissed his forehead.

"Who is that?" asked Nelson.

"It is Hardy," was the answer.

"God bless you, Hardy! God bless you!" exclaimed Nelson. "Now turn me on my right side," he continued, addressing those about him; "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone."

There was a moment of silence and the dying hero roused himself and exclaimed, "Thank God I have done my duty," and this he repeated several times.

But his end was rapidly drawing near. His speech became more difficult and less distinct. At half past four, just after the last guns fired at the fleeing enemy

sounded in his ears, and proclaimed that his victory was complete, the hero breathed his last, and sank in death.

The body of Nelson was brought to England in his own ship, the *Victory*. A public funeral was decreed; and after lying in state in a coffin long before made of the mast of the *Orient*, his remains were laid with all honors in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Never had a warrior been more highly venerated° nor more sincerely lamented. By his sailors he was regarded as a saint. The leaden coffin in which his body had been brought from Trafalgar was cut in pieces, to be distributed as relics; and the flag with which he was lowered into the grave was rent to fragments by the sailors who assisted at the ceremony, that each, while he lived, might preserve a memorial of the man who had fought triumphantly and died gloriously in maintaining England's claim to the sovereignty of the seas.

The Nelson Monument, standing in Trafalgar Square in the heart of London, is one of the most sublime and imposing memorials in the world. From the top of that majestic column the commanding figure of Lord Nelson, with empty right sleeve and a drawn sword in his left hand, seems still to say to every Englishman and every heir of Britain's spirit of freedom, "England expects that every man this day will do his duty."

— JOHN G. EDGAR.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

LETTER FROM A WIT

London, July 22, 1835.

Lucy, Lucy, my dear child, don't tear your frock; tearing frocks is not in itself a proof of genius; but write as your mother writes; act as your mother acts; be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest, and then integrity° or laceration° of frock is of little import.° And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know in the first sum of yours I ever saw, there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do) and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic but a scene of horrors.

You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who never understood arithmetic; by the time you return I shall have probably received my first paralytic stroke and shall have lost all recollection of you; therefore I now give you my parting advice. Don't marry any one who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year, and God bless you, dear child.

—Sydney Smith.

FUN AFLOAT

Grave though he was at times, the ship's doctor, Doctor Long Ghost as we called him, was a decided wag.° Everyone knows what lovers of fun sailors are when ashore —

afloat they are absolutely mad after it. So the Doctor's pranks were duly appreciated.

The most curious of the Doctor's jokes was hoisting the men aloft by the foot or shoulder, when they fell asleep on deck during the night watches.

Ascending from the forecastle° on one occasion, he found every soul napping, and forthwith went about his capers. Fastening a rope's end to each sleeper, he passed the lines through a number of blocks, and carried them all to the windlass°; then, by heaving round cheerily, in spite of cries and struggles, he soon had them dangling aloft in all directions by arms and legs. Waked by the uproar, we rushed up from below, and found the poor fellows swinging in the moonlight from the tops and lower yardarms, like a parcel of pirates gibbeted° at sea by a cruiser.

One night, when all was perfectly still, I lay awake in the forecastle; the lamp was burning low and thick, and swinging from its blackened beam; and with the regular motion of the ship, the men in the bunks rolled slowly from side to side, the hammocks swaying in unison.°

Presently I heard a foot upon the ladder, and looking up, saw a wide trouser leg. Immediately, Navy Bob, a stout old Triton, stealthily descended, and at once went to groping in the locker after something to eat.

Supper ended, he proceeded to load his pipe. Now, for a good comfortable smoke at sea, there never was a better place than the *Julia's* forecastle at midnight. No wonder,

then, that after a while Bob's head sunk upon his breast; presently his hat fell off, the extinguished pipe dropped from his mouth, and the next moment he lay stretched out upon the chest as tranquil as an infant.

Suddenly an order was heard on deck, followed by the trampling of feet and the hauling of rigging. The yards were being braced, and soon the sleeper was missed.

There was a whispered conference over the scuttle,° and directly a shadow glided across the forecastle and noiselessly approached the unsuspecting Bob. It was one of the watch with the end of a rope leading out of sight up the scuttle. Pausing an instant, the sailor pressed softly the chest of his victim, sounding his slumbers; and then hitching the cord to his ankle, returned to the deck.

Hardly was his back turned, when a long limb was thrust from a hammock opposite, and Doctor Long Ghost, leaping forth warily,° whipped the rope from Bob's ankle, and fastened it to a great lumbering chest, the property of the man who had just disappeared.

Scarcely was the thing done, when, lo! with a thundering bound, the clumsy box was torn from its fastenings, and banging from side to side, flew toward the scuttle. Here it jammed; and thinking that Bob, who was as strong as a windlass, was grappling a beam and trying to cut the line, the jokers on deck strained away furiously. On a sudden the chest went aloft, and striking against the mast, flew open, raining down on the heads of the

astounded jokers a merciless shower of things too numerous to mention.

Of course, the uproar roused all hands, and when we hurried on deck, there was the owner of the box, looking aghast° at its scattered contents, and with one wandering hand, taking the altitude of an enormous bump on the crown of his head.

—HERMAN MELVILLE.

ALL OUT

A person who called one day at a house at which his visits had been more frequent than welcome, was told by the servant that her master had gone away.

"Oh, well, never mind," said he, "I will speak with the mistress."

"She has also gone out, sir," the maid replied. Not liking to be denied admission, the man said, "As it is a cold day, I will step in and sit by the fire a few moments."

"Ah, sir, but that has gone out, too," said the girl; by which time the luckless visitor concluded that it was best for him to stay out.

THE BOY AND THE TRAMP

A country boy once found a silver dollar in the road. As he stooped to pick it up, he was seen by a tramp who at once demanded the coin, asserting that he had just

dropped it. As the lad refused to give up his find, the tramp seized him by the arm and endeavored to take it away from him. While they were struggling for the possession of the money, a farmer drove up. "Hello, there," he cried, "what is the matter here?"

"Sir," said the tramp, "I happened to drop a silver dollar in the road. This boy grabbed it before I could stoop to pick it up, and now refuses to give it back to me."

"But," exclaimed the lad, "this can't be his. His hadn't a hole in it."

"O yes, it had," exclaimed the tramp.

"Look, sir," said the boy, holding out the coin; "this dollar has no hole in it."

The tramp, seeing how cleverly he had been caught, took to his heels without more words, while the boy climbed into the wagon and rode away with the farmer.

THE MINOTAUR

I. The Ship with Black Sails

Theseus, Prince of Athens, awoke one morning with the fancy that he must have had a very sorrowful dream, and that it was still running in his mind, even now that his eyes were open. For it appeared as if the air was full of a melancholy° wail; and when he listened more attentively, he could hear sobs and groans, and screams of woe, mingled with deep, quiet sighs, which came from the king's palace,

and from the streets, and from the temples, and from every habitation in the city. And all these mournful noises, issuing out of thousands of separate hearts, united themselves into the one great sound of affliction which had startled Theseus from slumber. He put on his clothes as quickly as he could (not forgetting his sandals and gold-hilted sword), and hastening to the king, inquired what it all meant.

"Alas, my son," quoth King Ægeus, heaving a long sigh, "here is a very lamentable matter in hand! This is the woefullest anniversary in the whole year. It is the day when we annually draw lots to see which of the youths and maidens of Athens shall go to be devoured by the horrible Minotaur!"

"The Minotaur!" exclaimed Prince Theseus; and like a brave young prince as he was, he put his hand to the hilt of his sword. "What kind of a monster may that be? Is it not possible, at the risk of one's life, to slay him?"

But King Ægeus shook his venerable head, and to convince Theseus that it was quite a hopeless case, he gave him an explanation of the whole affair. It seems that in the island of Crete there lived a certain dreadful monster, called a Minotaur, which was shaped partly like a man and partly like a bull, and was altogether such a hideous sort of creature that it is really disagreeable to think of him. If he were suffered to exist at all, it should have been on some desert island, or in the duskiness of some

deep cavern, where nobody would ever be tormented by his abominable aspect.

But King Minos, who reigned over Crete, laid out a vast deal of money in building a habitation for the Minotaur, and took great care of his health and comfort, merely for mischief's sake. A few years before this time, there had been a war between the city of Athens and the island of Crete, in which the Athenians were beaten, and compelled to beg for peace. No peace could they obtain, however, except on condition that they should send seven young men and seven maidens, every year, to be devoured by the pet monster of the cruel King Minos.

For three years past, this grievous calamity had been borne. And the sobs, and groans, and shrieks, with which the city was now filled, were caused by the people's woe, because the fatal day had come again, when the fourteen victims were to be chosen by lot; and the old people feared lest their sons or daughters might be taken, and the youths and damsels dreaded lest they themselves might be destined to glut the ravenous maw of that detestable man-brute.

But when Theseus heard the story, he straightened himself up, so that he seemed taller than ever before; and as for his face, it was indignant, bold, tender, and compassionate,° all in one look.

"Let the people of Athens, this year, draw lots for only six young men, instead of seven," said he. "I will my-

self be the seventh; and let the Minotaur devour me, if he can!"

"O my dear son," cried King Ægeus, "why should you expose yourself to this horrible fate? You are a royal prince, and have a right to hold yourself above the destinies of common men."

"It is because I am a prince, your son, and the rightful heir of your kingdom, that I freely take upon me the calamity of your subjects," answered Theseus. "And you, my father, being king over this people, are bound to sacrifice what is dearest to you, rather than that the son or daughter of the poorest citizen should come to any harm."

The old king shed tears, and besought Theseus not to leave him desolate in his old age. Theseus, however, felt that he was in the right, and therefore would not give up his resolution. But he assured his father that he did not intend to be eaten up, unresistingly, like a sheep, and that, if the Minotaur devoured him, it should not be without a battle for his dinner. And finally, since he could not help it, King Ægeus consented to let him go.

So a vessel was got ready, and rigged with black sails; and Theseus, with six other young men, and seven tender and beautiful damsels, came down to the harbor to embark. A sorrowful multitude accompanied them to the shore. There was the poor old king, too, leaning on his son's arm, and looking as if his single heart held all the grief of Athens.

Just as Prince Theseus was going on board, his father bethought himself of one last word to say.

"My beloved son," said he, grasping the prince's hand, "you observe that the sails of this vessel are black; as indeed they ought to be, since it goes upon a voyage of sorrow and despair. Now, being weighed down with infirmities,° I know not whether I can survive till the vessel shall return. But, as long as I do live, I shall creep daily to the top of yonder cliff, to watch if there be a sail upon the sea. And, dearest Theseus, if by some happy chance you should escape the jaws of the Minotaur, then tear down those dismal sails and hoist others that shall be bright as the sunshine. Beholding them on the horizon, myself and all the people will know that you are coming back victorious, and will welcome you with such a festal uproar as Athens never heard before."

Theseus promised that he would do so. Then, going on board, the mariners trimmed the vessel's black sail to the wind, which blew faintly off the shore, being pretty much made up of the sighs that everybody kept pouring forth on this melancholy occasion. But by and by, when they had got fairly out to sea, there came a stiff breeze from the northwest, and drove them along as merrily over the white-capped waves as if they had been going on the most delightful errand imaginable.

And though it was a sad business enough, I rather question whether fourteen young people, without any old

persons to keep them in order, could continue to spend the whole time of the voyage in being miserable. There had been some few dances upon the undulating° deck, I suspect, and some hearty bursts of laughter, and other such unseasonable merriment among the victims, before the high, blue mountains of Crete began to show themselves among the far-off clouds. That sight, to be sure, made them all very grave again.

II. The Clockwork Giant

Theseus stood among the sailors gazing eagerly towards the land; although, as yet, it seemed hardly more substantial than the clouds, amidst which the mountains were looming up. Once or twice, he fancied that he saw a glare of some bright object, a long way off, flinging a gleam across the waves.

"Did you see that flash of light?" he inquired of the master of the vessel.

"No, prince; but I have seen it before," answered the master. "It came from Talus, I suppose."

As the breeze came fresher just then, the master was busy with trimming his sails, and had no more time to answer qestions. But while the vessel flew faster and faster towards Crete, Theseus was astonished to behold a human figure, gigantic in size, which appeared to be striding with a measured movement along the margin of the island.

It stepped from cliff to cliff, and sometimes from one headland to another, while the sea foamed and thundered on the shore beneath, and dashed its jets of spray over the giant's feet. What was still more remarkable, whenever the sun shone on this huge figure, it flickered and glimmered; its vast countenance, too, had a metallic luster, and threw great flashes of splendor through the air. The folds of its garments, moreover, instead of waving in the wind, fell heavily over its limbs, as if woven of some kind of metal.

The nigher the vessel came, the more Theseus wondered what this immense giant could be, and whether it actually had life or no. For, though it walked, and made other lifelike motions, there yet was a kind of jerk in its gait, which, together with its brazen aspect, caused the young prince to suspect that it was no true giant, but only a wonderful piece of machinery. The figure looked all the more terrible because it carried an enormous brass club on its shoulder.

"What is this wonder?" Theseus asked of the master of the vessel, who was now at leisure to answer him.

"It is Talus, the Man of Brass," said the master.

"And is he a live giant, or a brazen image?" asked Theseus.

"That, truly," replied the master, "is the point which has always perplexed me. Some say, indeed, that this Talus was hammered out for King Minos by Vulcan him-

self, the skillfullest of all workers in metal. But who ever saw a brazen image that had sense enough to walk round an island three times a day, as this giant walks round the island of Crete, challenging every vessel that comes nigh the shore?

"And, on the other hand, what living thing, unless his sinews were made of brass, would not be weary of marching eighteen hundred miles in the twenty-four hours, as Talus does, without ever sitting down to rest? He is a puzzler, take him how you will."

Still the vessel went bounding onward; and now Theseus could hear the brazen clangor of the giant's footsteps, as he trod heavily upon the sea-beaten rocks, some of which were seen to crack and crumble into the foamy waves beneath his weight. As they approached the entrance of the port, the giant straddled clear across it, with a foot firmly planted on each headland, and uplifting his club to such a height that its butt-end was hidden in a cloud, he stood in that formidable° posture,° with the sun gleaming all over his metallic surface.

There seemed nothing else to be expected but that, the next moment, he would fetch his great club down, slam bang, and smash the vessel into a thousand pieces, without heeding how many innocent people he might destroy; for there is seldom any mercy in a giant, you know, and quite as little in a piece of brass clockwork. But just when Theseus and his companions thought the blow was coming,

the brazen lips unclosed themselves, and the figure spoke.

"Whence come you, strangers?"

And when the ringing voice ceased, there was just such a reverberation as you may have heard within a great church bell, for a moment or two after the stroke of the hammer.

"From Athens!" shouted the master in reply.

"On what errand?" thundered the Man of Brass.

And he whirled his club aloft more threateningly than ever, as if he were about to smite them with a thunder-stroke right amidships,° because Athens, so little while ago, had been at war with Crete.

"We bring the seven youths and the seven maidens," answered the master, "to be devoured by the Minotaur!"

"Pass!" cried the brazen giant.

That one loud word rolled all about the sky, while again there was a booming reverberation within the figure's breast. The vessel glided between the headlands of the port, and the giant resumed his march. In a few moments, this wondrous sentinel was far away, flashing in the distant sunshine, and revolving with immense strides around the island of Crete, as it was his never-ceasing task to do.

III. The Gentle Ariadne

No sooner had they entered the harbor than a party of the guards of King Minos came down to the waterside and took charge of the fourteen young men and damsels.

Surrounded by these armed warriors, Prince Theseus and his companions were led to the king's palace, and ushered into his presence.

Now, Minos was a stern and pitiless king. If the figure that guarded Crete was made of brass, then the monarch, who ruled over it, might be thought to have a still harder metal in his breast, and might have been called a man of iron. He bent his shaggy brows upon the poor Athenian victims. Any other mortal, beholding their fresh and tender beauty, and their innocent looks, would have felt himself sitting on thorns until he had made every soul of them happy, by bidding them go free as the summer wind. But this merciless Minos cared only to examine whether they were plump enough to satisfy the Minotaur's appetite. For my part, I wish he himself had been the only victim; and the monster would have found him a pretty tough one.

One after another, King Minos called these pale, frightened youths and sobbing maidens to his footstool, gave them each a poke in the ribs with his scepter (to try whether they were in good flesh or no), and dismissed them with a nod to his guards. But when his eyes rested on Theseus, the king looked at him more attentively, because his face was calm and brave.

"Young man," asked he, with his stern voice, "are you not appalled° at the certainty of being devoured by this terrible Minotaur?"

"I have offered my life in a good cause," answered Theseus, "and therefore I give it freely and gladly. But thou, King Minos, art thou not thyself appalled, who, year after year, hast perpetrated this dreadful wrong, by giving seven innocent youths and as many maidens to be devoured by a monster? Dost thou not tremble, wicked king, to turn thine eyes inward on thine own heart? Sitting there on thy golden throne, and in thy robes of majesty, I tell thee to thy face, King Minos, thou art a more hideous monster than the Minotaur himself!"

"Aha! do you think me so?" cried the king, laughing in his cruel way. "To-morrow, at breakfast time, you shall have an opportunity of judging which is the greater monster, the Minotaur or the king! Take them away, guards; and let this free-spoken youth be the Minotaur's first morsel!"

Near the king's throne (though I had no time to tell you so before) stood his daughter Ariadne. She was a beautiful and tender-hearted maiden, and looked at these poor doomed captives with very different feelings from those of the iron-breasted King Minos.

She really wept, indeed, at the idea of how much human happiness would be needlessly thrown away, by giving so many young people, in the first bloom and rose blossom of their lives, to be eaten up by a creature who, no doubt, would have preferred a fat ox, or even a large pig, to the plumpest of them. And when she beheld the brave spir-

ited figure of Prince Theseus bearing himself so calmly in his terrible peril, she grew a hundred times more pitiful than before. As the guards were taking him away, she flung herself at the king's feet, and besought him to set all the captives free, and especially this one young man.

"Peace, foolish girl!" answered King Minos. "What hast thou to do with an affair like this? It is a matter of state policy, and therefore quite beyond thy weak comprehension. Go water thy flowers, and think no more of these Athenian caitiffs, whom the Minotaur shall as certainly eat up for breakfast as I will eat a partridge for my supper."

So saying, the king looked cruel enough to devour Theseus and all the rest of the captives, himself, had there been no Minotaur to save him the trouble. As he would hear not another word in their favor, the prisoners were now led away, and clapped into a dungeon, where the jailer advised them to go to sleep as soon as possible, because the Minotaur was in the habit of calling for breakfast early.

The seven maidens and six of the young men soon sobbed themselves to slumber. But Theseus was not like them. He felt conscious that he was wiser, and braver, and stronger than his companions, and that therefore he had the responsibility of all their lives upon him, and must consider whether there was no way to save them, even in this last extremity. So he kept himself awake,

and paced to and fro across the gloomy dungeon in which they were shut up.

Just before midnight, the door was softly unbarred, and the gentle Ariadne showed herself, with a torch in her hand.

"Are you awake, Prince Theseus?" she whispered.

"Yes," answered Theseus. "With so little time to live, I do not choose to waste any of it in sleep."

"Then follow me," said Ariadne, "and tread softly."

What had become of the jailer and the guards, Theseus never knew. But, however that might be, Ariadne opened all the doors, and led him forth from the darksome prison into the pleasant moonlight.

"Theseus," said the maiden, "you can now get on board your vessel, and sail away for Athens."

"No," answered the young man; "I will never leave Crete unless I can first slay the Minotaur, and save my poor companions, and deliver Athens from this cruel tribute."

"I knew that this would be your resolution," said Ariadne. "Come, then, with me, brave Theseus. Here is your own sword, which the guards deprived you of. You will need it; and pray Heaven you may use it well."

Then she led Theseus along by the hand until they came to a dark shadowy grove, where the moonlight wasted itself on the tops of the trees, without shedding hardly so much as a glimmering beam upon their path-

way. After going a good way through this obscurity, they reached a high marble wall, which was overgrown with creeping plants, that made it shaggy with their verdure. The wall seemed to have no door, nor any windows, but rose up lofty, and massive, and mysterious, and was neither to be clambered over, nor, so far as Theseus could perceive, to be passed through.

Nevertheless, Ariadne did but press one of her soft little fingers against a particular block of marble, and, though it looked as solid as any part of the wall, it yielded to her touch, disclosing an entrance just wide enough to admit them. They crept through, and the marble stone swung back into its place.

"We are now," said Ariadne, "in the famous labyrinth which Dædalus° built before he made himself a pair of wings, and flew away from our island like a bird. That Dædalus was a very cunning workman; but of all his artful contrivances, this labyrinth is the most wondrous. Were we to take but a few steps from the doorway, we might wander about all our lifetime, and never find it again. Yet in the very center of this labyrinth is the Minotaur; and, Theseus, you must go thither to seek him."

"But how shall I ever find him," asked Theseus, "if the labyrinth so bewilders° me as you say it will?"

Just as he spoke they heard a rough and very disagreeable roar, which greatly resembled the lowing of a fierce

bull, but yet had some sort of sound like the human voice. Theseus even fancied a rude articulation in it, as if the creature that uttered it were trying to shape his hoarse breath into words. It was at some distance, however, and he really could not tell whether it sounded most like a bull's roar or a man's harsh voice.

"That is the Minotaur's noise," whispered Ariadne, closely grasping the hand of Theseus, and pressing one of her own hands to her heart, which was all in a tremble. "You must follow that sound through the windings of the labyrinth, and, by and by, you will find him. Stay! take the end of this silken string; I will hold the other end; and then, if you win the victory, it will lead you again to this spot. Farewell, brave Theseus."

IV. Threading the Labyrinth

So the young man took the end of the silken string in his left hand, and his gold-hilted sword, ready drawn from its scabbard, in the other, and trod boldly into the labyrinth. How this labyrinth was built is more than I can tell you, but so cunningly contrived a mizmaze was never seen in the world, before nor since. There can be nothing else so intricate,° unless it were the brain of a man like Dædalus, who planned it, or the heart of any ordinary man; which last, to be sure, is ten times as great a mystery as the labyrinth of Crete.

THESEUS AND ARIADNE

Theseus had not taken five steps before he lost sight of Ariadne; and in five more his head was growing dizzy. But still he went on, now creeping through a low arch, now ascending a flight of steps, now in one crooked passage, and now in another, with here a door opening before him, and there one banging behind, until it really seemed as if the walls spun round, and whirled him round along with them.

And all the while, through these hollow avenues, now nearer, now farther off again, resounded the cry of the Minotaur; and the sound was so fierce, so cruel, so ugly, so like a bull's roar, and withal so like a human voice, and yet like neither of them, that the brave heart of Theseus grew sterner and angrier at every step; for he felt it an insult to the moon and sky, and to our affectionate and simple Mother Earth, that such a monster should have the audacity° to exist.

As he passed onward, the clouds gathered over the moon, and the labyrinth grew so dusky that Theseus could no longer see his way. He would have felt quite lost, and utterly hopeless of ever again walking in a straight path, if, every little while, he had not been conscious of a gentle twitch at the silken cord. Then he knew that the tender-hearted Ariadne was still holding the other end, and that she was fearing for him, and hoping for him, and giving him just as much of her sympathy as if she were close by his side. Oh, indeed, I can assure you, there was a vast

deal of human sympathy running along that slender thread of silk.

But still he followed the dreadful roar of the Minotaur, which now grew louder and louder, and finally so very loud that Theseus fully expected to come close upon him, at every new zigzag and wriggle of the path. And at last, in an open space, at the very center of the labyrinth, he did discern° the hideous creature.

V. The End of the Minotaur

Sure enough, what an ugly monster it was! Only his horned head belonged to a bull; and yet, somehow or other, he looked like a bull all over, waddling on his hind legs; or, if you happened to view him in another way, he seemed wholly a man, and all the more monstrous for being so. And there he was, the wretched thing, with no society, no companion, no kind of mate, living only to do mischief, and incapable of knowing what affection means.

Theseus hated him, and shuddered at him, and yet could not but feel some sort of pity; and all the more, the uglier and more detestable° the creature was. For he kept striding to and fro in a solitary frenzy of rage, continually emitting° a hoarse roar, which was oddly mixed up with half-shaped words; and, after listening awhile, Theseus understood that the Minotaur was saying to himself how miserable he was, and how hungry, and how he hated

everybody, and how he longed to eat up the human race alive.

Ah, the bull-headed villain! And oh, my good little people, you will perhaps see, one of these days, as I do now, that every human being who suffers anything evil to get into his nature, or to remain there, is a kind of Minotaur, an enemy of his fellow-creatures, and separated from all good companionship, as this poor monster was.

Was Theseus afraid? By no means, my dear friends. What! a hero like Theseus afraid! Not had the Minotaur had twenty bull heads instead of one. Bold as he was, however, I rather fancy that it strengthened his valiant° heart, just at this crisis,° to feel a tremulous twitch at the silken cord, which he was still holding in his left hand. It was as if Ariadne were giving him all her might and courage; and, much as he already had, and little as she had to give, it made his own seem twice as much.

And to confess the honest truth, he needed the whole; for now the Minotaur turning suddenly about, caught sight of Theseus, and instantly lowered his horribly sharp horns, exactly as a mad bull does when he means to rush against an enemy. At the same time, he belched forth a tremendous roar, in which there was something like the words of human language, but all shaken to pieces by passing through the gullet° of a miserably enraged brute.

Theseus could only guess what the creature intended to say, and that rather by his gestures than his words; for

the Minotaur's horns were sharper than his wits, and of a great deal more service to him than his tongue. But probably this was the sense of what he uttered: —

"Ah, wretch of a human being! I'll stick my horns through you, and toss you fifty feet high, and eat you up the moment you come down."

"Come on then, and try it!" was all that Theseus deigned° to reply; for he was far too magnanimous° to assault his enemy with insolent language.

Without more words on either side, there followed the most awful fight between Theseus and the Minotaur that ever happened beneath the sun or moon. I really know not how it might have turned out, if the monster, in his first headlong rush against Theseus, had not missed him, by a hair's-breadth, and broken one of his horns short off against the stone wall.

On this mishap, he bellowed so horribly that a part of the labyrinth tumbled down, and all the inhabitants of Crete mistook the noise for an uncommonly heavy thunder-storm. Smarting with the pain, he galloped around the open space in so ridiculous a way that Theseus laughed at it long afterwards, though not precisely at the moment.

After this, the two antagonists stood valiantly up to one another, and fought sword to horn, for a long while. At last, the Minotaur made a run at Theseus, grazed his left side with his horn, and flung him down, and thinking that he had stabbed him to the heart, he cut a great caper

in the air, opened his bull mouth from ear to ear, and prepared to snap his head off. But Theseus by this time had leaped up, and caught the monster off his guard. Fetching a sword stroke at him with all his force, he hit him fair upon the neck, and made his bull head skip six yards from his human body, which fell down flat upon the ground.

So now the battle was ended. Immediately the moon shone out as brightly as if all the troubles of the world, and all the wickedness and the ugliness that infest° human life, were past and gone forever. And Theseus, as he leaned on his sword, taking breath, felt another twitch of the silken cord; for all through the terrible encounter, he had held it fast in his left hand. Eager to let Ariadne know of his success, he followed the guidance of the thread, and soon found himself at the entrance of the labyrinth.

"Thou hast slain the monster," cried Ariadne, clasping her hands.

"Thanks to thee, dear Ariadne," answered Theseus, "I return victorious."

"Then," said Ariadne, "we must quickly summon thy friends, and get them and thyself on board the vessel before dawn. If morning finds thee here, my father will avenge the Minotaur."

To make my story short, the poor captives were awakened, and, hardly knowing whether it was not a joyful dream, were told of what Theseus had done, and that they

must set sail for Athens before daybreak. Hastening down to the vessel, they all clambered on board, except Prince Theseus, who lingered behind them, on the strand, holding Ariadne's hand clasped in his own.

"Dear maiden," said he, "thou wilt surely go with us. Thou art too gentle and sweet a child for such an iron-hearted father as King Minos. He cares no more for thee than a granite rock cares for the little flower that grows in one of its crevices. But my father, King Ægeus, and my dear mother, Æthra, and all the fathers and mothers in Athens, and all the sons and daughters too, will love and honor thee as their benefactress. Come with us, then; for King Minos will be very angry when he knows what thou hast done."

"No, Theseus," the maiden said, pressing his hand, and then drawing back a step or two, "I cannot go with you. My father is old, and has nobody but myself to love him. Hard as you think his heart is, it would break to lose me. At first, King Minos will be angry; but he will soon forgive his only child; and, by and by, he will rejoice, I know, that no more youths and maidens must come from Athens to be devoured by the Minotaur. I have saved you, Theseus, as much for my father's sake as for your own. Farewell! Heaven bless you!"

All this was so true, and so maidenlike, and was spoken with so sweet a dignity, that Theseus would have blushed to urge her any longer. Nothing remained for him, there-

fore, but to bid Ariadne an affectionate farewell, and go on board the vessel, and set sail.

In a few moments the white foam was boiling up before their prow, as Prince Theseus and his companions sailed out of the harbor, with a whistling breeze behind them. Talus, the brazen giant, on his never-ceasing sentinel's march, happened to be approaching that part of the coast; and they saw him, by the glimmering of the moonbeams on his polished surface, while he was yet a great way off. As the figure moved like clockwork, however, and could neither hasten his enormous strides nor retard them, he arrived at the port when they were just beyond the reach of his club. Nevertheless, straddling from headland to headland, as his custom was, Talus attempted to strike a blow at the vessel, and, overreaching himself, tumbled at full length into the sea, which splashed high over his gigantic shape, as when an iceberg turns a somerset. There he lies yet; and whoever desires to enrich himself by means of brass had better go thither with a diving bell, and fish up Talus.

On the homeward voyage the fourteen youths and damsels were in excellent spirits, as you will easily suppose. They spent most of their time in dancing, unless when the sidelong breeze made the deck slope too much. In due season they came within sight of the coast of Attica, which was their native country. But, here, I am grieved to tell you, happened a sad misfortune.

You will remember (what Theseus unfortunately forgot)

that his father, King Ægeus, had enjoined it upon him to hoist sunshiny sails instead of black ones, in case he should overcome the Minotaur, and return victorious. In the joy of their success, however, and amidst the sports, dancing, and other merriment, with which these young folks wore away the time, they never once thought whether their sails were black, white, or rainbow-colored, and, indeed, left it entirely to the mariners whether they had any sails at all. Thus the vessel returned, like a raven, with the same sable wings that had wafted her away.

But poor King Ægeus, day after day, infirm as he was, had clambered to the summit of a cliff that overhung the sea, and there sat watching for Prince Theseus, homeward bound; and no sooner did he behold the fatal blackness of the sails, than he concluded that his dear son, whom he loved so much, and felt so proud of, had been eaten by the Minotaur. He could not bear the thought of living any longer; so, first flinging his crown and scepter into the sea (useless baubles° that they were to him now!), King Ægeus merely stooped forward, and fell headlong over the cliff, and was drowned, poor soul, in the waves that foamed at its base!

This was melancholy news for Prince Theseus, who, when he stepped ashore, found himself king of all the country, whether he would or no; and such a turn of fortune was enough to make any young man feel very much out of spirits. However, he sent for his dear mother to

come to Athens, and, by taking her advice in matters of state, became a very excellent monarch, and was greatly beloved by his people.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

DAYBREAK

Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song and the mower's scythe,
And the matin-bell and the mountain bee:
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glowworms went out on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill:
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are their prey,
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

GARETH AND LYNETTE*

I. The Kitchen Knave

In the days of King Arthur and his Round Table, the goodliest fellowship of famous knights whereof this world

* See "In the Days of King Arthur," Horace Mann Fourth Reader, page 295.

holds record, Bellicent, the King's sister, had married Lot, the King of Orkney. They had three sons, Gawain, Modred, and Gareth, of whom the two elder had gone to their uncle Arthur's Court, and had been made companions of the Round Table. But the youngest, Gareth, was kept at home by the Queen, though sorely against his will.

His brethren came home from time to time, and their stories of the great King's battles, his conquests over the heathen, the splendor of his court, and the gallant deeds of the Order, fired the boy's heart. He longed to exchange the dull ignoble life of ease at home for the life of action, enterprise, and adventure under their great leader. He was eager to be a knight of Arthur, sworn to live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King. That, and nothing less, would content him.

The good Queen-mother, who loved her youngest son even beyond his brothers, would fain have kept him to comfort her old age, since the King her husband was now too old to rule his kingdom; and many a time she reasoned with Gareth in hope to persuade him to stay contented by her side; but all in vain. A life of comfort, tame and spiritless, following the deer, and marrying "some comfortable bride and fair" — such a life had no charm for his young adventurous spirit. "Man am I grown, a man's work must I do. Follow the deer? Follow Christ and the King," was his answer, and nothing that she might say could turn him from it.

So when she saw that she could prevail nothing, but that all her words only made him the more eager to be gone, she yielded him his wish. But before she granted it she made a certain strange condition, a proof of his obedience, and one which she hoped might turn him from his purpose. It was this: "My son," she said, "thou shalt go disguised to Arthur's Court, nor tell thy name to anyone, and for a twelvemonth and a day thou shalt serve among the scullions° and the kitchen knaves,° and tend the meats and drinks like any of the bondmen of the King."

But Gareth thought awhile and answered: "The thrall° in person may be free in soul, and at least I shall see the King and his knights. I take the offer, mother, and give myself to serve in bondage for a twelvemonth and a day."

So he departed, taking with him two of his most faithful servants, and they journeyed southward till they came to Camelot. It was a bright spring morning, about Whitsuntide, and the spires and towers and pinnacles of the royal city gleamed in the sunlight through the mist.

A wondrous sight it was, and as they looked they heard a blast of music, and an old man came forth and asked them, "Who be ye, my sons?"

Gareth told him, "We be tillers of the soil, come to see the glories of the King."

But his truthful nature made his false tale betray itself, and the old man said: "Nay, but thou art not who thou seemest. I know thee who thou art. Beware how thou

dost mock the King, who cannot brook° the shadow of any lie."

He left them at the city gate. Then Gareth entered, and with his two companions made his way to Arthur's high-built hall, and entering he saw the great King throned at the furthest end, and all his knighthood ranged about him, looking upon their chief with eyes of love and faith. And as the King sate, the folk came before him with pleas for aid and justice, and he heard their causes one by one and delivered judgment, for it was the time when every morning brought a noble chance, and every chance brought out a noble knight, and none who cried for succor cried in vain.

Gareth was much in fear that his brothers Gawain and Modred would see and recognize him; but as fortune would have it, neither of them were there, and at last he came forward leaning on the shoulders of his two men, and made his request to Arthur as his mother had bidden him to do.

"Grant me," he said, "O King, to serve for meat and drink among thy kitchen knaves a twelvemonth and a day, nor let my name be known."

And the King looked at him, and wondered that so goodly a youth should ask no better boon, but called Sir Kay, the seneschal,° who had control of the meats and drinks, and gave the young man into his charge. Now, Sir Kay was a churlish knight, and dealt hardly with

Gareth, for he was envious of the goodwill that King Arthur and Sir Lancelot showed him; and because Lancelot had noticed the fairness of Gareth's hands and countenance, and pointed to them as proof that he was nobly born, he called him "Sir Fine-face" and "Sir Fair-hands" in mockery. And he made him labor at all the most menial services and was forever harrying° and hustling him with hard words.

But Gareth took it all patiently, and served with all obedience and gentleness, giving cause of offense to none, so that all loved him for his courtesy. And when there were any sports or trials of strength among the thralls, he was the best among them all in casting bar or stone; but most he loved to watch a joust of arms, to see the knights charge and meet in mid-career, and the lances splinter and the good horses reel with the shock of their encounter.

So this went on for a month or more; but then the good Queen-mother, whose thoughts were set upon her boy, touched with the grace of his obedience, repented her of the twelvemonth's task that she had set him, and sent a trusty messenger with horse and armor, and released him from his vow. Blithe° was Gareth, you may guess, to hear the news, and straightway he went to the King. He told his name and the reason of his first request, and now prayed that he would make him a knight, and give him the first adventure that should come. And, lo! he found

that the great King knew all his story, for the same messenger who brought arms for Gareth had borne a letter from Queen Bellicent to the King.

Then the King called Sir Lancelot, who was his most trusted knight and counselor, and knighted Gareth in his presence. Also he told Lancelot, since Gareth was not yet proven in arms, to follow him at a little space, when he should ride on his first quest, to see that he might not be taken prisoner or slain.

II. The Lady of Castle Perilous

Now, it chanced that on the same day there came into Arthur's hall a damsel of noble birth and fair to look upon, and she cried to the King: "Help, my lord, O King! My name is Lynette. I seek aid for my sister, the Lady Lyonors, who is beset in her home, the Castle Perilous, by four knights, brethren. A river winds thrice about the castle, and three of the brethren defend its three passages; the fourth, the mightiest of all, would fain make her his bride, but she will none of him. Now, therefore, send Lancelot with me, for no other may be his match."

Said the King: "Lady, thou knowest that I and mine live to succor the oppressed and right the wrong. Who and of what fashion are these men?"

"Rather wild beasts than men," the maiden answered, "and have no law nor king but their own will; and in

their fantastic° folly the three have named themselves the Morning Star, the Noonday Sun, and the Evening Star; but the fourth, a bestial° savage, hath taken the name of Night and Death. Black as night are his arms, his crest a death's head, and his strength is as the strength of ten. Therefore I come to ask of thee Lancelot for the quest."

All this Sir Gareth heard as he stood by, and he called aloud: "Grant me this quest, O King. Thou hast promised me, who am thy kitchen knave, the first quest."

And Arthur answered: "Go; thou art worthy."

So Gareth armed himself and followed the maiden, while all his late comrades of the kitchen thronged to see him pass, and cheered him lustily, for they loved him one and all.

But the maiden Lynette was sore ill-pleased at the King's answer. "For why," said she, "when I asked for Lancelot, should he send a kitchen knave? Much shame is done thereby to me and mine."

But Gareth answered her with all courtesy: "Lady, the quest is mine. Do thou lead on; I follow, and will serve thee as best I may."

"Faugh, Sir! You smell of the kitchen. Follow me, then, but from afar," she said; "lest the foul savor of the kitchen offend me." So Gareth followed where she led.

Now the seneschal, Sir Kay, had heard of Gareth's enterprise, and it vexed him mightily that one who but now had been his thrall should be made a fellow-knight. Moreover, he was envious of the favor that Lancelot

Faugh Sir! You Smell of ye Kitchen
Gareth & Lynette

showed to Gareth. Therefore he must needs get to horse and ride after him, "For," said he, "his pride needs humbling." Nor would he hearken to Lancelot, who told him he would do better to leave Gareth alone; but when he came up with him, he cried aloud: "Return, we need thee by the kitchen hearth. Dost not thou know thy master?" Then he made at Gareth, who met his charge, and flung him heavily to the ground. There he was found not long afterwards by Lancelot, who, as the King had bade him, followed Gareth on his quest; and helped by Lancelot he made his way painfully back to Camelot a wiser and humbler man, nor do we hear of him again.

But the two, Lynette and Gareth, rode on till nearly sunset through a pine wood, and an adventure befell them therein: for they saw a knight fast bound, with a stone about his neck, being haled along by six stout rogues, who would have drowned him in a pool. And Gareth rode at them, and with three blows slew three of them, but the others fled. He loosed the knight from his bonds, and learnt from him that he was a friend of Arthur, who made it his business to clear the wood of robbers. As he had done to many of their fellows, so would these knaves have done to him, had not Gareth helped him in his need.

"Glad am I," said Gareth, "to have done this service; but canst thou shelter this maiden in thy castle for the night?"

"Right willingly," said the other, and made them both

welcome in his hall, setting Gareth and the damsel on either side of him.

But Lynette said: "This is not seemly that a kitchen knave should sit at meat with those of noble birth. No knight is he, but some thrall whom Artnur, gone suddenly mad, methinks, sends on my quest; a villain fitter to stick swine than to ride abroad as of the Table Round."

This strange discourtesy of the maiden amazed their host, and he said to Sir Gareth: "Friend, whether thou be gentle by birth or simple I know not, nor greatly care; but this I know, that thou art brave and strong and thou hast saved my life."

III. The Three Champions of Winding River

So the next morning he set them on their way, and for awhile they rode side by side, though Gareth still got scant courtesy from Lynette. They came ere long to the first passage of the winding river, and saw the champion, the Morning Star, waiting beside his gay pavilion. He armed himself, and Gareth too made ready; but Lynette said: "Wilt thou not flee while there is yet time? Thou art but a knave; it will be no shame to thee."

"Damsel," Sir Gareth answered, "he who fights for thee deserves at least fair words; howbeit foul words are better, for they send such anger through me that my strength is doubled, and I know that I shall conquer."

So the two laid their lances at rest, and dashed each at the other. Full in the center of the bridge they met, and each was hurled from his horse like a stone out of a catapult,° and for a space they lay as dead. Then lightly they got to their feet, and with their swords lashed fiercely at one another, till Gareth's shield was cloven in two. But so mightily did he come on, that he drove the other backward down the bridge, and at last smote him to the ground. "Slay me not," he cried; "I yield me."

"That is as this damsel may say," answered Gareth. "So she ask thy life of me, I grant it willingly."

"What?" said Lynette. "I ask any favor of thee, kitchen knave? Be not so hardy as to slay a nobler man than thyself."

"I grant his life at thy bidding, maiden," said Gareth. "And thou, begone to the King, and yield thee to his grace."

Then Gareth took his shield, his own being broken, and so they journeyed on, Sir Gareth ever following where Lynette led him, until they came to the second loop of the winding river, where the knight who called himself the Noonday Sun, kept guard. "Now," said she, "Sir Scullion, I fear that thou wilt meet thy match."

"I shall do my best," answered Gareth, and the two met in midstream. Mightier than the Morning Star was the Noonday Sun, and Gareth had much ado to hold his own; but at last the Sun's horse slipt on the hidden rock

and plunged him into the river. Gareth drew his enemy to land, but he could fight no more, and yielded; so Gareth sent him to the King.

But not a whit the more did Lynette give him thanks or courtesy, but set his victory down to chance or sorcery: the stream, not he, was victor in this fight. Then they two came to where the third brother, the Evening Star, was warden,° and he, seeing the Morning Star on Gareth's shield, weened that it had been his brother, and he cried: "Brother, what dost thou so far from the ward? Hast thou slain the maiden's champion?"

To whom answered Lynette: "This is no star of thine, as thou wilt shortly find, even as both thy brethren have done."

Then the Evening Star made him ready to fight, and under his armor he was clad in hardened hides that no sword could bite on. For Gareth overthrew him when they charged, and when they fought on foot he hewed his shield and helm and armor in pieces, but could not pierce the skin garment and bring him down, so that he thought, "My toil is all in vain."

But Lynette, watching the combat, cried aloud to him to be of good courage, for, knave though he might be, he was as noble and brave as the best knight of Arthur's Court. And Gareth, hearing her words, struck ever harder strokes, till at last the other's sword was broken in his hand, and when he tried to close and wrestle in unknightly fashion,

Gareth, with one mighty heave, hurled him over the bridge into the river below, and made an end of him.

Then said he to Lynette as before: "Lead on, and I follow." "Nay, not so," she answered. "No more will I lead. Thou must ride before me if thou wilt; and for my former discourtesies to thee I crave thy pardon, for never hast thou answered me ungently, and therefore surely thou art no knave but knight."

"Well," said Gareth, "let not thy past words grieve thee, for he is no true man who would not suffer gladly a gentle maiden's waywardness. But now thou speakest me fair, methinks not even Lancelot might prevail against me."

IV. The Shield of the Azure Lions

So they rode both of them together, and as the day drew towards evening, they were aware of a knight coming athwart° them, who cried to Sir Gareth: "Turn and fight me, felon°; I am here to avenge my friend."

So Gareth turned, and when they encountered, even before he was aware, at one touch of the other's lance he found himself lying on the grass behind his horse. Sore bewildered and ashamed was he, and hastened to mend his fortune with his sword, but when he gat him to his feet and marked the other's cognizance° on helm and shield, lo! it was none other than Lancelot himself, who had

followed them from afar, as has before been said, but by another road, and so knew not of Gareth's victories, but was misled by the morning star on Gareth's shield. And they two made merry over the mistake, and clasped each other's hand in love and friendship. "Truly," said Gareth, "if by any ill chance I had had the better of this encounter, I had been grieved and sad. For me it is no shame to have gone down before the best lance in all the world."

But Lynette was ill pleased at her champion's disaster, and for a time she reviled him as before till Lancelot himself rebuked her, and she held her peace. And when Lancelot told her that her kitchen knave was in truth a knight nobly born, being indeed a king's son, she was well satisfied, though still she wondered wherefore he had so beguiled her with the pretense of servile birth.

Then went the three to a hermit's cave hard by that the damsel knew of, whither her sister, Lady Lyonors, had caused bread and meat and wine to be sent for her coming champion. And they talked of the fourth knight yet to be overcome, and how he was mightier than the rest, and had sworn to fight with none but Lancelot. And the maiden Lynette being loth° that her knight Gareth should miss the full achievement° of the quest, Lancelot made offer to lend his horse and shield, which bore his own cognizance, the azure lions which all men knew. So should the fourth brother deem that it was indeed Lancelot with whom he had to do, and not a lesser man.

This offer Gareth gladly took, nor did he fear that he should shame the great name that went therewith. Howbeit Lynette, when she saw him so armed, and set upon the full achieving of the adventure, repented her of the bargain, and prayed Gareth to let Sir Lancelot have his shield again, and finish the quest in his stead.

"It is glory enough," she said, "to have conquered the three. You have done wonders, miracles you cannot. The fourth is beyond thee. O Prince, let Lancelot have his shield again."

"Not unless he fight for it," merrily answered Gareth; and indeed, in her heart I think Lynette would not have had him answer otherwise.

V. The Night-Black Monster

Then, as the next day dawned, they drew nigh the castle of the Lady Lyonors. A huge pavilion, black with a black banner, stood before the castle, and a great black horn hung thereby which the challenger must sound. This Gareth did thrice with small delay, and ere the echoes had died from the castle walls they saw lights twinkle at the windows, and at one casement high aloft the Lady Lyonors herself appeared, and waved her hand and made courtesy to him.

Then there was silence, and at last from the dark pavilion came forth that which dwelt therein. On a great

The Lady of Lyonors sees Sir Gareth

charger black as night it came, the monster, armed in night-black harness, tricked with the semblance° of a skeleton's bones, and helmet crested with a white death's head. Forward it came, and stayed, and there was silence.

Then Gareth said: "Why seek to frighten men with these ghastly follies? If, as folk say, thou hast the strength of ten, canst thou not trust the limbs God hath given thee?"

But still no answer or motion came, and even Gareth felt a chill strike through his own blood, so that, had he waited longer, his courage might have failed. He spurred his horse and charged, and those who looked nor turned aside for fear saw as they met that Gareth was safe and the other was overthrown.

Then, as Sir Gareth's sword split skull-crest and helmet, lo! there was seen no monstrous savage, but a young boy's bright face, and he kneeled down before Sir Gareth and besought him for his life, crying: "Slay me not, sir knight. My three brethren bade me do this thing to make a tale of horror that would keep the world from Lady Lyonors; for they never dreamed that any, not even Lancelot or the King, would ever force the passage of the stream.

And then came forth the Lady Lyonors and thanked her deliverer, and all her household made merry with dance and song, for that the dread had passed away, and the

fear of Night and Death was over. So Gareth achieved the adventure, and the old chroniclers say he hath wedded Lady Lyonors; but the later, and to my mind the truer, tale is that he loved and wedded the maid Lynette, his comrade of the quest.

— G. C. Allen.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE POOR KNIGHT*

I. In the Greenwood

Robin stood in Sherwood, and leaned against a tree. By his side were Little John, Will Scarlett, and Much, the Miller's son. Presently unto Robin spake John thus: "Master, if ye would give us the word that we might dine, it were well."

"Nay," quoth Robin, "thereto I have no lust,° until I have as my guest some baron bold, or some knight or squire, that may pay worthily for his cheer. Take thy bows in thy hands, good fellows, and leave me here; and walk ye up to the Sayles, and so on to the Watling Street. Abide there until ye become aware of any that may lighten the cost of our meal."

So they went to the Sayles and to the Watling Street; and they looked east and they looked west; and no manner of man might they espy.° Yet at last, as they cast

*See "Robin Hood and His Merry Men," Horace Mann Fourth Reader, page 274.

their eyes down a by-way, they perceived where a knight came riding along. Heavy was his bearing and little his pride; one foot was in the stirrup and the other out. His hood hung over his eyes, and his garb was simple enough; a sorrier man, forsooth, never rode through the merry greenwood on a summer's day.

The three bold outlaws approached him full courteously, and Little John, because he knew that he was of high degree, bent his knee at the saddlebows, and welcomed him to the forest side. "My master," quoth he, "hath waited dinner for you these three hours past."

"Who is your master?" the knight demanded.

"His name, sir, is Robin Hood."

"He is a bold forester," the stranger returned, "of whom I have heard much commendation. Albeit° my purpose was to have dined to-day at Blithe or at Doncaster, yet I consent with you three to go unto your master."

Then they went all together, and as the knight rode along, the tears stole from his eyes, and coursed down his cheeks. They brought him to the place where their master tarried. "Welcome art thou to me, sir knight," said Robin as he doffed° his headgear, and knelt; "truly I have expected thee these two hours."

"God save thee, good Robin," quoth the knight, "and all thy comrades so gallant and free!"

So they sat to their dinner, and numbles° of deer, and waterfowl, and pheasants, with wine and bread in plenty,

they had; and Robin bade the knight eat and drink, and spare not.

"Gramercy,° Robin," said the guest, "such a fair meal have I not seen these three weeks. If ever I come again this way, I trust to give thee as good."

"In faith," cried Robin, "I am not so nice in the order of my diet. But since it was never the manner for a yeoman to pay for a knight's cheer, thou wilt clear the score, wilt thou not, ere thou goest hence?"

"I have nought in my purse," the stranger answered and said, "that I can proffer for shame."

"Tell me truth, sir," quoth Robin, "how much hast thou, all told?"

"Ten shilling and no more," said the other.

"If so it be," said Robin, "not one penny do I touch, and if thou needest more I will freely lend it thee."

Little John searched the knight's mail, and found indeed that he had spoken sooth°; and thereupon Robin commanded them to bring wine of the best, and bade the knight drink to his content.

"Tell me now, sir knight," he said presently, "and I shall keep thy counsel right well: hast thou been an unthrifty husband° of thy substance, or a reveler and a prodigal?"

"None of these, by my faith, Robin, have I been," the knight protested; "I am called Sir Richard at the Lee. A hundred winters herebefore my ancestors have been knights. Within this two or three year, my neighbors well know

that I could spend four hundred pound by the year. Now have I no goods save my children and my wife, till God amend my estate."

"How hast thou lost thy riches, then?" Robin demanded.

"By my not overwise kindness. I had a son, forsooth, Robin, that should have been my heir, and when he had but twenty winters, jousted he with the best; and a knight of Lancashire he slew, and I was fain to lay my estates in pledge to save his life. To the abbot of St. Mary's at York, Robin, my lands are forfeit, alas! unless the money be repaid within a short day. And whereas I have it not, I go to seek grace; and so farewell, for the time draweth nigh."

"What is the sum?" asked Robin.

"Four hundred pound," said he.

"What, then, wilt thou do, in case thou losest thy inheritance?"

"I shall turn pilgrim and cross the salt sea, Robin, and go to the Holy Land, to fight the heathen and perchance lay my bones there anigh the Holy Sepulcher." And the tears once more started to his eyes.

"Hast thou no friends?" asked Robin.

"When I was rich of estate, Robin, yea, verily, had I store; but now they shun me, and know me not."

"Pass the wine round," said Robin; "the knight drinks not. Well, and hast thou no one who will be thy surety?"

"None have I," quoth he, "unless it be Our Dear Lady, that never yet failed me in my need."

"Now in good faith thou couldest have no better one," said Robin. "John, go to my coffers, and tell down truly four hundred pound."

And John went, as he was bidden, and Scarlett with him, and they brought the money to Robin.

Then Much spake grudgingly, when he saw so large a treasure about to go to Sir Richard at the Lee; but John chid him, saying that it was a good almsdeed to help so gentle a knight; and withal he prayed Robin, if it were not meet to offer his guest a new livery, that he might appear before the lord abbot as became° his condition.

"For ye have scarlet and green, master," said John. "There is many a merchant in England that hath not so rich a store."

And when Robin gave leave, he took his bow, and measured three ells° of each color, and at every ell he leapt.

"What crazy measuring is this?" muttered Much.

"By St. Dunstan," cried Scarlett, laughing, "he may give him all the better measure, since it costeth him so little."

But John marked them not; and he prevailed on Robin, who was nothing loth, to find him a new gray courser, and a new saddle.

"What dost thou give the knight thyself, John?" Robin inquired.

"Even a pair of gilt spurs, master," he answered, "that he may pray for all this company."

"To-morrow," said Sir Richard at the Lee, "I must be at St. Mary's to redeem my lands, or they go from me forevermore. When shall be my day, Robin?"

"This day twelvemonth in this place," replied Robin; "and I will now lend thee John to keep thee company to York as thy servant, and to aid thee to his power, because it were shame that a knight should go unattended."

II. At the Abbey

The knight set out from Barnsdale, blessing Robin Hood and his men for the best men that could have befallen; and with John at his side pricked forward on his way to the abbey of Our Blessed Lady, merrier in heart than he had weened° ever more to be; for in his mail he carried the freedom of his fair lands and his children's heritage.

The lord abbot sat in high state at St. Mary's at York, and with him were the high cellarer° and the chief justice of England, and the sheriff of Yorkshire, that were partakers, all of them, in the venture whereby on failure of his day Sir Richard at the Lee, that gentle knight, should lose his lands for aye.°

The high abbot reminded them all who were present, how this day twelvemonth Sir Richard had borrowed of him four hundred pound, and laid his lands in pledge; and

ROBIN HOOD AND THE POOR KNIGHT

that if he came not soon to redeem them, he should lose his heritage.

"It is full early," said the prior; "the day has much to run. I had liever lay down a hundred pound than take away too lightly the knight's heritage. He is gone maybe beyond sea, and cannot reach England in just time. He may be suffering great hardship; and it were sore pity to deal too strictly with him, and too severely use our power."

"By our Lady," quoth the high abbot, "thou art ever in my beard."

"He is dead or hanged, doubtless," said the high cellarer, "and we shall have anon four hundred pounds more to spend by the year."

"He will not come yet, I dare well undertake," said the chief justice.

Meanwhile, Sir Richard at the Lee and Little John had ridden well, until they came to the abbey of Our Lady at York, and ere they drew within sight of the gates, that gentle knight threw off his upper habit, and clothed himself in poor weeds,° and Little John in like manner; and when they knocked at the gates, the porter opened to them, and showed them how lord abbot, with many more of high degree, were at their meat.

They descended from their horses, and the porter said, "Lead them into the stable, where they may have whereof to eat, and rest, till ye have need for them again."

"By our Lady and St. Nicholas," quoth John, "they

go not thither by my counsel." And while the knight, whose henchmen° he was for the nonce,° was brought into the hall, John stayed behind with the horses and the mail wherein the money lay.

The knight went forth into the hall, where they sat at a table, and knelt down, and in lowly wise saluted the high abbot and all there assembled.

"Sir abbot," said the knight, "I am here to keep my day."

"Thou hast brought with thee the four hundred pound, hast thou not?"

"Not one penny of mine own have I," quoth the knight.

"Thou art a shrewd debtor," cried the abbot. "Sir justice, it is well; I drink to thee! What doest thou here, then, sirrah, that thou art before me without the money?"

"I am here, sir abbot," he said yet kneeling, "to pray your good lordship for a longer day."

"The time has come and gone, and thy lands have passed from thee," said the high abbot.

The knight besought the chief justice and likewise the sheriff, and once again the high abbot, that he would lend a merciful ear to him, and unto the lord abbot: "I will be thy true servant, my lord," quoth he, "till I have gotten the four hundred pound;" and to him still denying, said, "If so be that I have my land again, full dearly it shall be bought. It is good, lords, to try a friend, ere a man have of him need."

The lord abbot looked upon that gentle knight full angrily, and bade him quit the hall, calling him a false knight.

"Nay, sir abbot," quoth the knight as he rose to his feet, "to suffer a knight to kneel so long is scant courtesy. I have ever been a true man. I have been in many a tourney and many a fight, and have ever stood in the front."

"Sir abbot," said the chief justice, "what wilt thou give over and above, that the knight may sign a release? Else dare I to swear that never shall ye hold your land in quiet."

"An hundred pound more I will give," said the high abbot.

"Give him two," said the chief justice.

"Forbear your reckonings, my lords," said the knight, more firmly. "Not one, nor two hundred, would serve. I will not have, for heir to my lands, abbot, justice, or sheriff."

They all sat marveling what he might mean, and conferred together. But the knight started to the door of the hall, and returned straightway, bearing in both his hands a bag; to the board where they sat strode he, and loosening the cords, he shook out four hundred pound.

"Here is the gold, sir abbot," he said, "that thou didest lend to me. Haddest thou been more courteous, thou mightest have had something to boot."

Then they all put down their knives and spoons, and ate and drank no more.

"Sir abbot and all others that I see," said the knight, "ye have your money again, agree among you, as ye may; and since my day I have kept, I shall take back my land, whatever ye may do."

He marched straight out of the hall a proud and jocund° man, and found Little John in the court awaiting him; and they took horse, and went their way; and when they had lost sight of York, they donned again their gayer raiment, and proceeded on their road together, until John took leave of that gentle knight to go unto Nottingham, and Sir Richard drew not rein until he had come to the gates at his own castle by the Lee.

"Welcome, my lord," said his wife, "albeit lost is all our good."

"Nay, madam," he replied, "not so; be of better cheer, and pray for Robin Hood, that his soul may enter into bliss; for without his bounty we had been beggars for a certainty. As I went by the way, madam, I met that excellent outlaw, and he lent unto me the money, wherewith I have freed our lands."

SHERWOOD

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake;
Shadows of the dappled° deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon;
Like a flight of rose leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.°

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood; dawn is in the skies;
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark the dazzled laverock° climbs the golden steep:
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon,° Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mold:
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And awake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and gray goose feather;
The dead are coming back again; the years are rolled away!
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows;
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old,
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep;
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men;
Doublets° of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash;
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly;
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle note shivers through the leaves:
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

—Alfred Noyes.

THE OWL-CRITIC

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop:
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question:
Not one raised a head or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous° each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is —
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections°
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over the town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,°
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it, because
'Tis against all bird laws
Anatomy° teaches;
Ornithology° preaches
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him doesn't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists° should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I would stuff in the dark
An owl better than that;
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal° lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,°
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault *this* time, anyway;

Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

—James T. Fields.

WORDS AND DEEDS OF LINCOLN*

I. Chastising a Bully

While Lincoln was showing goods to two or three women in Offutt's store one day, a bully came in and began to talk in an offensive manner, using much profanity, and evidently wishing to provoke a quarrel. Lincoln leaned over the counter and begged him, as ladies were present, not to indulge in such talk. The bully retorted that the opportunity had come for which he had long sought, and he would like to see the man who could hinder him from saying anything he might choose to say. Lincoln, still cool, told him that if he would wait until the ladies retired, he would hear what he had to say and give him any satisfaction he desired.

As soon as the women were gone, the man became furious. Lincoln heard his boasts and his abuse for a time, and finding that he was not to be put off without a fight, said, "Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I may as well whip you as any other man."

*For other stories of Lincoln, see Horace Mann Third and Fourth Readers.

That was what the bully was seeking, he said, so out of doors they went. Lincoln made short work of him. He threw him upon the ground and held him there as if he were a child, and gathering some "smartweed" which grew on the spot, rubbed it into his face and eyes until the fellow bellowed with pain.

Lincoln did all this without a particle of anger, and when the job was finished, went immediately for water, washed the victim's face, and did everything he could to alleviate his distress. The upshot of the matter was that the man became his lifelong friend, and was a better man from that day.

II. A Judicial Opinion

Whenever the people in Lincoln's neighborhood engaged in dispute; whenever a bet was to be decided; when they differed on points of religion or politics; when they wanted to get out of trouble, or desired advice regarding anything on earth, below it, above it, or under the sea, they went to "Abe."

Two fellows, after a hot dispute, lasting some hours, over the problem as to how long a man's legs should be in proportion to the size of his body, stamped into Lincoln's office one day and put the question to him.

Lincoln listened gravely to the arguments advanced by both contestants, spent some time in "reflecting" upon

the matter, and then, turning around in his chair, and facing the disputants, delivered his opinion with all the gravity of a judge sentencing a fellow being to death.

"This question has been a source of controversy," he said, slowly and deliberately, "for untold ages, and it is about time it should be definitely decided. It has led to bloodshed in the past, and there is no reason to suppose it will not lead to the same in the future.

"After much thought and consideration, not to mention mental worry and anxiety, it is my opinion, all side issues being swept aside, that a man's lower limbs, in order to preserve harmony of proportion, should be at least long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

III. The Almanac as a Witness

Springfield, Ill., Sept., 1857.

Dear Mrs. Armstrong: —

I have just heard of your deep affliction, and the arrest of your son for murder.

I can hardly believe that he can be capable of the crime alleged against him.

It does not seem possible. I am anxious that he should be given a fair trial at any rate; and gratitude for your long-continued kindness to me in adverse circumstances prompts me to offer my humble services gratuitously° in his behalf.

It will afford me an opportunity to requite, in a small degree, the favors I received at your hand, and at that of your lamented husband, when your roof afforded me a grateful shelter, without money and without price.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

The time for the trial arrived, and it drew together a crowd of interested people. The witnesses for the State were introduced; some to testify of Armstrong's previous vicious character, and others to relate what they saw of the affair on the night of the murder. His accuser testified in the most positive manner, that he saw him make the dreadful thrust that killed his victim.

"Couldn't there be some mistake about this?" asked Lincoln, the counsel for the defense.

"None at all," said the witness.

"What time in the evening was it?"

"Between nine and ten o'clock."

"Well, how far between? Was it a quarter past nine, or half past nine o'clock — or still later? Be more exact, please."

"I should think it might be about half past nine o'clock," answered the witness.

"And are you sure that you saw the prisoner at the bar give the blow? Be particular — and remember that you are under oath."

"I am; there can be no mistake about it."

"Wasn't it dark?"

"No; the moon was bright."

"Then it was not very dark, as there was a moon?"

"No, the moon made it light enough for me to see it all."

"Be particular on this point. Do I understand you to say that the murder was committed about half past nine o'clock, and the moon was shining at the time?"

"Yes, that is what I mean to say."

"Very well; that is all."

The counsel for the Commonwealth considered that the evidence was too strong against Armstrong to admit of a reasonable doubt of his guilt; therefore his plea was short and formal.

All eyes now turned to Lincoln. What could he say for the accused, in the face of such testimony? Few saw any possible chance for the supposed culprit to escape: his condemnation was sure.

Mr. Lincoln rose, while a deeply impressive stillness reigned throughout the court room. The prisoner sat with a worried despairing look, such as he had worn ever since his arrest.

His counsel proceeded to review the testimony and called attention to discrepancies in the evidence. The climax was reached when Lincoln produced an almanac, with these words: —

"He testifies that the moon was shining brightly when the deed was perpetrated, between the hours of nine and

ten o'clock, when the moon did not appear on that night, as this almanac will show, until an hour or more later, and consequently the whole story is a fabrication."

"Where is Mr. Lincoln?" inquired the acquitted son as the crowd pressed around him. Then, seeing his attorney's tall form on the other side of the room, he pushed through the assembly and grasped his deliverer by the hand, but he could not speak. Tears of gratitude filled the young man's eyes, expressing far more than he could have done by words.

IV. The Boy and the Orange

"I was eight years old when my father took me with him to Washington," says a man now prominent in national life. "It was during the darkest hours of the Civil War. We were walking on the street when a tall, thin man with very long legs and loose clothes, and a frowning, wrinkled face, came striding toward us. His eyes were fixed on the pavement. His lips were moving, and I remember thinking how cross he looked, and what long strides he took, making his coat tails flop about his legs; but I was more interested in watching a ragged little urchin between us, standing barefooted on the curb, his dirty hands clutched behind him, his lips twisting and his big eyes fixed on a pile of oranges in a vender's cart. The vender's back was turned while he made change for a customer. The tall

man passed the boy at the same time we did. He stopped suddenly, plunged a hand into his pocket, bought a big orange, gave it to the boy, and went on.

"The boy was grinning and had already set his teeth in the orange, much to my envy, when my father asked him if he knew who gave it to him. He shook his head, his teeth going deeper into the orange.

"'That was President Lincoln, lad,' my father said. 'Hurry and thank him.'

"The boy ran, caught the flopping coat, and as the stern face turned sharply, he called, 'Thank you, Mr. President Lincoln!'

"Suddenly the face was transformed as I have never seen a face since then. A beautiful smile covered it, making it what has ever since seemed to me one of the handsomest faces I ever saw. A voice which thrills me yet said: —

"'You're welcome, boy. You wanted to steal it while the man wasn't looking, didn't you? But you wouldn't because it wasn't honest. That's the right way. I wish some men I know were like you.'"

V. The Sleeping Sentinel°

William Scott was a Vermont boy who had been found sleeping at his post, and had been sentenced to be shot, under the hard rules of war. President Lincoln sent for

the lad, and after talking with him for a long time, pardoned him, and sent him back to his regiment.°

Scott would not talk to his comrades of the interview until one night, after he had received a letter from home, he finally opened his heart to a friend in this wise: —

"The President was the kindest man I had ever seen. I was scared at first, for I had never before talked with a great man. But Mr. Lincoln was so easy with me, so gentle, that I soon forgot my fright. . . . He said to me 'My boy, stand up here and look me in the face.' I did as he bade me.

"'My boy,' he said, 'you are not going to be shot tomorrow. I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment. I have come up here from Washington, where I have a great deal to do, and what I want to know is how you are going to pay my bill.'

"There was a big lump in my throat. I could scarcely speak. But I got it crowded down and managed to say: 'There is some way to pay you, and I will find it after a little. There is the bounty° in the savings bank. I guess we could borrow some money on a mortgage° on the farm.' I was sure the boys would help, so I thought we could raise it, if it wasn't more than five or six hundred dollars.

"'But it is a great deal more than five or six hundred dollars,' he said.

"Then I said I didn't see how, but I was sure I would find some way — if I lived.

"Then Mr. Lincoln put his hands on my shoulders and looked into my face as if he were sorry, and said: 'My boy, my bill is a very large one. Your friends cannot pay it, nor your bounty, nor your farm, nor all your comrades. There is only one man in all the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott.

"'If from this day William Scott does his duty, so that if I am there when he comes to die he can look me in the face as he does now, and can say: I have kept my promise and I have done my duty as a soldier! then my debt will be paid. Will you make that promise and try to keep it?'

"I said I would make the promise and with God's help I would keep it. He went away out of my sight forever. I know I shall never see him again, but may God forget me if I ever forget his kind words or my promise."

VI. Lincoln's Letter to Mrs. Bixby

Executive Mansion,

Washington, November 21, 1864.

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General° of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I can not refrain from tendering° to you

the consolation° that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage° the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

VII. WISE SAYINGS OF LINCOLN

Learn the laws and obey them.

I am nothing, but truth is everything.

Killing the dog does not cure the bite.

Give us a little more light, and a little less noise.

It is not best to swap horses while crossing a stream.

He sticks through thick and thin. I admire such a man.

Success does not so much depend on external help as on self-reliance.

It is better only sometimes to be right than at all times wrong.

When you have an elephant on hand, and he wants to run away, better let him run.

Gold is good in its place; but living, brave and patriotic men are better than gold.

My experience and observation have been that those who promise the most do the least.

The face of an old friend is like a ray of sunshine through dark and gloomy clouds.

I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.

UNION AND LIBERTY

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefield's thunder and flame,
Blazoned° in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems° from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament,° guide of our nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Empire unsceptered°! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van°?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us the MANY IN ONE!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE MEANING OF THE FLAG

Let us use our imagination and take a journey all the way from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic Ocean to Alaska. We shall see our flag floating over schoolhouses and government buildings, over post offices and customhouses, over forts and navy yards. We shall find it on all the holidays above many a house and store and shop. We shall see the little flags that friends on Memorial Day have placed on the graves of soldiers and sailors.

Let us now cross the seas, and we shall still find the flag in many a distant foreign harbor. It will be seen in the great cities of Europe and Asia, showing where American ambassadors° and consuls° and other agents of our government may be found by their countrymen. It will fly over grand hotels where American travelers are staying. It will be seen upon ships and steamers as men sail the distant seas. Wherever we see it, a warm and friendly feeling thrills our hearts.

What does the flag with its bright colors mean, that millions of children should salute it in their schools, and

that grown men should be willing to take off their hats in its presence?

The flag means the union of all our people throughout all our states and territories. Men in different nations once feared and fought each other; we now in America trust and help one another. The men of the South and the men of the North, the men of the East and the men of the West, all fly the same flag. It is a sign that we are one people.

What does the flag tell us as often as we see it? It tells us that no one in America is alone or friendless. There is a mighty government with its laws and its officers, that will not let any one be oppressed. Nowhere to-day under our flag can any man be enslaved. We are all pledged to give every one in the land justice and equal liberty. We are pledged to give all children a chance to be educated. The flag is the sign of our pledge to befriend one another.

What can the flag do for us, if we journey abroad and visit foreign lands? It tells us that our government will watch over our safety. We have treaties with other peoples promising us that their laws and courts and police and soldiers will protect us equally with their own people.

Once strangers were liable to abuse wherever they traveled. Now, wherever our flag goes, it is a sign that our government will never forget us. The lonely or sick American sailor, stranded in Liverpool or Marseilles or

Algiers, can find the American consul and get help to return to his home.

The flag is not merely a sign that the government will help and protect us at home and abroad. It is also a call and a command to every one of us to stand by the government. Suppose every citizen wanted the help of the government for himself. Suppose all the people expected the government to provide for them. This would be as if every one in a house expected to be waited upon by the others. Who would do the work of the house, if every one thought only of what the others ought to do for him?

The truth is, the government depends upon every one of us. The flag tells us not of a pledge that some one else has made, but a pledge that we have made ourselves. When we look at the flag, we promise anew that we will stand by the common country; we will try to be true and faithful citizens. We promise to do our work so well as to make the whole country richer and happier; we promise to live such useful lives that the next generation of children will have a nobler country to live in than we have had. We scorn, when we see the flag, to be idle and mean, or false or dishonest. We devote ourselves to America to make it the happiest land that the sun ever shone on.

The flag tells us one other message. It has been carried over fields of battle. Men have shouted "Vic-

tory" under it. But it is not a flag of war. It is a flag of peace. It does not mean hate to any other people. It is a sign of brotherhood and good will to all nations. Americans purpose to conquer by kindness, by justice, by simple truthfulness. Good Americans are pledged to make the world more prosperous, happier, and better.

— Charles F. Dole.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully° blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream:
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

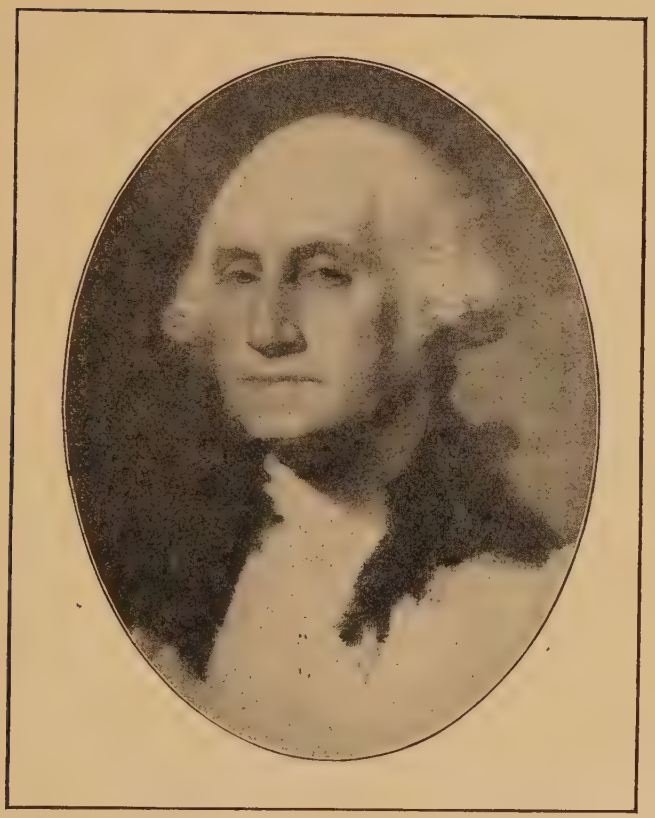
And where are the foes who so vauntingly° swore,
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more:
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

— Francis Scott Key.

WASHINGTON

Washington stands among the greatest men of human history, and those in the same rank with him are very few. Whether measured by what he did, or what he was, or by the effect of his work upon the history of mankind, in every aspect he is entitled to the place he holds among the greatest of his race.

Few men in all time have such a record of achievement.° Still fewer can show, at the end of a career so crowded with high deeds and memorable victories, a life so free from spot, a character so unselfish and so pure, a fame so void of doubtful points demanding either defense or ex-



planation. Eulogy of such a life is needless, but it is always important to recall and to freshly remember just what manner of man he was.

In the first place, he was physically a striking figure. He was very tall, powerfully made, with a strong, handsome face. He was remarkably muscular and powerful.

As a boy, he was a leader in all outdoor sports. No one could fling the bar farther than he, and no one could ride more difficult horses.

As a young man, he became a woodsman and hunter. Day after day he could tramp through the wilderness with his gun and surveyor's chain, and then sleep at night beneath the stars. He feared no exposure or fatigue, and outdid the hardiest backwoodsman in following a winter trail and swimming icy streams.

This habit of vigorous bodily exercise he carried through life. Whenever he was at Mount Vernon he gave a large part of his time to fox-hunting, riding after his hounds through the most difficult country. His physical power and endurance counted for much in his success when he commanded his army, and when the heavy anxieties of general and president weighed upon his mind and heart.

He was an educated but not a learned man. He read well and remembered what he read, but his life was from the beginning a life of action, and the world of men his school. He was not a military genius like Hannibal, or Cæsar, or Napoleon, of which the world has had only three or four examples. But he was a great soldier of the type which the English race has produced, like Marlborough and Cromwell, Wellington, Grant, and Lee.

He was patient under defeat, capable of large combinations, a stubborn and often reckless fighter, a winner of

battles, but much more, a conclusive winner in a long war of varying fortunes. He was, in addition, what very few great soldiers or commanders have ever been, a great constitutional statesman, able to lead a people along the paths of free government without undertaking himself to play the part of the strong man, the usurper,° or the savior of society.

He was a very silent man. Of no man of equal importance in the world's history have we so few sayings of a personal kind. He was ready enough to talk or to write about the public duties which he had in hand, but he seldom talked of himself. Yet there can be no greater error than to suppose Washington cold and unfeeling because of his silence and reserve.

He was by nature a man of strong desires and stormy passions. Now and again he would break out, even as late as the presidency, into a gust of anger that would sweep everything before it. He was always reckless of personal danger, and had a fierce fighting spirit which nothing could check when once unchained. But as a rule these fiery impulses and strong passions were under the absolute control of an iron will, and they never clouded his judgment or warped his keen sense of justice.

But if he was not of a cold nature, still less was he hard or unfeeling. His pity always went out to the poor, the oppressed, or the unhappy, and he was all that was kind and gentle to those about him.

We have to look carefully into his life to learn all these things, for the world saw only a silent, reserved man, of courteous and serious manner, who seemed to stand alone and apart, and who impressed every one who came near him with a sense of awe and reverence.

One quality he had which was, perhaps, more characteristic of the man and his greatness than any other. This was his great veracity of mind. He was, of course, the soul of truth and honor, but he was even more than that. He never deceived himself. He always looked facts squarely in the face and dealt with them as such, dreaming no dreams, cherishing no delusions, asking no impossibilities, — just to others as to himself, and thus winning alike in war and in peace.

He gave dignity as well as victory to his country and his cause. He was, in truth, a "character for after ages to admire."

— Henry Cabot Lodge.

THE RHODORA

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,

And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought you.

— Ralph Waldo Emerson.

OUR LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE FIELDS

This infamous rage for killing! O the gallons, the tuns, of good red blood that are poured over the earth every day the world turns round! The suffering that the men with guns impose: the happy creatures mangled in their play and flight; the crippled that drag themselves through the woods and hills to die, with unheard groaning; the little ones in fur and feathers that perish of cold and hunger, wondering in their baby way why the father and mother that were good to them come back no more!

How strange would be the sight of a man feeding a wild animal, carrying water to a wounded deer, setting the broken wing of a bird, covering a chilled, forsaken creature with leaves, or earning from the clear, soft eyes one look of astonished gratitude! O brothers of the

tongue that speaks, the hand that works such other good, the brain that thinks so high and kindly for those of your own species, will you not hear and heed the plaint in these wild voices that reach you even at your windows? Will you not have mercy on those harmless ones that, after centuries of persecution, know and think of you only with aversion and terror? Hang up the gun, burn the whip, put down the sling, the bow, the trap, the stone, and bid them live. Let their joyous voices greet the sun again, as in the days before they learned the fear of men. Take their drooping carcasses out of your hat, my lady, and set an example such as a gentle, well-bred woman should give to her ignorant sisters. Be ministers and friends, not persecutors and enemies. Shoot at targets all you please. Punish the evil in the human race, if you will be stern. But spare, for their sake, yet more for your own sake, our little brothers of the fields.

— From the *Atlantic Monthly*, CHARLES M. SKINNER.

AN ORPHANED BLACKBIRD

The bad weather brought to our little plot of ground a young blackbird, who had evidently been thrown upon the world too early in life. A good number of blackbird broods had been brought up in the bushes about us, and, in the rough and tumble of those tempestuous days some of the young had no doubt got scattered and lost. This at all events was

one that had called and called in vain to be fed and warmed and comforted — we had heard him calling for days — and who had now grown prematurely silent, and had soberly set himself to find his own living as best he could.

Between the lawn and the small sweet-brier hedge there was a strip of loose mold where roses had been planted, and here the bird had discovered that by turning over the dead leaves and loose earth a few morsels were to be found. During those cold, windy, wet days we observed him there diligently searching in his poor, slow little way.

He would strike his beak into the loose ground, making a little hop forward at the same time to give force to the stroke, and throw up about as much earth as would cover a shilling-piece ; then he would gaze attentively at the spot, and after a couple of seconds hop and strike again ; and finally, if he could see nothing to eat, he would move on a few inches and begin again in another place. This was all his art — his one poor little way of getting a living ; and it was plain to see, from his bedraggled° appearance and feeble motions, that he was going the way of most young orphaned birds.

Anxious to give the poor bird a chance, by putting him in a sheltered place and feeding him up, I set about catching him, but could not lay hands on him, for he was still able to fly a little, and always managed to escape pursuit among the brambles, or else in the sedges by the water-

side. Half an hour after being hunted, he would be back on the edge of the lawn, prodding the ground in the old feeble, futile° way. The scraps of food I cunningly placed for him he disregarded, not knowing in his ignorance what was good for him.

Then I got a supply of small earthworms, and, stalking° him, tossed them so as to cause them to fall near him, and he saw and knew what they were, and swallowed them hungrily. He saw, too, that they were thrown to him by a hand, and that the hand was part of that same huge gray-clad monster that had a little while back so furiously hunted him; at once he seemed to understand the meaning of it all, and, instead of flying from me, he ran to meet me, and, recovering his voice, called to be fed.

The experience of one day made him a tame bird. On the second day he knew that bread and milk, stewed plums, pie crust, and, in fact, anything we had to give was good for him; and in the course of the next two or three days he acquired a useful knowledge of our habits. Thus, at half-past three in the morning, he would begin calling to be fed at the bedroom window. If no notice was taken of him, he would go away to try to find something for himself, and return at five o'clock, when breakfast was in preparation, and place himself before the kitchen door. Usually he got a small snack° then; and at the breakfast hour (six o'clock) he would turn up at the dining-room window and get a substantial° meal.

Dinner and tea time — twelve and half-past three o'clock — found him at the same spot; but he was often hungry between meals, and he would then sit before one door or window and call, then move to the next door, and so on until he had been all round the cottage. It was most amusing to see him when, on our return from a long walk or a day out, he would come to meet us, screaming excitedly, bounding over the lawn with long hops, looking like a miniature,° dark-colored kangaroo.

One day I came back alone to the cottage, and sat down on the lawn in a canvas chair to wait for my companion, who had the key. The blackbird had seen me, and came flying to me; pitching close to my feet, he began crying to be fed, shaking his wings and dancing about in a most excited state, for he had been left a good many hours without food, and was very hungry. As I moved not in my chair, he presently ran round and began screaming and fluttering on the other side of it, thinking, I suppose, that he had gone to the wrong place, and that by addressing himself to the back of my head he would quickly get an answer.

The action of this bird, in coming to be fed, naturally attracted a good deal of attention among the feathered people about us. They would look on at a distance, evidently astonished and much puzzled at our bird's boldness in coming to our feet. But as nothing dreadful happened to him, little by little they began to lose their suspicion; and first a robin — the robin is always first — then other

blackbirds, to the number of seven, all began to grow tame and to attend regularly at mealtime to have a share in anything that was going.

The most lively, active, and quarrelsome member of this company was our glossy foundling; and it troubled us to think that, in feeding him, we were but staving off the evil day when he would once more have to find for himself. Certainly we were teaching him nothing. But our fears were idle. The seven wild blackbirds that had formed a habit of coming to share his food were all young birds, and as time went on, and the hedge fruit began to ripen, we noticed that they kept more and more together. Whenever one was observed to fly straight away to some distance, in a few moments another would follow, then another; and presently it would be seen that they were all making their way to some spot in the valley, or to the woods on the other side.

After several hours' absence they would all reappear on the lawn, or near it, at the same time, showing that they had been together throughout the day and had returned in company. After observing them in their comings and goings for several weeks, I felt convinced that this species has in it the remains of a gregarious° instinct which affects the young birds.

Our bird, as a member of this little company, must have quickly picked up from the others all that was necessary for him to know, and at the last it was plain to us from his

behavior at the cottage that he was doing very well for himself. He was often absent most of the day with the others, and on his return late in the afternoon, he would pick over in a leisurely way the good things placed for him, selecting a morsel here and there, and eating more out of compliment to us, as it seemed, than because he was hungry.

But up to the very last, when he had grown as hardy and strong on the wing as any of his wild companions, he kept up his acquaintance with and confidence in us; and even at night, when I would go out to where most of our wild birds roosted, in the trees and bushes growing in a vast old chalk pit close to the cottage, and call "Blacky," instantly there would be a response — a softly chuckled note, like a sleepy "good night," thrown back to me out of the darkness.

— William Henry Hudson.

CONCORD HYMN (April 19, 1775)

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive° stone:
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A LETTER BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Knowing that it will afford you pleasure to learn that I have brought my undertaking to a successful termination, I have decided upon writing you this letter to acquaint you with all the events which have occurred in my voyage, and the discoveries which have resulted from it.

Thirty-three days after my departure from Cadiz I reached the Indian sea, where I discovered many islands, thickly peopled, of which I took possession without resistance in the name of our most illustrious Monarchs, by public proclamation and with unfurled banners. To the first of these islands, I gave the name of the blessed Savior (San Salvador), relying upon whose protection I had reached this as well as the other islands. To another I gave the name Juana.

As soon as we arrived at that, which as I have said was

THE STATUE OF THE MINUTE MAN AT CONCORD

named Juana, I proceeded along its coast a short distance westward, and found it to be so large and apparently without termination, that I could not suppose it to be an island, but the continental province of Cathay.

In the meantime, I had learned from some Indians whom I had seized that the country was certainly an island; and therefore I sailed toward the east, coasting to the distance of three hundred and twenty-two miles, which brought us to the extremity of it; from this point I saw lying eastwards another island, fifty-four miles distant from Juana, to which I gave the name Espanola.

All these islands are very beautiful, and distinguished° by a diversity° of scenery; they are filled with a great variety of trees of immense height, which I believe retain their foliage in all seasons. For when I saw them they were as verdant and luxurious as they usually are in Spain in the month of May. Some of them were blossoming, some bearing fruit, and all flourishing in the greatest perfection, according to their respective stages of growth, and the nature and quality of each; yet the islands are not so thickly wooded as to be impassable. The nightingale and various birds were singing in countless numbers, and that in November, the month in which I arrived there.

The inhabitants are very simple and honest, and exceedingly liberal with all they have, none of them refusing anything he may possess when he is asked for it, but on the contrary inviting us to ask them. They exhibit

great love toward all others in preference to themselves. They also give objects of great value for trifles, and content themselves with very little or nothing in return. I, however, forbade that these trifles and articles of no value (such as pieces of dishes, plates, and glass, keys, and leather straps) should be given to them, although, if they could obtain them, they imagined themselves to be possessed of the most beautiful trinkets in the world. It even happened that a sailor received for a leather strap as much gold as was worth three golden nobles, and for things of more trifling value offered by our men, especially newly coined blancas, or any gold coins, the Indians would give whatever the seller required.

On my arrival I had taken some Indians by force from the first island that I came to, in order that they might learn our language. These men are still traveling with me, and although they have been with us now a long time, they continue to entertain the idea that I have descended from Heaven. On our arrival at any new place they published this, crying out immediately with a loud voice to the other Indians, "Come, come, and look upon beings of a celestial race." Upon which both men and women, children and adults, young men and old, when they got rid of the fear they at first entertained, would come out in throngs, crowding the roads to see us, some bringing food, others drink, with astonishing affection and kindness.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak, admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous° day by day;
My men grow ghastly° wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched° mate said,
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my mates fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave admiral; speak and say —"
He said, "Sail on! sail on! sail on!"

THE THREE SHIPS OF COLUMBUS

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew, to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

— JOAQUIN MILLER.

WOMEN PIONEERS IN OLD KENTUCKY*

By all odds the most notable display of female heroism during the Indian wars in Kentucky was made during the siege of Bryan's Station in 1782.

This stockaded settlement had been founded three years before, by four brothers of that name, from North Carolina, and stood on the north fork of the Elkhorn, a few miles from Lexington.

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At the time of the siege it contained twelve families besides twenty-five or thirty men — scouts, hunters, and surveyors, — who were making it their headquarters.

Until midsummer of 1782 it had almost escaped attack, and its occupants were beginning to feel comparatively safe. But at sunset of August 15th, 1782, a messenger arrived with news that a large force of Wyandots and Shawnees had surprised and defeated a party of settlers from another station, and that every available man was expected to turn out the next day to hunt for the savages and fight them.

No one dreamed that the real object of the savage invaders was to capture and destroy Bryan's Station itself, the largest and one of the most strongly fortified stations in Kentucky.

In blissful ignorance of the fate threatening them, the garrison began to make preparations for an early departure. In the overhanging port-holed° blockhouses, which stood like many-eyed sentinels at the four corners of the stockade, men took down their rifles from the racks on the walls, filled bullet pouches and powder-horns, and vigorously sharpened their hunting knives. In the cabins, by the light of buffalo-tallow candles, bare-armed women molded bullets, prepared food, and mended clothing. Thus every one toiled, far into the hot summer night; and meantime, approaching ever closer, crept an army of five hundred copper-colored

warriors, headed by a British officer named Caldwell and a notorious American renegade,° Simon Girty.

Sunrise found the station on the Elkhorn completely surrounded by the Indians, not one of whom, however, was visible from the stockade. Girty, never suspecting that the settlers were planning to march out of their own accord, and thus clear the way for an easy victory, had devised a crafty scheme to lure them to destruction. At his orders the main body of the invaders remained concealed in the weeds, long grass, and growing corn between the back of the station and the river, while a small company was posted along the trail that led past the front gate of the stockade, the intention being that they should keep hidden until daylight, when they were boldly to show themselves. It was thought that the garrison would then rush out to attack them, and would pursue them along the trail, while their comrades at the same time would storm the station from behind.

A few years earlier this stratagem would undoubtedly have proved effective. But the Kentuckians had learned wisdom from bitter experience, and, instead of blindly rushing out when the Indians appeared, they at once made ready to withstand a seige. More than this, a counterplot° was quickly formed. Ten or twelve volunteers were to be sent to engage the Indians on the trail, while the rest of the garrison, posted at the portholes facing the river, were to reserve their fire until

the real assault from the rear was made. Then the assailants were to be greeted with a volley which, it was not doubted, would decimate° their ranks and send them scurrying back to cover.

One problem remained, and a most serious one. Like most of the Kentucky settlements of that early time, Bryan's Station depended for its water supply on a spring some distance from the stockade, the custom being for the women and girls to go to the spring early in the morning and carry in enough water to last through the day. In the case of Bryan's Station the spring was located at the foot of a slope leading from the stockade to the river, and in the very midst of the trees and shrubs, cane and weeds where the Indians lay concealed. Yet water the defenders must have. But how to obtain it?

If a party of men went out it was certain the Indians would fall upon and overwhelm them. If, on the other hand, the women of the settlement were to make the attempt, visiting the spring in accordance with their daily custom, there was a bare possibility that they might not be molested if they could only deceive the Indians into thinking their presence was still undetected. Of course, though, the risk would be great, and the question was, would the women be willing to take it?

Called together in one of the blockhouses to discuss the situation, and being plainly informed that without water

it would be hopeless to attempt a defense, their decision was soon made. Stepping forward without a moment's hesitation, one of them — Mrs. Jemima Suggett Johnson, the mother of five children, including the future hero of the battle of the Thames and the Vice-President of the United States, Richard M. Johnson, then an infant peacefully slumbering in a rough-hewed cradle — put her hand on the shoulder of her ten-year-old daughter Betsy, and said: —

"I will go for water, and my girl Betsy will go with me. And we shall not have to go alone."

The half challenge, half invitation in her words was instantly accepted by the other women of the station. One after another promised to follow her, and pledged the assistance of their daughters. From cabin to cabin they ran in search of water vessels, heavy pails for the grown women and the older girls, and for the younger ones little piggins° and noggins° with their quaint single and double upright staves for handles.

When all was in readiness, the back gate of the stockade was opened, and out they walked — twenty-eight women and girls, chatting and laughing and singing as if they had not the faintest suspicion that their deadliest foes were hovering near. Down the sloping hillside they made their way, through the tall weeds and charred stumps of the clearing, by a path so narrow that two could not walk abreast. A few moments more and they were

THE PLUCKY WOMEN PIONEERS OUTWITTING THE INDIANS

lost to sight in a canebrake high enough to give cover to a man on horseback. Still their voices rang merrily, carrying assurance to the anxious men in the stockade, and completely deceiving the Indians, who crouched lower in their hiding places.

It was a marvelous display of self-control, of resolute intrepidity,° but it was hard indeed for the women and girls to keep up their show of unconcern. Here and there in the cane and weeds and long grass, they caught the glitter of a rifle barrel, the tremulous quiver of a war feather, the gleam of an evil eye. They could hear a low whispering, which they rightly interpreted as the furtive° consultation of the Indians, asking one another whether it was not wiser to make a beginning of the struggle there and then. Small wonder, if, as they neared the spring, the laughter of some died away, the voices of others grew more subdued.

Swiftly, yet without appearance of haste, they bent to their task. The girls, some of whom were not much older than little Betsy Johnson, were the first to fill their piggins and noggins and buckets and start on the homeward journey. After them came the women, several, like Mrs. Johnson, returning with a pail in each hand and a third on the head. Through the cane they hurried back, with firm tread, glancing neither to the right nor to the left, lest in their now intense excitement, the merest glimpse of a tawny form might betray one of them into a shriek that

would bring the Indians upon them. And thus, with their hearts ever beating faster beneath their shabby linsey-woolsey° dresses, they regained the clearing, passed up the hill to the stockade gate, and through the gate, their noble deed accomplished.

With their return the defenders hastened into action. Each man leaped to his appointed post, in blockhouse or by stockade porthole, the front gate was opened wide, and out dashed the squad of volunteers, firing as they ran, shouting and hallooing, and, in short, contriving to make as much noise as if they were half a hundred instead of but a dozen men. Inside the stockade perfect silence reigned.

Then the expected happened. Up from the grass and weeds, out from the corn and canebrake, lithe, hideously painted forms emerged, Girty at their head. Up the hill they raced, at first in a wide semicircular line, but massing together as they neared the gate. On they came, until every detail of their gaunt,° malevolent° features was plainly visible. Not until then did the cry ring out:—

"Fire!"

With that first volley victory was practically assured. When the smoke cleared, fallen Indians dotted the hillside, while the uninjured had once more vanished into the thickets by the river. The volley, too, was the signal for the return of those who had sallied out to give sham battle to the decoy detachment. Not at once, to be sure, did the Indians give over the attempt that had begun so dis-

astrously° for them. Urged by Girty, they returned again and again to the attack, until a warning reached them that a powerful relief expedition had been raised and was on its way to the station.

Deeds of this kind, of which there were many in the old pioneering days, help us to understand why, despite all the hardships and privation that attended the westward movement, the children of the pioneers were born to a goodly inheritance, if not of the things of this earth, assuredly of the greater blessings of a strong physique,° a sane, healthy outlook on life, and a real greatness of soul.

—H. Addington Bruce.

THE GIRL COMMANDER

Vercheres° was on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, about twenty miles below Montreal. A strong blockhouse stood outside the fort, and was connected with it by a covered way. On the morning of the twenty-second of October, 1692, the inhabitants were at work in the fields, and nobody was left in the place but two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty, and a number of women and children. The seignior° was on duty at Quebec; his wife was at Montreal; and their daughter Madeline, fourteen years of age, was at the landing place not far from the gate of the fort, with a hired man named Laviolette.

Suddenly she heard firing from the direction where the

settlers were at work, and in an instant after Laviolette cried out, "Run, Mademoiselle, run! Here come the Iroquois!"

Madeline turned and saw forty or fifty of them at the distance of a pistol shot. "I ran for the fort," she relates, "commending myself to the Holy Virgin. The Iroquois, who chased after me, seeing that they could not catch me alive before I reached the gate, stopped and fired at me. The bullets whistled about my ears, and made the time seem very long. As soon as I was near enough to be heard, I cried out, 'To arms! to arms!' hoping that somebody would come out and help me; but it was of no use. The two soldiers in the fort were so scared that they had hidden in the blockhouse. At the gate I found two women crying for their husbands, who had just been killed. I made them go in, and shut the gate.

"I next thought what I could do to save myself and the few people with me. I went to inspect the fort, and found that several palisades had fallen down, and left openings by which the enemy could easily get in. I ordered them to be set up again, and helped to carry them myself. Then the breaches were stopped, I went to the blockhouse where the ammunition is kept, and here I found the two soldiers, — one hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand.

"'What are you going to do with that match?' I asked.

"He answered, 'Light the powder and blow us all up.'

"'You are a miserable coward' said I; 'go out of this place.'

"I spoke so resolutely that he obeyed. I then threw off my bonnet; and after putting on a hat and taking a gun, I said to my two brothers: 'Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the King.'"

The boys, who were twelve and ten years old, aided by the soldiers, whom her words had inspired with some little courage, began to fire from the loopholes upon the Iroquois, who, ignorant of the weakness of the garrison, showed their usual reluctance to attack a fortified place, and occupied themselves with chasing and butchering the people in the neighboring fields. Madeline ordered a cannon to be fired, partly to deter the enemy from an assault, and partly to warn some of the soldiers, who were hunting at a distance. The women in the fort cried and screamed without ceasing. She ordered them to stop, lest their terror should encourage the Indians.

A canoe was presently seen approaching the landing place. It was a settler named Fontaine, trying to reach the fort with his family. The Iroquois were still near, and Madeline feared that the newcomers would be killed if something were not done to aid them. She appealed to the

soldiers, but their courage was not equal to the attempt; on which, as she declares, after ordering Laviolette to keep watch at the gate, she herself went alone to the landing place.

"I thought that the savages would suppose it to be a ruse° to draw them towards the fort, in order to make a sortie° upon them. They did suppose so, and thus I was able to save the Fontaine family. When they were all landed, I made them march before me in full sight of the enemy. We put so bold a face on it, that they thought they had more to fear than we.

"Strengthened by this reënforcement, I ordered that the enemy should be fired on whenever they showed themselves. After sunset, a violent northeast wind began to blow, accompanied with snow and hail, which told us that we should have a terrible night. The Iroquois were all this time lurking about us; and I judged by their movements that, instead of being deterred by the storm, they would climb into the fort under cover of the darkness.

"I assembled all my troops, that is to say, six persons, and spoke to them thus: 'God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. I will take charge of the fort with an old man of eighty and another who never fired a gun; and you, Pierre Fontaine, with the two soldiers, will go to the blockhouse with the women and children, because that is the strongest place; and if I am taken, don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and

burned before your eyes. The enemy cannot hurt you in the blockhouse, if you make the least show of fight.'

"I placed my two brothers on two of the bastions,° the old man on the third, and I took the fourth; and all night, in spite of the wind, snow, and hail, the cries of 'All's well' were kept up from the blockhouse to the fort, and from the fort to the blockhouse. One would have thought that the place was full of soldiers. The Iroquois thought so, and were completely deceived, — as they confessed afterwards to a French gentleman, whom they told that they had held a council to make a plan for capturing the fort in the night, but had done nothing because such a constant watch was kept.

"About one in the morning, the sentinel on the bastion by the gate called out, 'Mademoiselle, I hear something.' I went to him to find what it was; and by the help of the snow which covered the ground, I could see through the darkness a number of cattle, the miserable remnant that the Iroquois had left us. The others wanted to open the gate and let them in, but I answered: 'God forbid. You don't know all the tricks of the savages. They are no doubt following the cattle, covered with skins of beasts, so as to get into the fort, if we are simple enough to open the gate for them.' Nevertheless, after taking every precaution, I thought that we might open it without risk. I made my two brothers stand ready with their guns cocked in case of surprise, and so we let in the cattle.

"At last, the daylight came again; and, as the darkness disappeared, our anxieties seemed to disappear with it. Everybody took courage except the wife of Monsieur Fontaine, who, being extremely timid, as all Parisian women are, asked her husband to carry her to another fort. . . . He said, 'I will never abandon this fort while Mademoiselle Madeline is here.'

"I answered him that I would never abandon it; that I would rather die than give it up to the enemy; and that it was of the greatest importance that they should never get possession of any French fort, because if they got one they would think that they could get others, and would grow more bold and presumptuous than ever.

"I may say with truth that I did not eat or sleep for twice twenty-four hours. I did not once go into my father's house, but kept always on the bastion, or went to the blockhouse to see how the people there were behaving. I always kept a cheerful and smiling face, and encouraged my little company with the hope of speedy succor.

"We were a week in constant alarm, with the enemy always about us. At last a lieutenant arrived in the night with forty men. As he did not know whether the fort was taken or not, he approached as silently as possible. One of our sentinels, hearing a slight sound, cried, 'Qui vive?' I was at the time dozing, with my head on a table and my gun lying across my arms. The sentinel told me that he heard a voice from the river. I went up

at once to the bastion to see whether it was Indians or Frenchmen. I asked, 'Who are you?'

"One of them answered, 'We are Frenchmen: it is La Monnerie, who comes to bring you help.' I caused the gate to be opened, placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river to meet them. As soon as I saw Monsieur de la Monnerie, I saluted him, and said, 'Monsieur, I surrender my arms to you.'

"He answered gallantly, 'Mademoiselle, they are in good hands.'

"'Better than you think,' I returned. He inspected the fort, and found everything in order, and a sentinel on each bastion.

"'It is time to relieve them, Monsieur,' said I; 'we have not been off our bastions for a week.'"

— Francis Parkman.

MANNERS

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be but to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each, once a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage.° They form at last a rich varnish with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial,° so are the dewdrops which give such a depth to the morning meadows.

The power of manners is incessant,° — an element as

unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force that if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes

— Ralph Waldo Emerson.

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind.

— Alfred Tennyson.

A CURIOUS DECISION

A poor chimney-sweeper, who had not money enough to buy himself a dinner, stopped one day before an eating-house, and remained regaling° his nose with the smell of the victuals. The master of the shop told him several times to go away, but the sweep could not leave the savory smell, though unable to purchase the taste. At last the cook came out of the shop, and taking hold of him, declared that, as he had been feeding upon the smell of his victuals, he should not go away without paying half the price of a dinner. The poor little fellow said that he neither could nor would pay, and that he would ask the

first person who should pass, whether it was not an unreasonable and unjust demand.

A police officer happening to pass at the moment, the case was referred to him. He said to the sweep, "My boy, as you have been regaling one of your senses with the odor of this man's meat, it is but just that you should make some recompense; therefore you shall, in your turn, regale one of his senses, which appears more insatiable than your appetite. How much money have you?"

"I have but twopence in all the world, sir, and I must buy me some bread."

"Never mind," said the officer, "take your twopence between your hands; now rattle them loudly." The boy did so, and the officer, turning to the cook, said, "Now, sir, I think he has paid you; the smell of your victuals regaled his nostrils; the sound of his money has tickled your ears."

THE TWO PACKS

There is an oriental legend that every man carries two packs, one in front, the other behind, and each pack is full of faults. The one in front holds the faults of others, and is always in direct range of the man's eyes. The other pack holds his own faults, and is so strapped upon his back that it is impossible for him to see it; hence, he often forgets its very existence.

MAXIMS AND QUOTATIONS

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and have it found out by accident.

—Charles Lamb.

Whilst a man seeks good ends, he is strong by the whole strength of nature.

—R. W. Emerson.

There are three things that can never be recalled —
The sped arrow, the spoken word, and the lost opportunity.

—Arab Proverb.

Time was, is past; thou canst not it recall:
Time is, thou hast; employ the portion small:
Time future is not, and may never be:
Time present is the only time for thee.

—Motto on a Sundial.

A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that he can be relied on, that what he says he knows he really does know; and that when he says he will do a thing, he can do it, and does it.

—Anon.

Work is God's greatest gift to man.

—Robert Browning.

The true worth of man is to be measured by the objects he pursues.

—Marcus Aurelius.

Mental haziness is moral laziness.

— Aubrey Moore.

A PLATFORM

1. The only way to have a friend is to be one.

— Emerson.

2. Be not simply good, be good for something.

— Thoreau.

3. People do not lack strength; they lack will.

— Victor Hugo.

4. It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.

— Horace Mann.

5. He that avoideth not small faults, by little and little falleth into greater.

— Thomas à Kempis.

6. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

— Washington.

7. There are two freedoms, — the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.

— Charles Kingsley.

8. Let us have faith that right makes might, and, in that faith, let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

— Lincoln.

PREFIXES

ante = before
bene = good, well
con = with, together with
dis = not, apart from, the opposite of
in (im) = not
en (in, im) = make, put in, put into
ex = out, out of
fore = before, ahead
mal = bad, ill, wrong, evil
post = after, behind
pre = before, ahead
pro = for, forward
re = back, again
sub (sus) = under, after, down
trans = across, over, beyond
un = not, the opposite of

SUFFIXES

able (ible) = fit to be, capable of being, worthy of
age = state of, act of, allowance for
al = of, like, pertaining to
ance (ence) = act of, that which
ant = one who
ar = pertaining to, belonging to
ar = one who
dom = state of, condition of
en = made of, to make
er = one who
hood = state of, condition of
ish = like, having the quality of
ity, ty = **ness** = state of being
ize (ise) = to make
ly = in a ··· manner
ment = **ing** = state of being, act of, the thing that
ness = act of, state of being
or = one who
ous = full of, pertaining to
ship = state of, condition of, office of
tion = **ing** = state of, act of, state of being
tude = **ness** = state of being

ROOTS AND STEMS

ced (ceed) = go
cent = hundred
cred (creed) = believe, belief
dict = speak, say, tell
equ (iqu) = equal, just
fy, fic, fit, fact, fect = make, do
loc (loco, loca) = place
man, main = hand
mit (mitt) = send
mot = move
pel, puls = drive, force
pend = hang, weigh
plan (plain) = flat, level, clear
port = carry
pos = place, put
prim = first
scrib, script = write
spect = see, look
tain = hold
tend, tens, tent = stretch, reach
tract = draw
ver (vera) = true, truth
vita = life
voc (voca) = voice, word

PROBLEMS IN WORD STUDY

un- = not

unfavorable	unsafe	unexpected	unfortunate
uncertain	unworthy	unbalanced	unwelcome

un- in these words reverses the meaning of the root word

unpack	unclose	unsaddle	unfasten
unfurl	uncover	undo	unwrap

-er = -or = -ar = -ant = one who

commander	surveyor	actor	speaker	govern
interpreter	trader	officer	commandant	governor

re- = back, again

return	rearrest	replace	recapture	reassemble

-able (-ible, -ble) = that may or can be, fit to be, capable of being, worthy of

portable	incredible	unmistakable	disagreeable
portability	impossible	remarkable	respectable

-ly = in a . . . manner

politely	prudently	ominously	intensely

in- = im- = il- = ir- = not

impatient	imprudent	incomplete	inexperience
irresistible	illimitable	immortal	insignificant

-en = to make

soften	deafen	sharpen	blacken
toughen	gladden	brighten	sweeten

-en = made of

wooden	golden	oaten	silken
earthen	ashen	oaken	woolen

en- (in-, im-) = make, put in, put into

enable	enforce	inflame	imprison
enrich	enchain	incase	imperil
encamp	enroll	infuriate	impound

dis- (di-, dif-) = not, apart from, the opposite of

discontented	displease	disconnect	disappear
discordant	dissuade	distort	disregard
dispose	dispel	distract	dislocate

-tion = -ing = that which is, the act of, the state of being

subtraction	promotion	deliberation	accumulation
determination	expectation	connection	desertion

-ment = that which, act of

astonishment	settlement	statement	judgment
entertainment	payment	management	amazement

-ness = act of, state of being

darkness goodness uneasiness loveliness wickedness

mal- = bad, ill, evil

maltreat maltreatment malpractice malodorous malevolent

en- = in- = im- = make, put in, put into

enrage	enforce	imperil	inflame
enrich	entangle	imprison	incase

-ize = to make

realize	victimize	itemize	generalize	legalize
vaporize	italicize	emphasize	equalize	fertilize

-age = state of, act of, allowance for

bondage	pilgrimage	stoppage	storage
vassalage	drainage	wreckage	postage

-dom, -hood, -ship = state of, condition of, office of

freedom	falsehood	friendship	lordship
serfdom	manhood	leadership	kingship

-ish = like, having the quality of

slavish	stylish	roguish	foolish	churlish

-fy = to make

falsify	purify	simplify	beautify
justify	glorify	intensify	classify

-ous = full of, pertaining to

famous	illustrious	victorious	dangerous
vicious	loquacious	hilarious	adventurous
sagacious	glorious	mysterious	miraculous
disastrous	desirous	suspicious	mischievous
fabulous	prodigious	ceremonious	monstrous

-al = of, like, pertaining to

acquittal	approval	refusal	probational
official	accidental	national	structural
beneficial	festal	mechanical	piratical

fore-, pre-, ante- = before *post- = after*

forewarned	prefix	antedate	postdate
forethought	prepaid	anteroom	postscript
foreknowledge	prejudge	antechamber	postgraduate

-ity = state of being

publicity	simplicity	possibility	adversity
sincerity	absurdity	uniformity	tranquillity

-ance = act of, that which

assistance	annoyance	resemblance	contrivance
endurance	acquaintance	remembrance	forbearance

-ence = that which, act of

impatience	imprudence	convenience	obedience
preference	diligence	confidence	negligence

pel, pulse = drive

expel	propel	repulse	impulse

voc = voice, word

vocal	vocalist	vocalize	vocabulary

verus = true

verily	verify	veracity	veritable
veracious	verification		

-ar = pertaining to

tubular	muscular	circular	globular
angular	triangular	spectacular	quadrangular

port = carry

porter	reporter	portable	import	export	exportation

cred (creed) = believe

creed	credible	incredible	credential

vita = life

vital	vitalize	revitalize	vitality

equ (iqu) = equal, just

equal	equity	equation	iniquity
equinox	equator	equiangular	equilateral

prim = first

primal	primer	primate	primitive
primarily	primeval		

sub- (sus-, suf-) = under, after, down

subway	suspend	suspect	sustain
subtend	support	subscribe	subtract

trans- = beyond, across, over

transport	transcribe	transfer	transatlantic
transcend	transverse	transpose	transcontinental

con- = with, together with

conjoin	conform	confront	contest

spect = see, look

expect	inspect	inspection	spectacles
spectator	spectacular		

cent = hundred

cent	centennial	percent	century

ced (ceed) = go

proceed	exceed	recede	secede
succeed	intercede	precede	antecedent

tract = draw

subtract	extract	distract	protract
contract	retract	detract	attract

tend, tens, tent = stretch, reach

extend	distend	contend	attention

tain = hold

sustain	retain	maintain	contain	detain

loc = place

local	locate	dislocate	locomotive

dict = speak, say, tell

verdict	diction	dictionary	contradict	predict

-fy, fic, fit, fact, fect = make or *do*

purify	benefit	beneficial	benefactor
manufacture	confection	infection	perfect

pos (pose) = place, put

pose	propose	compose	depose
impose	expose	dispose	oppose

plan (plain) = flat, level, clear

explain	plan	plain	plank	plane

pend = hang, weigh

depend	impend	suspend	append

mot = move

commotion	motor	motion	motive	promote

mit (mitt) = send

admit	commit	emit	transmit
remit	permit	submit	omit

man, main = hand

manage	manuscript	manacle	maintain

-tude = state of being

magnitude	multitude	longitude	latitude
rectitude	gratitude	aptitude	solitude

pro = for, forward

proceed	promote	prospect	propel

scrib, scrip, script = write

scribe	script	prescribe	describe

VOCABULARY

KEY TO MARKS OF PRONUNCIATION

The marks used in this vocabulary are those used in Webster's New International Dictionary.

ā as in **āle.**
å " " **sen'åte.**
â " " **câre.**
ă " " **ăm.**
ă̊ " " **fi'nă̊l.**
ä " " **ärm.**
ȧ " " **ȧsk.**
ȧ " " **so'fȧ.**
b " " **be.**
ch " " **chair.**
d " " **day.**
d̊ŭ " " **ver'd̊ŭre.**
ē " " **ēve.**
ė̄ " " **ė̄-vent'.**
ĕ " " **ĕnd.**
ĕ̆ " " **re'cĕ̆nt.**
ē̆ " " **ev'ē̆r.**
f " " **fill.**
g " " **go.**
gz for **x** as in **ex-ist'.**
h as in **hat.**
hw for **wh** as in **what**
ī as in **īce.**
ĭ " " **ĭll.**
j " " **joke.**
k " " **keep.**
ks for **x** as in **vex.**
kw " **qu** " " **queen.**
l as in **late, holly.**
m " " **man.**
n " " **no.**
n (like **ng**) for **n** as in **bank.**
ng as in **long.**
ō " " **ōld.**
o̊ " " **o̊-bey'.**
ô " " **ôr'der.**
ŏ " " **ŏdd.**
ŏ̆ " " **cŏ̆n-nect'.**
o̊̆ " " **so̊̆ft.**
oi " " **oil.**
o͞o " " **mo͞on.**
o̊͞o " " **fo̊͞ot.**
ou " " **out.**
p " " **pen.**
r as in **rap.**
s " " **so.**
sh " " **she.**
t " " **time.**
th " " **thin.**
t̶h " " **t̶hen.**
t͡ŭ " " **na't͡ŭre.**
ū " " **ūse.**
ů " " **ů-nite'.**
û " " **ûrn.**
ŭ " " **ŭp.**
û̆ " " **cir'cŭ̆s.**
v " " **van.**
w " " **want.**
y " " **yard.**
z " " **haze.**
zh for **z** as in **azure.**
' indicates the elision of a vowel, or its reduction to a mere vocal murmur, as in **pardon** (par'd'n).

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a bate'ment (*ȧ*-bāt'mĕnt), decrease, reduction.

ac com'plice (*ȧ*-kŏm'plĭs), a companion in guilt.

ac cord' (*ă*-kôrd'), sympathy; harmony of sound, color, action.

ac cu'mu late (*ă*-kū'mŭ-lāt), to heap up, amass, collect.

a chieve'ment (*ȧ*-chēv'mĕnt), accomplishment, something important done.

ad dress' (*ă*-drĕs'), one's manner in speaking to or meeting another; skillful conduct in acting or managing; tact.

ad'ju tant-gen'er al (ăj'o͝o-tănt-jĕn'ĕr-ăl), the officer who is the chief assistant of the commander of an army.

ad'ver sary (ăd'vĕr-sȧ-rĭ), opponent, enemy.

Æ æ'a (ē-ē'ȧ), an island between Italy and Sicily, the legendary home of Circe.

af fect' (*ă*-fĕkt'), to pretend; to make believe.

a ghast' (*ȧ*-gȧst'), struck with terror and amazement.

aid'-de-camp' (ād'dĕ-kămp'), an officer who carries the orders of a general and performs confidential services.

al'be'it (ôl'bē'ĭt), although.

al le'giance (*ă*-lē'jăns), faithful adherence; loyalty; obligation to be faithful.

al'ter ca'tion (ăl'tĕr-kā'shŭn), an angry quarrel; a sharp dispute.

al ter'na tive (ăl-tûr'nȧ-tĭv), the other of two plans or courses.

am bas'sa dor (ăm-băs'ȧ-dĕr), a person of highest diplomatic rank sent from one country to another to treat affairs of state.

am'ber gris (ăm'bĕr-grēs), a white, gray, yellow, black or variegated waxy substance found in the tropical seas, used in the manufacture of perfumery.

am bro'si a (ăm-brō'zhĭ-ȧ), the food of the Greek gods, supposed to give immortality; any delicious food.

a mends' (*ȧ*-mĕndz'), compensation for injury, harm, or loss.

am'e thyst (ăm'ĕ-thĭst), a precious stone; a variety of quartz of a clear purple or bluish violet color.

a mid'ships (*ȧ*-mĭd'shĭps), in the middle part of a ship.

an'a lyt'ic (ăn'ȧ-lĭt'ĭk), searching; by analysis; analyzing.

a nat'o my (*ȧ*-năt'ō-mĭ), the science which treats of the structure of organized bodies, as, the human body.

an'i mate (ăn'ĭ-māt), to make alive; to fill with life.

ap pall' (*ă*-pôl'), to fill with dismay or horror.

ap'pre hen'sion (ăp'rĕ-hĕn'shŭn), dread about the future, fear.

as suage' (*ă*-swāj'), to soothe, to allay; to lessen.

as sume' (*ă*-sūm'), to take for granted, to take upon oneself.

a thwart' (*ȧ*-thwôrt'), across the course of.

at tire' (*ă*-tīr'), to dress, to adorn; dress.

au dac'i ty (ô-dăs'ĭ-tĭ), exceeding boldness or daring; shamelessness.

aug ment' (ôg-mĕnt'), to increase.

aye (ī), always, forever.

barb (bärb), a horse of the breed introduced by the Moors from Barbary into Spain.

bas'tion (băs'chŭn), a work projecting outward from the main fortification.

bau'ble (bô'b'l), a worthless, showy thing; a useless trinket.

be came' (bĕ-kām'), to be fitting or suitable.

be drag'gle (bĕ-drăg''l), to befoul by dragging through the dirt.

be guile' (bĕ-gīl'), to deceive, to delude by guile; to fool.

be nef'i cence (bĕ-nĕf'ĭ-sĕns), active goodness, kindness, charity.

be nign' (bĕ-nīn'), gracious, kind or gentle in disposition.

bes'tial (bĕs'chăl), brutish, like a beast.

be wil'der (bĕ-wĭl'dĕr), to throw into confusion.

bey (bā), the governor of a Turkish town or district; a title of nobility.

blanch (blânch), to become white.

bla'zon (blā'z'n), to make widely known.

blithe (blīth), joyous, glad.

Bo're as (bō'rē-ăs), the north wind.

boun'ty (boun'tĭ), a sum of money paid to a soldier when he enlists; a reward; a gift.

bran'dish (brăn'dĭsh), to flourish.

brig'a dier'-gen'er al (brĭg'*ȧ*-dēr'-jĕn'ĕr-*ăl*), a general officer who commands a brigade.

brook (bro͝ok), to put up with; to endure; to tolerate.

buc'ca neer' (buk'*ȧ*-nēr'), a pirate or freebooter.

Bu ceph'a lus (bū-sĕf'*ȧ*-lŭs).

ca'di (kä'dĭ), a successor of Mohammed; a Mohammedan religious ruler.

cal'a bash (kăl'*a*-băsh), gourd, the hard-shelled fruit of the calabash tree.

cam'phire (kăm'fīr), camphor, a medicine from the bark of the camphor tree.

can'ted (kăn'tĕd), set slanting, tilted up.

ca par'i soned (k*ȧ*-păr'ĭ-sŭnd), harnessed.

cat'a pult (kăt'*ȧ*-pŭlt), a machine for throwing spears or heavy missiles.

cel'lar er (sĕl'ĕr-ĕr), the official keeper of a cellar in a monastery.

chop'fall'en (chŏp'fôl''n), downcast.

churl (chûrl), a rude, low-bred fellow.

cock'pit (kŏk'pĭt), a room below the water line of a warship for the care of the wounded.

co'gen cy (kō'jĕn-sĭ), power of convincing; force.

cog'ni zance (kŏg'nĭ-zăns), family badge or token on armor; notice.

col'lier (kol'yĕr), one who works in a coal mine.

com'man dant' (kŏm'ăn-dănt'), an officer in command.

com mand'ing (kŏ-mănd'ĭng), high, overlooking the surrounding country.

com mod'i ties (kŏm-mŏd'ĭ-tĭz), articles of trade; things bought and sold.

com pas'sion ate (kŏm-păsh'ŭn-ăt), having pity or sympathy and trying to help or relieve.

com'pen sate (kŏm'pĕn-sāt), to make suitable return, as for losses or services.

com punc'tion (kŏm-pŭŋk'shŭn), the pricking of conscience; uneasiness of mind, arising from wrong-doing.

con found' (kŏn-found'), to confuse, to mix; to ruin.

con jec'ture (kŏn-jĕk'tūr), guess, surmise.

con'so la'tion (kŏn'sŏ-lā'shŭn), comfort; act of soothing sorrow or distress.

con spic'u ous (kŏn-spĭk'ū-ŭs), clearly seen, manifest; hence, prominent, notable.

con'sul (kŏn'sŭl), an officer sent to live in a foreign country to look after his country's commercial interests.

coun'ter plot' (koun'tĕr-plŏt'), a plot opposing another plot.

court (kōrt), the place where justice is administered; the palace and retinue of a sovereign; an open place.

C.Q.D., a signal in the wireless code, meaning, "All stations attend! Danger."

cow'er (kou'ĕr), to crouch down tremblingly.

cri'sis (krī'sĭs), a turning point in the progress of an affair; a critical moment.

crit'i cal (krĭt'ĭ-kăl), decisive, indicating a crisis; important as regards consequences; inclined to criticise; judicious.

crup'per (krŭp'ĕr), the rump of a horse; the looped strap of a

horse's harness that goes under the tail.

cur vet' (kŭr-vĕt'), to prance; to leap in the air.

Dæd'a lus (dĕd'ȧ-lŭs), a legendary sculptor of Athens and Crete.

dap'pled (dăp'p'ld), spotted.

daunt (dänt), to dishearten.

dec'i mate (dĕs'ĭ-māt), to kill one out of every ten persons; to destroy.

de co'rum (dē-kō'rŭm), propriety; suitableness for the occasion.

deem (dēm), to believe, to expect.

de fi'ance (dē-fī'ăns), challenge; contemptuous opposition; contempt of one's opponent.

de flec'tion (dē-flĕk'shŭn), a bending to one side or downward; bending in the wrong direction.

deign (dān), to condescend.

de ject'ed (dē-jĕk'tĕd), downcast, melancholy.

dep'o si'tion (dĕp'ō-zĭsh'ŭn), testimony, especially written.

de test' (dē-tĕst'), abhor.

dif'fi dence (dĭf'ĭ dĕns), self-distrust, timidity, shyness.

dis as'trous (dĭs-ȧs'trŭs), threatening disaster; calamitous; attended with disaster.

dis cern' (dĭ-zûrn'), to see as distinct from other objects, to distinguish.

dis com'fit (dĭs-kŭm'fĭt), to put to rout; to defeat; to confuse.

dis pute' (dĭs-pūt'), to question or deny the truth of; to discuss; to argue irritably.

dis'taff (dĭs'tăf), a stick for holding flax or wool for hand spining.

dis tin'guished (dĭs-tĭn'gwĭsht), made conspicuous, marked.

di ver'si ty (dĭ-vûr'sĭ-tĭ), variety.

di vin'i ties (dĭ-vĭn'ĭ-tĭz), heathen gods.

doff (dŏf), to take off.

dol'phin (dŏl'fĭn), a sea animal of the whale family; a porpoise.

doub'let (dŭb'lĕt), a close-fitting body garment for men, worn from the 15th to the 17th century.

dow'er (dou'ĕr), to endow, to provide.

drachm (drăm), a unit of weight — an eighth of an ounce.

draught (drȧft), a drink; a drawing or sketch; a current of air.

ef fi'cient (ĕ-fĭsh'ĕnt), producing effects; having power to act effectually; competent.

ef ful'gence (ĕ-fŭl'jĕns), a shining forth brilliantly; beaming brightness; splendor.

ell (ĕl), a measure of length, now seldom used, varying from 27 to 48 inches.

em'blem (ĕm'blĕm), a symbol; an object used to represent an idea; as the dove to represent peace.

em'i nence (ĕm'ĭ-nĕns), a high place.

e mit' (ē-mĭt'), to send or give out; to utter.

en sue' (ĕn-sū'), to follow.

eq'ui ta bly (ĕk'wĭ-tȧ-b'lĭ), justly, fairly.

eq'ui ty (ĕk'wĭ-tĭ), fairness, natural justice.

er rat'ic (ĕ-răt'ĭk), wandering; shifting a course; queer in opinion or conduct.

es py' (ĕs-pī'), to catch sight of; to see suddenly.

Eu ryl'o chus (ū-rĭl'ō-kŭs).

ex cess'ive (ĕk-sĕs'ĭv), extreme.

ex empt' (ĕg-zĕmpt'), free or excused from obligation.

ex hil'a rate (ĕg-zĭl'ȧ-rāt), to cheer, to refresh, to enliven.

ex pe di'tious ly (ĕks-pē-dĭsh'ŭs-lĭ), swiftly, quickly.

ex tinct' (ĕks-tĭnkt'), no longer in existence.

fain (fān), ready; content; glad; eager.

fall (fôl), to happen.

fan tas'tic (făn-tăs'tĭk), odd, whimsical, grotesque.

fath'om (făth'ŭm), a measure of length; six feet.

fee (fē), estate; land held of a superior on condition of rendering him services.

fel'on (fĕl'ŭn), a criminal or depraved person.

fenc'ing mas'ter (fĕn'sĭng-mȧs'tĕr), a teacher of fencing, that is of the art of attacking and defending with foil or sword.

fir'ma ment (fûr'mȧ-mĕnt), the sky, the expanse of heaven.

fit'ful (fĭt'fo͝ol), by fits and starts.

flake (flāk), to spot with flakes; to fleck.

fore'cas tle (fōr'kȧs-'l), in a merchant vessel, the forward part of the deck where the sailors live.

fore go' (fôr-gō'), to refrain from doing; to give up.

for'mid a ble (fôr'mĭ-dȧ-b'l), alarming, terrible, tremendously powerful.

for'ti tude (fôr'tĭ-tūd), strength to endure pain or hardship; patient and constant courage.

free'boot er (frē'bo͝ot-ẽr), one who roams about in search of plunder; a robber.

frig'ate (frĭg'ăt), a ship-rigged war vessel, next in size to a ship of the line.

fron'tiers man (frŏn'tērs-măn), one who lives on the frontier of a

country or beyond the borders of civilization.

fur'tive (fûr'tĭv), stealthy.

fu'tile (fū'tĭl), accomplishing nothing; fruitless.

gaunt (gänt), lank, emaciated.

gear (gēr), possessions, goods.

ghast'ly (gäst'lĭ), deathly, having a deathlike appearance, dreadful.

ghee (gē), butter clarified by boiling, used in India in medicine and cookery.

gib'bet ed (jĭb'ĕt-ĕd), hung on a gibbet or upright timber with a crosspiece, on which criminals used to be hung.

glades (glādz), clearings; open spaces in woods.

gra mer'cy (grȧ-mûr'-sĭ), a word expressing thanks or surprise.

gra tu'it ous (grȧ-tū'ĭ-tŭs), free, without charge.

grav'i ta'tion (grăv'-ĭ-tā'shŭn), the force with which all bodies attract one another: the force which draws bodies to the center of the earth.

gre ga'ri ous (grĕ-gā'rĭ-ŭs), habitually living or moving in a flock, herd, or company.

grudg'ing ly (grŭj'ĭng-lĭ), grumbling, reluctantly, unwillingly.

guin'ea (gĭn'ĭ), the sum of twenty-one shillings.

gul'let (gŭl'ĕt), the passage from the mouth to the stomach; the esophagus.

Ha'des (hā'dēz), the abode of the souls of the dead.

hale (hāl), to drag by force.

hap'less (hăp'lĕs), unfortunate, luckless.

har'ass (hăr'ȧs), to annoy, to torment.

har'ry (hăr'ĭ), to scold, to annoy.

haunch (hänch), the thigh, the leg and loin taken together.

haz'ard (hăz'ȧrd), to chance.

hench'man (hĕnch'măn), a male attendant; a trusted follower.

hi lar'i ty (hĭ-lăr'ĭ-tĭ), boisterous mirth; jollity.

hus'band (hŭz'bȧnd), a thrifty manager.

il lu'sion (ĭ-lū'zhŭn), misleading appearance; false show; false impression.

im me'di ate (ĭm-mē'dĭ-ȧt), present, near, primary, intimate.

im'mi nent (ĭm'ĭ-nĕnt), threatening to happen at once; dangerous; close at hand.

im'port (ĭm'pōrt), importance.

im pos'tor (ĭm-pŏs'tẽr), one who deceives by false pretences.

im'pro vise' (ĭm'prȯ̆-vīz'), to contrive on the spur of the moment.

in'ac ces'si ble (ĭn'ăk-sĕs'ĭ-b'l), not to be reached; unapproachable.

in ces'sant (ĭn-sĕs'ănt), without interruption, continual, unceasing.

in com'pe ten cy (ĭn-kŏm'pẽ-tẽn-sĭ), inability; lack of capacity or fitness.

in'con sid'er a ble (ĭn'kŏn-sĭd'ẽr-*ȧ*-b'l), insignificant; not worthy consideration.

in dif'fer ent (ĭn-dĭf'ẽr-ẽnt), passably or tolerably good; poor.

in fest' (ĭn-fĕst'), overrun, haunted, beset.

in firm'i ty (ĭn-fûr'mĭ-tĭ), weakening disease.

in junc'tion (ĭn-jŭnk'shŭn), a command or order from one in authority.

in sa'ti a ble (ĭn-sā'shĭ-*ȧ*-b'l), impossible to be satisfied.

in teg'ri ty (ĭn-tĕg'rĭ-tĭ), wholeness, hence honesty; uprightness.

in ter'pre ter (ĭn-tûr'prẽt-ẽr), one who explains what one person says to another, usually in a foreign language.

in ti ma'tion (ĭn-tĭ-mā'shŭn), information, hint.

in tre pid'i ty (ĭn-trẽ-pĭd'ĭ-tĭ), fearless bravery; dauntless valor.

in'tri cate (ĭn'trĭ-kȧt), exceedingly tangled or involved.

in vol'un ta ri ly (ĭn-vŏl'ŭn-tȧ-rĭ-lĭ), without will or the power of choice.

joc'und (jŏk'ŭnd), gay, blithe.

knave (nāv), a boy servant; a rogue.

Ko ran' (kȯ̆-răn'), the sacred book of the Mohammedans.

la'cer a'tion (lăs'ẽr-ā'shŭn), act of tearing; wound made by tearing.

la con'ic (lȧ-kŏn'ĭk), using few words, after the Laconian or Spartan fashion.

lan'guor (lăn'gẽr), weakness of body or depression of mind.

lav'er ock (lȧv'ẽr-ŭk), a Scotch word for lark.

lee (lē), shelter; the quarter toward which the wind blows.

le git'i mate (lẽ-jĭt'ĭ-mȧt), having the sanction of law or custom; lawful.

le'o nine (lē'ȯ̆-nīn), lion-like.

lin'sey wool'sey (lĭn'zĭ-wo͝o͝l'zĭ), a cloth made and worn by the early settlers, made with linen warp and woolen filling.

liv'er y (lĭv'ĕr-ĭ), a uniform or distinguishing dress.
lo qua'cious (lō-kwā'shŭs), talkative.
loth (lōth), unwilling, reluctant.
lust (lŭst), strong desire.

mag nan'i mous (măg-năn'ĭ-mŭs), great-souled; noble-minded; generous.
mail (māl), armor made of chains, rings, or scales, worn by warriors in the Middle Ages.
ma lev'o lent (mȧ-lĕv'ō-lĕnt), wishing evil to others.
ma li'cious (mȧ-lĭsh'ŭs), harboring malice, intending to injure.
ma neu'ver (mȧ-nōō'vĕr), change of position in war; a shrewd act; a trick.
man'u al (măn'ū-ăl), done, made, or used by the hand.
man'u script (măn'ū-skrĭpt), written by the hand; an author's copy of his work in handwriting or typewriting.
me chan'i cal (mĕ-kăn'ĭ-kăl), done by machinery or as if by machinery; done without reflection.
mech'a nism (mĕk'ȧ-nĭz'm), machinery or a system of machinery.
mel'an chol y (mĕl'ăn-kŏl-ĭ), sad, very sorrowful.
mem'bers (mĕm'bĕrs), limbs; legs and arms.
Men e la'us (mĕn-ē-lā'ŭs).
min'i a ture (mĭn'ĭ-ȧ-tūr), a painting of small dimensions; anything reproduced on a small scale.
miz'zen top (mĭz'n-tŏp), the top or platform of the mizzenmast — the mast just behind the main mast.
mo'ment (mō'mĕnt), importance.
mo rass' (mŏ-răs'), low-lying, soft, wet ground; a swamp.
mort'gage (môr'găj), a claim upon land or other property as security for the performance of an obligation.
mosque (mŏsk), a Mohammedan temple or house of worship.
muf'ti (mŭf'tĭ), a court officer in Turkey and India; citizen's dress.
mus'ter (mŭs'tĕr), to assemble for review.
mu'ti nous (mū'tĭ-nŭs), rebellious, insubordinate.
mu'tu al (mū'tū-ăl), common; belonging to both.

na'bob (nā'bŏb), a rich official of India.
nec'tar (nĕk'tȧr), the drink of the Greek gods; any especially sweet, delicious drink.

ne fa'ri ous (nĕ-fā'rĭ-ŭs), extremely wicked; sinful.

nog'gin (nŏg'ĭn), a small wooden vessel; a mug.

nonce (nŏns), present time or occasion.

nor'mal (nôr'măl), natural, according to standard.

note-of-hand (nōt-ŏv-hănd), a promise to pay a sum of money at a specified time.

num'bles (nŭm'b'lz), the heart, liver, and lungs of a deer.

o bei'sance (ō-bā'săns), a bow or courtesy; homage.

O'ber on (ō'bĕr-ŏn), the king of the fairies, the husband of Titania; a character in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

O lym'pus (ō-lĭm'pŭs), the home of the Greek gods.

om'i nous (ŏm'ĭ-nŭs), suggestive of evil; foretelling evil; ill-omened; threatening.

or'ni thol'o gy (ôr'nĭ-thŏl'ō-jĭ), the science which treats of birds: their structure, habits, classification.

pal'at a ble (păl'ăt-ȧ-b'l), agreeable to the taste; appetizing.

pan'de mo'ni um (păn'dē-mō'nĭ-ŭm), wild uproar.

pan'nier (păn'yĕr), a large basket, as of wickerwork, carried on the back by a horse or a person.

pa py'rus (pȧ-pī'rŭs), the writing material of the ancient Egyptians.

par'a site (păr'ȧ-sīt), a flatterer who lives lazily at another's expense.

par'ley (păr'lĭ), an oral conference; a conversation.

par'lia ment (pär'lĭ-mĕnt), a law-making body.

pe'an (pē'ăn), a joyful song of triumph.

Pe nel'o pe (pē-nĕl'ō-pē).

pen'e tra'tion (pĕn'ē-trā' shŭn), sharp discernment; understanding; piercing a thing physically; moving deeply.

per force' (pĕr-fōrs'), by force; necessarily.

per ni'cious (pĕr-nĭsh'ŭs), very injurious; deadly.

per'so nage (pûr'sŭn-ăj), an important person.

phi los'o phy (fĭ-lŏs'ō-fĭ), the laws which give the explanation of things; the science of reason; calmness of temper; practical wisdom.

phy sique' (fĭ-zēk'), the physical structure of a person.

pig'gin (pĭg'ĭn), a small wooden vessel with one stave projecting for a handle.

pis ta'chi o (pĭs-tā'shĭ-ō), the nut of a small tree of Asia and the east.

pla'cate (plā'kāt), to make a hostile person friendly; to appease; to pacify.

plain'tiff (plān'tĭf), the one who brings an action at law.

plum'met (plŭm'ĕt), a piece of lead, used to make soundings at sea.

poach'er (pōch'ĕr), one who steals game.

por'poise (pôr'pŭs), a species of dolphin about five feet long.

port'hole' (pōrt'hōl'), a hole through which to shoot.

pos'ture (pŏs'tūr), position, attitude.

po'tent (pō'tĕnt), powerful.

pre ca'ri ous (prē-kā'rĭ-ŭs), subject to constant risk; perilous.

pre pos'ter ous (prē-pŏs'tĕr-ŭs), contrary to nature; ridiculous.

pri'or (prī'ĕr), before in time.

pro di'gious (prō-dĭj'ŭs), enormous, immense.

prone (prōn), lying flat; prostrate; bending forward.

prox im'i ty (prŏk-sĭm'ĭ-tĭ), nearness.

py'ro tech'ni cal (pī'rō-tĕk'nĭ-kăl), like fireworks.

quar'ter (kwôr'tĕr), a fourth part; a fourth part of a year; a term of school; clemency.

quest (kwĕst), a search.

ram'parts (răm'pärts), the embankment around a place, on which the parapet is raised; bulwark.

rav'en ous (răv''n-ŭs), furiously hungry; eager for prey.

rec'om pense (rĕk'ŏm-pĕns), a reward; to compensate.

re cruit' (rē-krōōt'), a newly enrolled soldier.

re doubt'a ble (rē-dout'ȧ-b'l), formidable; worthy of reverence.

re gale' (rē gāl'), to delight; to give unusual pleasure.

reg'i ment (rĕj'ĭ-mĕnt), a body of soldiers commanded by a colonel.

re luc'tant (rē-lŭk'tănt), unwilling.

ren'e gade (rĕn'ē-gād), a deserter, a traitor; a person who denies or deserts his faith.

re sent'ment (rē-zĕnt'mĕnt), indignant feeling because of something regarded as a wrong.

re ver'ber ate (rē-vûr'bĕr-āt), to resound; to echo.

ruse (rōōz), stratagem; an action intended to blind or deceive.

Saint' Den is' (săn'de-nē'), the patron saint of France.

Saint Hu'bert (Sānt Hū'bĕrt), the patron saint of hunters.

San tee' (săn-tē'), a river in central South Carolina.

scru'ti ny (skrōō'tĭ-nĭ), rigid examination.

scul'lion (skŭl'yŭn), a servant who cleans pots and kettles.

scut'tle (skŭt''l), a small opening with movable cover in the roof of a house or deck of a ship.

seign'ior (sēn'yĕr), in Canada, one of the landed gentry.

sem'blance (sĕm'blăns), appearance, looks, seeming.

sen'es chal (sĕn'ĕ-shăl), an official in the houses of princes of the Middle Ages who superintended feasts; a steward.

sen'ti nel (sĕn'tĭ-nĕl), a soldier on guard, stationed for protection.

se vere' (sĕ-vēr'), harsh; serious; violent.

sheik (shēk), in Mohammedan countries the head of a family, village, or tribe; also the head of a religious organization.

ship of the line (shĭp ŏv thē līn), formerly a man-of-war large enough to take a position in line of battle; modern name — battleship.

shrewd (shrōōd), keen; sharp.

sim'ple (sĭm'p'l), rough; plain.

snack (snăk), a bite; a short, hurried lunch.

sooth (sōōth), truth.

soph'ist ry (sŏf'ĭs-trĭ), tricky argument; false reasoning intended to deceive.

sor'tie (sôr'tē), a sally of troops from a besieged place.

sough'ing (sŭf'ĭng), sighing or murmuring, as of the wind.

sound'ing line (sound'ĭng-līn), a weighted line for finding the depth of water.

squire (skwīr), a male attendant on a great personage.

stalk (stôk), to approach stealthily, to creep toward.

stal'wart (stôl'wĕrt), large and strong in frame; of sturdy disposition.

stint (stĭnt), to provide scantily; to restrict to a scant allowance.

stir'rup (stĭr'ŭp), the foot piece of a saddle.

strait'en (strāt''n), to put in straits; to embarrass.

struck (strŭk), to haul down colors in token of submission.

stud'ded (stŭd'ĕd), thickly set.

sub sist' (sŭb-sĭst'), to be provided with food; to live.

sub stan'tial (sŭb-stăn'shăl), solid, strong.

sub'tle (sŭt''l), wily, crafty.

suite (swēt), retinue; the attendants of a person of rank.

su'per cil'i ous (sū'pĕr-sĭl'ĭ-ŭs), showing haughty contempt, as by lifting the eyebrows.

su'per fi'cial (sū'pĕr-fĭsh'ăl), on the surface.

su per'nal (sŭ-pûr'năl), heavenly.

su'per sti'tious (sū'pĕr-stĭsh'ŭs), an excessive reverence for, or fear of, that which is unknown or mysterious.

tack (tăk), to turn a vessel to one side, to take advantage of a wind.

tan'gi ble (tăn'jĭ-b'l), capable of being touched.

tap'es tries (tăp'ĕs-trĭz), a woven wall decoration.

tax'i der'mist (tăk'sĭ-dûr'mĭst), a person who stuffs and mounts dead animals.

Te lem'a chus (tē-lĕm'ȧ-kŭs).

ten'der (tĕn'dĕr), offer.

tense (tĕns), strained to the utmost.

thrall (thrôl), slave; a person in bondage.

told (tōld), counted.

Tra fal'gar (tră-făl'găr), a point in the province of Cadiz, Spain.

trans fig'ured (trăns-fĭg'ŭrd), changed in outward form; glorified.

trep'i da'tion (trĕp'ĭ-dā'shŭn), excitement and alarm; agitation from fear.

tri bu'nal (trī-bū'năl), a court of justice.

trib'u ta ry (trĭb'ū-tă-rĭ), a state paying tribute to a conqueror; a stream flowing into a larger stream or into a lake.

trop'ic (trŏp'ĭk), of the tropics, *i.e* the region near the equator.

truce (troōs), an agreement between fighting armies to suspend fighting for a short time.

tu'mult (tū'mŭlt), agitation of a multitude, with uproar and confusion.

tu'nic (tū'nĭk), a long shirt or body garment, worn by the Romans.

un'ac count'a ble (ŭn'ă-koun'tȧ-b'l), impossible to explain; extraordinary.

un'as sum'ing (ŭn'ă-sūm'ĭng), unpretending; modest.

un com'pre hend'ing (ŭn-kŏm'prē-hĕnd'ĭng), not able to understand; blind; unintelligent.

un'du late (ŭn'dū-lāt), to move up and down in undulations or waves.

un gar'land ed (ŭn-gär'lănd-ĕd), not decked with garlands or wreaths.

u'ni son (ū'nĭ-sŭn), in perfect agreement.

un man' (ŭn-măn'), to deprive of manly courage.
un scep'tered (ŭn-sĕp'tĕrd), without a scepter or without royal authority.
us'age (ūz'ăj), customary or habitual practice.
u sur'per (ū-zûr'pĕr), one who holds possession without right or legal authority.

vague'ly (vāg'lĭ), indistinctly.
val'et (văl'ĕt), a man body servant.
val'iant (văl'yănt), courageous.
van (văn), front.
var'mint (vär'mĭnt), a troublesome person or animal; a corruption of vermin.
vaunt (vänt), to brag; to boast.
veer (vēr), to change direction; to turn to another course.
ve'he ment ly (vē'hĕ-mĕnt-lĭ), forcibly; with strong feeling.
vel'lum (vĕl'ŭm), a fine parchment, usually of calf, for writing.
vend'er (vĕnd'ĕr), seller.
ven'er ate (vĕn'ĕr-āt), to look upon with honor; to revere.
ven'er a ble (vĕn'ĕr-*à*-b'l), worthy of veneration; very old, ancient.
Ver'cheres' (vĕr'shâr').
Ville'neuve' (vēl'nĕv').
vo'tive (vō'tĭv), dedicated with a vow.

wag (wăg), a droll joker.
wane (wān), to decrease; to decline.
war'den (wôr'd'n), a gatekeeper; a watchman.
wa'ri ly (wā'rĭ-lĭ), cautiously.
way'far'er (wā'fâr'ĕr), a traveler; one who journeys, especially on foot.
weeds (wēdz), clothes, garments; useless or harmful plants.
ween (wēn), to think; guess; fancy.
wind'lass (wĭnd'l*às*), a machine for hoisting or hauling by winding up a rope.
yard'arm (yärd'ärm'), either end of a yard. (A yard is a spar suspended crosswise on a mast.)
Yule (yo͞ol), Christmas.